THE

LOVERS OF THE DEEP:

IN FOUR CANTOS:

TO WHICH IS ADDED A VARIETY OF

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

BY EDWARD A. M'LAUGHLIN.

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TO

NICHOLAS LONGWORTH, ESQ.,

The liberal and enlightened Proprietor of

BELLEMONTE HOUSE;

This unpretending Volume is respectfully

And gratefully

DEDICATED,

By his obliged

Friend and servant,

THE AUTHOR.

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PREFACE.

I HAVE often thought, when wading through a long and elaborate preface, that, if I should ever write one myself, it should be brief and to the point. Accordingly, discarding all superfluity of language, I proceed at once to one or two explanations, which may with propriety be given, and found useful to the reader.

The principal Poem is founded upon an incident, supposed to have occurred in connexion with the destruction of the steamer PULASKI, by the bursting of her boiler, while on her passage from Savannah to Charleston. Among those who happily escaped immediate death or injury by the explosion, were a young gentleman and lady, who were thrown near each other. The gentleman succeeded in placing his fair partner upon a floating fragment of the wreck, on which they were tossed at the mercy of the waves for three days; suffering intensely from thirst, and exposure to the tropic sun, and momentarily in danger of being overwhelmed by the billows, and swallowed up in the abyss. Their mutual distress doubtless excited mutual tenderness of feeling, for misery sympathises with misery: they became tenderly attached to each other; and, when scarce a hope of safety was left them—when nature was nearly exhausted, and they were fast sinking under their sufferings, with no other prospect but that of perishing together:—in that incomprehensible union of love and despair, of which human *life is not wanting in* examples; they pledged their

faith to each other, to wed, should Heaven in mercy grant them deliverance. They were subsequently rescued from their perilous situation, and, happily, redeemed at the altar the pledges given in the hour of adversity and trial. The incident was uncommon, partaking sufficiently of the romantic, and suggested the idea of "THE LOVERS OF THE DEEP." As the plan and denoucment of the tale had little connexion with the mass of the passengers and crew of the unfortunate vessel, particularly after the catastrophe; I availed myself of what is considered a poetic license, confining my attention chiefly to the Pair in whose fate I was most interested; and in whose final rescue, I have somewhat deviated from the more authentic chronicles of the times, in relation to that appalling disaster.

In drawing my characters, I have pursued, not unfrequently, that train of thought which seemed most readily and naturally to present itself; and which, perhaps, in one particular, conjugal fidelity, has imbibed a color from that domestic misfortune, which has cast such a gloom over, and so greatly embittered, the last few years of my life. With reference to that personal calamity, I may add, that, concciving the separation unjust in its origin, and cruel in its continuance; under the pressure of embittered feelings, I may have adverted to it too harshly, and characterized it in a manner it may not have fully merited. But a studied silence of three years, on the part of one, on whom the question of reunion wholly depended, appeared to justify the notice I have taken of it, and the asperity with which it is marked.

Of the miscellaneous pieces, the greater proportion was written in Cincinnati, within the last five years, under the same circumstances hereafter adverted to, and to which may be attributed that tinge of melancholy, which more or less pervades the volume. A few only were published at the East, many years

since; one or two of which are so dated, and the date of others accidentally omitted.

And here I would present my sincere and grateful acknowledgments to my subscribers generally, who have so liberally patronized me; and especially to those gentlemen, without whose countenance and aid, I should scarcely have been enabled to present my book to the public.

As I shall be frequently found speaking in the first person, I may perhaps, without impropriety, offer the following short account of my career.

I am a native of the state of Connecticut, and from my youth have been rather of a lively and roving disposition. At an early age I absconded from home, with an intention of joining the army; but was reclaimed, and shortly afterwards bound an apprentice to the Printing business. At the age of twenty-one, I indulged my military enthusiasm, and joined the Missouri expedition. At the reduction of the army in 1821, I received my discharge at Belle Fontaine, and, descending the Mississippi, commenced a new career on the ocean. I liked this element better than the land; and the desire of seeing foreign countries, induced me to follow, for some years, the life of a sailor. Being discharged at one time from the La Plata frigate, in Carthagena, Colombia, I was forcibly impressed into the Patriot service. After many vicissitudes of fortune, I was enabled, through the generous assistance of the Hon. George Watts, British Consul for that Republic, to return home. I subsequently entered the American Navy, in which I served about three years and a half. My last voyage was in the Hudson frigate, on the Brazil station, from which ship I was sent home an invalid, to Washington, where I was finally discharged from the service in 1829.

Without intending to offer an apology for the numerous deficiencies which my volume exhibits, particularly

the leading Poem, in point of correctness, elegance and taste; I may be permitted to say to the classic and discerning reader, that he must not expect an erudite or finished performance. I have but small claims to scholarship, more especially to that department of education comprehending syntax and rhetoric. My advantages for acquiring elementary knowledge were suddenly withdrawn and narrowly circumscribed, when I had completed eleven years; from which period Nature became my preceptor: or, it may perhaps more truly be said, that my subsequent acquirements were made in the school of circumstance. To such, and also to the general reader, I would say, that I have written under many and great disadvantages. With a mind not characterized by any great natural force; stored with but little reading, and that mostly of a local and superficial character; without books of any kind—not even a dictionary—I was thrown altogether upon my own slender resources. The leading Poem was begun and concluded under circumstances never above want: though a regard to truth constrains me to acknowledge, that these circumstances were not unfrequently the consequence of a want of moral firmness and stability, on my own part—to say the least of it—induced by the sudden and unlooked-for overthrow of cherished hopes and desires. If, however, an apology is necessary, it may be offered in extenuation, that the vigor of my constitution is impaired; and my necessities—common to poverty—compel me to present myself, prematurely, I fear, for public patronage. Deeply sensible of this, but conscious that I have written with an honest aim, I can the more cheerfully submit my work, as I most respectfully do, to the indulgent candor of that public, and its just award of censure or applause.

EDWARD A. M'LAUGHLIN.

Cincinnati, Oct. 15, 1841.

THE

LOVERS OF THE DEEP.

CANTO I.

PART I.

CELESTIAL MUSE! Spirit of sacred song,
To whom the flowers of Poesy belong,
The wild, the fanciful, the dulcet flow,
The graceful sentiment, the fervid glow,
The tuneful measure, the harmonious rhyme,
The brilliant metaphor, the thought sublime;
In sounding numbers swelling to the sphere,
Or in soft cadence falling on the ear,
Descend on burning wing, my heart inspire,
And light my spirit with poetic fire!
Some traits of Truth the gentle Heavens bestow,
To guide the wandering race of men below,
To light the turbid darkness of the mind,
Where Reason's self, without her aid, is blind;
By Nature taught, in every plant that grows,
Each tree that blossoms, and each flower that blows,
By animated life, where'er it moves,
Through Lybian deserts, or Italian groves,
On airy wing above the umbrageous woods,
Or o'er the valleys, or beneath the floods,
Teach me to know, and in prophetic verse,
To wayward man the various theme rehearse.

I.

I court the Delphian Muse, and wake the lyre
To notes of wild dismay, despair and wo!
Shipwreck I sing, and those, whose vital fire
Shall quench in ocean ere the morrow's glow,
And sleep in death on coral beds below—
Peace to their manes! I touch the chords once more
To softer strains, and gentler measures flow;
While from the wreck, the Goddess shall restore
A Pair whom Love redeems, in safety to the shore.

II.

For them, the elements shall cease to rage,
And sea and sky their mildest aspect wear;
The waves subside, the boisterous winds assuage,
And gelid zephyrs fan the sultry air;
The clouds roll back their fleecy volumes fair,
And heaven again upon the waters smile:
While viewless spirits wait upon them there,
By day, by night—of their deep grief beguile,
And guide their fragile bark to ocean's verdant isle.

III.

The sun had risen upon the mighty deep,
Whose troubled bosom drank the effluent ray;
The winds were waking from their midnight sleep,
As upward rolled the fervid king of day,
To rouse the ocean to the dread affray
Of warring elements: the wild alarm
Spread far and wide, above, below, midway,
While the fierce spirits of the tempest arm,
At His command who rides the Monarch of the storm.

IV.

The gusts that came and went, the heavy mass
Of vapors, stretching over all the sky,
Sol's bloody disk, as seen through darkling glass,
And rainbow bright that in the north did lie:
All these, to many a seaman's practiced eye,
Told that the spirit of the storm was free,
Unchained, and riding through the concave high,
Marshalling the winds beneath heaven's canopy,
That spanned with frightful arch the wide and restless sea.

V.

Dark sullen clouds hung over all the west,
The east in streaks of deep vermilion glowed,
In sable veil the lowering skies were drest,
And fearfully the unstable waste bestrode:
The winds upon the crested billows rode,
Scattering the snow-white foam in misty spray;
The lightnings flashed, the thunders did explode,
The sea-bird screamed, the shadows ruled the day,
And ocean, sky, and air, gave signal of dismay.

VI.

A gallant ship with canvas wing outspread,
And swift revolving wheels on either side,
Urged by the power of steam from ocean fed,
In grace and beauty o'er the wave did glide,
Ploughed the rough sea and stemmed the briny tide;
Almost without an effort onward flew
Over the vast abyss, in strength and pride,
Passing the rough but yielding billows through,
As if the rolling swells were playful drops of dew.

VII.

A glorious banner streamed above her deck—
The striped and starry flag of Liberty:
That standard sheet, erst floating o'er the wreck
Of baffled efforts to enslave the free,
When Freedom's sons had won the victory,
And reared her altars in the Western world:
Triumphant or on land or rolling sea,
In every zone—by every shore unfurled,
That flag shall proudly wave till Time's last dart is hurled.

VIII.

Rich was the freight the gallant vessel bore—
Jewels of hope, intelligences rare,
Hearts, that the days of honor might restore,
If chivalry were vassal to the Fair:
Youth, beauty, elegance, and worth were there,
Aspiring manhood and experienced sage,
And cherub innocence that knew no care,
Maternal grace and patriarchal age—
A noble Company *as ever trode life's stage.*

IX.

Blooming in health, buoyant with spirits light,
Life, to the youthful seemed an endless charm;
Bathed in the vernal morn of being bright,
Each eye was brilliant and each bosom warm;
The present was all bliss—Hope did disarm
The future of all wo, and strewed with flowers
Life's lease, whose transient term stirred no alarm:
For them the morning woke the rosy hours,
And Pleasure led them through her variegated bowers.

X.

What disappointment shocked them, when the sky
In sable mantle drest, gave note of wo—
When burst the clouds and let the tempest fly,
That lashed to madness all the waste below—
When flashed the lightning in its lurid glow,
And heaven's artillery shook the wide rent air—
When strained the ship, and driven to and fro,
Seemed like a toy—a plaything, quivering there,
Tossed by the winds and waves in wild and mute despair.

XI.

The gale came slowly on, rippling the sea
With flickering winds, that veered the compass round,
Till at northeast it settled steadily,
And blew with murmuring and hollow sound,
Still gathering strength from all the circle round,
To scourge the ocean in its maniac rage,
And rouse the fury of the deep profound:
The war begins—the elements engage,
And all against the ship vindictive battle wage.

XII.

The Captain gives command to shorten sail:—
"Topmen aloft, away there, no delay!
Clew up the courses and the spanker brail,
Luff to the wind, and lower the yards away!
Close reef the topsails—hoist—sheet home—belay:
The royals and to'-gallants send below—
The head-sheets stow, within the booms convey—
Set the storm-staysails fore and aft!"—The blow
Has struck the ship prepared:—"Up helm, and let her go!"

XIII.

She sinks, she rises on the swelling surge,
Scenes of wild horror meet the landsman's view;
The raging billows seem to roar her dirge,
She leaps, she flies—the flying winds pursue:
Sea, following sea, breaks over her—the crew,
Lashed to the rigging, scarce their hold sustain,
Yet only dread the vessel's broaching to:
Should the strained wheel-ropes part, all hope is vain,
Full well I know her fate—she founders on the main.

XIV.

For I have rode upon the mountain wave,
Upreared by the tempestuous howling blast,
When terror ruled the deep, and many a grave,
Dug by the warring elements, aghast
Yawned o'er the waters; and the trembling mast
Bent to the charging winds—while to the roar
Of ocean in his wrath, like an outcast,
The frightened vessel reeled the billows o'er,
Drowned in the foaming surge, three hundred leagues from shore.

XV.

Eight hours she struggled through the doubtful strife,
Laboring in very helplessness of wo:
Her living freight were anxious but for life,
For life would each the wealth of earth forego:
Fame, station, rank—all honors here below
Men prize, were less than nothing in that hour,
When danger, triple-winged, rode to and fro—
When death was hovering, eager to devour,
And scarce one ray of hope was left the bosom's dower.

XVI.

The clouds their watery burthens poured amain,
In rushing cataracts that deluged ocean;
The whirlwinds rode upon the maddened main,
That heaved and struggled in the dread commotion:
Fire, water, air—three elements in motion,
In tripple battle joined with onset dire;
The forked lightnings charged the deep's proportion
From heaven's high battlements, and flashing ire,
Tore up the groaning surge, and swathed the sea in fire.

XVII.

And now men prayed that never prayed before,
Nor bent the knee to heaven's Almighty King,
Who bids the ocean hush, or bids it roar,
And binds the tempest or unchains its wing:
Careless or mad, they throw away the spring
Of life, when innocence buds on the brow,
And the young heart is just prepared to cling
To truth or error, as the will doth bow:—
They yield their strength to vice, and virtue disavow.

XVIII.

But when the sudden danger downward sped,
Comes rushing like a thunderbolt to earth,
When the proud spirit faints, when hope is fled,
And groans and sighs becloud the soul of mirth;
Then they can kneel, and pray, as prayer were worth
Ten thousand worlds in pristine beauty drest:
But will that prayer avail which is the birth
Of guilty fear? Will God be thus confest,
Whose name they have blasphemed—his goodness never blest?

XIX.

There is a path, which, taken in life's prime,
Leads to a valley of fair fruits and flowers;
That path is narrow at the birth of Time,
But gently widens with increasing hours,
And lovelier grows, as we approach the bowers
That bloom perennial there, bright and serene,
Exhaling living fragrance beneath showers
Of grace, that fall from heaven:—that path I ween,
Is Virtue; and the vale, where Happiness is seen.

XXI.

Who reaches those fair bowers, shall never feel
The sting of Conscience—the upbraiding soul;
But Peace upon his heart shall set her seal,
And hold each wayward passion in control:
Though lightnings flash, and bellowing thunders roll,
And warring elements meet in the shock
Of struggling nature, and convulse the pole;
No guilty horrors at his breast shall knock,
Pure as the unclouded stone—the white unblemished rock.

XXI.

Now hung the ship upon the mountain wave,
That heaved its apex midway to the sky;
Now downward prone, sinks in a yawning grave,
And in the dark and deep abyss doth lie:
The surges rear their white-capped heads on high,
Above the topsail-yard, while in her wake
Rolls a huge billow close astern—well nigh
Upon the decks its fearful force to break,
And ship, and crew, and all, whelm in the unfathomed lake.

XXII.

Oh, for the blessed land once more to tread!
The veriest waste beneath the burning Line,
Saharah's desert, where no shadows spread,
Nor ever falls the grateful shower benign—
The shores where Nova Zembla sleeps supine,
Locked in eternal winter's cold embrace;
Siberia's prison hills, where men resign
All hope—earth's most inhospitable place
Were paradise, compared with ocean's troubled space!

XXIII.

The spirit yearns in agony of thought,
Toward nature's vernal walks far o'er the sea,
With many a grateful recollection fraught
Of home's dear ties and pleasant scenery;
The verdant lawn, the grove, the flowery lea,
The blooming vale, the sweet romantic dell,
The hills of green, the forest's panoply,
The murmuring rill, the friends beloved so well—
Flash on the aching heart, and rouse the bosom's swell.

XXIV.

Pale is the cheek, that met the dawning day
Mantling with health and beauty, rosy bright;
Faded the smile that round fair lips did play,
And gave Love's dimples to the ravished sight;
Tearful the eye that sparkled with delight,
As the blue billow curled its snowy crest;
Trembling the step, so buoyant, firm and light,
That on the deck *of the tall ship* was prest,
As, like a graceful swan, she swam on ocean's breast.

XXV.

But peace shall gladden them once more, or e'er
The setting of the sun; the rose's glow
To the wan cheek return, hope reappear,
And light with joyous smile the face of wo:
The weeping eyes with sorrow cease to flow,
While with returning spirits, light and gay,
The weary bevy leave their berths below,
To tread the deck, breathe the fresh air of day,
Talk o'er the dangers past, and smile their fears away.

XXVI.

A few brief hours they shall again rejoice,
And gratulations offer, each to each;
A few brief hours, the late bewildered voice,
Shall wake the sweet vivacity of speech;
The dangers that are past, no longer teach
The inconstancy of life—how frail, how vain!
When safety seemed beyond all human reach,
As the huge billow reared its mighty train,
Broke o'er the trembling ship, and foamed along the main.

XXVII.

Forgotten now the wild beseeching prayer,
That burst full audibly from many a tongue,
Imploring Heaven the struggling ship to spare,
Amid the elements so rudely flung;
When tears coursed down each cheek, and hands were wrui
In very fear, and bitterness of wo:
But now, the danger past, no hymn is sung—
Rendered no thanks: not e'en the faintest glow
Of gratitude, warms those that loudest prayed below.

XXVIII.

Impatient man wills not to bow the knee,
Or pour the soul in grateful humble mood;
Powerless to save, imputes unworthily,
His preservation to some skill, or shrewd
Intelligence, with which he is endued:
Pride, vanity, and self-esteem, outweigh
The debt of thanks to Heaven so oft renewed;
Which life, in virtue spent, could ne'er repay,
Though it were lengthened out to Time's remotest day.

XXIX.

'T is past—the elemental strife is o'er,
The broken clouds in fleecy volumes lay,
The torrents cease, the winds impel no more,
The sea subsides in gentle swells away;
Around the ship the gilded dolphins play,
The sea-born nautilus expands his sail,
Streams o'er the wave bright Sol's uncurtained ray,
Soft breezes from the western shores prevail,
And sky and ocean smile as dies the morning gale.

XXX.

Well had the gallant ship herself sustained
Against the goading elements, and rode
The angry billows like a courser, trained
To run the heat upon a mountain road:
The surges lashed, the whistling winds bestrode,
The straining spars bent like the curved yew:
But she was stanch, and on her decks there trode
The seamen of the north—a gallant crew
As ever reefed a sail, or ploughed the billows through.

XXXI.

"All hands make sail!" Aloft the topmen fly,
Shake out the reefs, and wait the yards below;
To'-gallants and royals quickly mount on high,
And spread their canvas to the gentle blow:
"Now set the courses and the staysails stow,
Rig out the spanker, hoist the flying-jib sheet,
Lee-braces haul, and let the weather go!"
With starboard tacks on board, all snug and neat,
She ploughs the sea once more in panoply complete.

XXXII.

And now they light the fires, the furnace glows,
The heated boilers scalding fumes evolve;
The hissing vapor toils in giant throes,
As if it would its iron bands resolve:
The steam is up, the gases fierce convolve,
And pant for vent; the valves alternate play,
And loose th' imprisoned power; the wheels revolve,
And urge the noble vessel through the spray,
That with a double speed glides on her homeward way.

XXXIII.

The sun declines down to the purple west,
And flames along the bosom of the deep;
The sapphire waves in golden fringes drest,
In gentle undulation onward sweep;
Softly doth twilight o'er the ocean creep,
As fades the last beam of the solar fire:
The sea-bird nestles on the wave, to sleep,
The finny tribes to coral caves retire,
And heaven resplendent glows in all its starry tire.

XXXIV.

How beautiful is night upon the sea!
When not a cloud obscures the spangled sky,
That, like a dome hung with blue drapery,
Upon the boundless horizon doth lie;
Burning with living lights, that meet the eye,
Above, around; and in the deep below—
That like a turquoise pavement seems to vie
With the ceruleah heaven—flash to and fro,
Reflecting in each wave their bright and varied glow.

XXXV.

The combing swells that erst were snowy white,
Are crested now with phosphoretic fire;
The surges glow in thousand wreaths of light,
That flash o'er Ocean's watery empire,
And crown each billow with a lambent spire:
In rich profusion scattered o'er the sea,
Myriads of liquid gems the waste attire
In clusters of the richest brilliancy,
Rivalling those that burn in heaven's high canopy.

XXXVI.

Shoals of huge grampus round the vessel play,
Tumbling and rolling in the restless surge,
Blowing the sea in showers of fiery spray,
As from beneath the waters they diverge:
Now on the wave disport, and now submerge,
Fluking—as down the plunging fish subtend,
Their fan-spread tails, with which the swells they scourge,
When black tornadoes from the Andes bend,
To fury lash the deep, and the tall navies rend.

XXXVII.

Like as a fly lured by the taper's light,
The booby sleeps upon the quarter rail,
Arrested in his low uncertain flight,
By the white canvas swelling to the gale:
As day declines, and evening's shades prevail,
He wings his way above the restless sea,
And tumbles heedlessly on any sail
That meets his eye; careless what she may be,
Trader, or man-of-war, or pirate roving free.

XXXVIII.

So sleeps the weary wanderer insecure,
When night o'ertakes him in the desert wild;
Or by the *'ignis fatuus'* fated lure
Led blindly on—like a young thoughtless child,
Chasing the fire-fly in the evening mild—
Through bog, and marsh, and tangled copse, pursues
His dubious way, with slimy mire defiled;
Till drooping nature, impotent to choose,
Bewildered, sinks opprest, 'mid dangers, damps, and dews.

XXXIX.

Fair Cynthia treads upon the glassy wave,
And dances on the main; she smiles delight,
While from their caves of coral architrave,
The Mermaids rise to meet the radiance bright,
That from her train in floods of silver light,
Commingles with the ever restless billow:
The Hours lie sleeping on the lap of Night,
Fanned by the whispering winds, soothing their pillow,
With murmurs soft as those that rustle through the willow.

XL.

On such a night oft have I coursed the deep,
When the ship rode the undulating swell
In graceful measure; nor wished then to sleep
The watch below, but from the deck to dwell,
With eye intense upon the spirit spell
That wrapped the scene—where Nature's self seemed lost
In one vast, deep, and ever restless well
Of rolling waters; while our barque was tost,
Betwixt the *upper and the nether* starry host.

PART II.

XLI.

THERE is a sympathy of gentlest kind,
That warms the bosom of ingenuous youth;
Some latent principle, by Heaven designed—
Like to the Prophet's cool and verdant booth,
The weary and dejected heart to sooth,
From home and friends away, with peril bound:
It is the hallowed talisman of Truth,
Assuring innate worth, wherever found—
That tenderness of soul, by love or friendship crowned.

XLII.

There is a sweet attraction in the eye,
That wakes a throb of mingled happiness,
A feeling undefined—we know not why,
Susceptive equally of pain or bliss:
And there's a music in the voice, not less
Magnetic, thrilling on the listening ear—
A charm that mutually doth impress,
As hope and gay delight the young heart cheer,
Or sadness heaves the sigh, and drops the mournful tear.

XLIII.

If to some village boundary confined,
Where valley, hill and grove, relieve the view—
Where silver streams through verdant meadows wind,
And nature blooms in many a vivid hue,
As morning wreathes the expanding flowers with dew,
And robes them in celestial colors bright;
We feel restraint, dejected, suffering too—
O how much more, imprisoned day and night,
Where nought but sea and sky for ever meet the sight.

XLIV.

Tired with the dull monotony around,
Blue skies above, and bluer seas below,
And sickend by the ship's unceasing bound,
Tossed on the unstable waters to and fro;
We turn to those in the same cheerless wo,
And seek for sympathetic feeling there—
With such, perhaps, to enjoy the genial flow
Of soul, and form the association rare,
Grateful in after life, when memory mellows care.

XLV.

When the brow glistens with the frost of age,
And time and strength are on the swift decline,
We seek the fellowship of practised Sage,
Whose years to contemplative truth resign,
Like fruit matured upon the leafless vine:
But Youth would choose its mate among the flowers
Of vernal breathing Time—sweet to recline
With some loved one in nature's blushing bowers,
Where the bland zephyrs rove, and fan the smiling hours.

XLVI.

On board the ship, standing aloof and free,
Was a young Naval Officer, by name
ORLANDO, of Columbia's chivalry;
Noble, ingenuous, and seeking fame
Where honor led the way, as well became
A son of Liberty: his youthful form
Was animated by a soul of flame,
Fearless to breast the battle or the storm,
Where vice no entrance found, to sully or deform.

XLVII.

In just proportion were his height and form,
Above the middle size; his limbs well knit,
Slender but muscular; his powerful arm
Could second well the call that armed it:
Fair his complexion, and an eye that lit
The feature's of a MAN in youth's warm glow,
Around whose brow in many a bright ringlet,
Curled his rich chesnut hair:—A fairer Beau,
I doubt there moved on board, above decks or below.

XLVIII.

From the Pacific Ocean late returned,
Where he had weathered out a three years' cruise,
He met promotion, which he well had earned,
Versed in the naval sciences abstruse;
And now, on six months' furlough, bent his views
To mingle with the world—the young and gay,
Gentle and beautiful: perhaps to choose
A Partner for life's voyage, to cheer the way,
That, like the ocean, hath its bright and clouded day.

XLIX.

He was not one of those of wanton blood,
Who seek the union of th' inconstant Fair;
Secure in virtue, ever had withstood
Temptation, and the foul imbruting lair,
Where Fools their morals taint, their strength impair,
And impotent in youth, forfeit the power
To sacrifice to Love: while stern despair,
An incubus sits on their withered flower,
And Beauty's just contempt attends their latest hour.

L.

O did the Debauchee but know the bliss
Of virtuous love, where charming Woman sways
The sceptre of delight; he ne'er would kiss
Again the impure lip, nor lend his praise—
The manhood of his bright and glorious days,
To the reproachful devotees of shame!
There is no pleasure in the wanton blaze
Of unchaste love, that burns but to defame:
The flowers of Hope bloom not upon the bed of blame.

LI.

His was the true nobility of mind,
Frank and polite; not haughty, but endowed
With conscious rectitude, and disciplined
In that stern school which rears the spirit proud
In self-respect, he stood among the crowd
Like Atlas, firm as is the mountain's base;
And where he not approved, he never bowed
To wealth or station: scorning to deface
His soul's integrity, for fortune, power, or place.

LII.

Princeps non homines—was stamped upon
The tablet of his heart, not to be swayed,
Nor bought, nor sold, by any worthless son
Of Adam's venal race; and thus arrayed,
He courted not the pale uncertain shade,
But hung his colors at the topmast head,
That never were deserted, nor betrayed
On land or sea—where'er his duty sped,
True to his flag he stood, by interest never led.

LIII.

His eye was single, and surveyed his cause
With single purpose: in its vivid glance
Flashed resolution, that displayed the laws
Which governed his high spirit:—nor by chance,
Nor any course from Honor's path askance,
Secured he self-applause; for it he fought,
And bled, and won a name, that did enhance
The honors well bestowed, and fairly sought—
Nobly to act his part, was his unmingled thought.

LIV.

Warm were his friendships, all for friendship's sake,
And nought for self: as the bright sun of day
Yields all his fervor and his beams, to wake
The rosy smile that parts the lip of May:
So he was charmed to see his fellows gay,
And happy, tuned to melody of thought;
To smooth life's path and cheer the devious way,
Whether with thorns or fragrant flowers fraught:
And heart and hand to this good purpose ever brought.

LV.

His were the nobler virtues: those designed
To make men better, happier, and more wise;
Hallowed from Heaven itself, and unconfined,
Wide as the world, enduring as the skies!
The pure and beatific sacrifice
Of adoration to the King Supreme,
A grateful heart: there true religion lies,
Inspiring man with hope: her blissful theme,
That Universal Love, wide as the dayspring's beam.

LVI.

There are, who barter Truth for Mammon's hire,
The heart's integrity for yellow dross:
Slaves to their lusts—with talents to aspire
To honorable fame, without a cross
Upon their sterling coin; yet bear the loss
Of every grace, insensitive to shame,
And live and die base renegades: the toss
Of one poor copper would reverse their game,
To side where interest presents the weightier claim.

LVII.

They pander to an appetite depraved,
And prostitute the dignity of mind:
Arnold, who would his country have enslaved
For Plutus' offering, was of that base kind,
Whom lust and luxury have rendered blind
To moral excellence; content to bide
The scorn of noble hearts, so they may find
The means to pamper appetite and pride:
Bribed by each faction and faithless to either side.

LVIII.

As turns the weathercock, toward every point
Whence blows the gale the strongest—so turn these,
Whose principle is ever out of joint,
Or steadied only by the fruitful breeze
Of interest; when that subsides, the fees
Are welcome, though the devil ask their praise:
False, and unstable as the troubled seas,
Insatiate demagogues; whose peccant ways
Angels look down upon with horror and amaze!

LIX.

Where is the stern and Roman virtue fled,
That dignified the men of seventy-six?
Or hath Columbia furnished but one REED,
On whom Posterity its eye may fix,
In admiration of a soul unmixt
With venal taint? I would it were not so:
Yet, without being pointed, or prolix,
There are but few—and those the Lord doth know,
Who, to ten thousand pounds! these times, would answer, NO!

LX.

Treason is not confined to villains, who
Surrender posts, or regiments, for gold:
In civil life, more Arnolds elbow through,
Than ever fortress or battalion sold:
Reckless of honor, impudent and bold
As the bronzed courtezan, they stand exempt
From punishment, unhanged, and thus grow old:
Held by mankind so far beneath contempt,
As not to be worth e'en the trouble or the hemp.

LXI.

But I digress: and this leads me to observe,
That in my early days I ne'er was given
To speculation, and did seldom swerve
So far from truth, but that I could be shriven,
When error was dispelled: but I was driven
In ruddy boyhood forth, a tennis-ball
For Fortune's sport, and scarcely past eleven:
Well hath she played the game for my worst thrall,
Tossed me the world around, and drugged my cup with gall.

LXII.

I've courted her upon the tented field,
Where honor led the pride of chivalry,
And helmed warriors rushed with bosoms steeled,
To daring deeds of fiery bravery:
I've courted her upon the stormy sea,
Beneath the grove, amid the blooming dale,
Where Beauty smiled in heavenly radiancy,
And rosy Love breathed in the vernal gale:
In vain I strove abroad, or sighed in verdant vale.

LXIII.

Deuce take the jade, who flies as I pursue,
Yet ever beckons onward in the chase;
Smiling like that seducer, fain to woo
The unsuspecting maiden to disgrace:
But I've so oft been distanced in the race,
That I've concluded to throw up the game,
As *nix coma rouse*:—put on a merry face,
Study philosophy, fortune disclaim,
And laugh *when other fools* are jilted by the dame.

LXIV.

Santa Maria! What a world is this!
Such inequality in man's condition:
Some, born to wealth, seem cradled here in bliss,
Life's hardships only felt in their tuition:
Others, born poor, by some unknown allision,
Attach themselves to Fortune, and cling to her,
Whether she will or no: forcing emission
From either hand, without a thought to woo her,
Or even offering thanks—holding her purse secure.

LXV.

Their touch transforms to gold, as Midas' did,
More than successful in each speculation;
Sixpences change to dollars at their bid,
And one would think, they had a dispensation
To hold the dividends of half the nation:
Gerard, and Billy Grey, and J. J. Astor,
And Baron Rothchild, of the Jews' oblation,
With others I might name, ne'er knew disaster,
But wealth, like tribute came, as each was Fortune's master.

LXVI.

Wealth fills the world with luxury and fools,
Parent of ignorance and empty pride;
For who e'er learned from Nature, or her schools
Of industry, where moral worth is tried,
That meanest principle with some allied,
Affecting to contemn the Tuscan poor,
And measuring men and mind by the outside—
The equipage or the dress: fools ye are, sure!
The casket may be rough, yet shrine a jewel pure.

LXVII.

Thank Heaven! I never felt the base desire,
And ne'er sought gold for love of gold: I sought
Another wealth, that could the heart inspire—
The riches of the mind: unsold, unbought,
But freely yielded to the searching thought,
And contemplative eye: and these to me
Unveiled a source, from which the soul, thus taught,
Secures a brilliant for its company,
When death unbars the gates of broad eternity!

LXVIII.

Oh, fools! to hoard up what ye cannot bear
Beyond the grave—the charnel house! where lie
The rich, the poor, the sons of mirth and care,
The powerful and the weak: what, if ye die
Possessed of millions—follows your last sigh,
Not a brass farthing; save what the new heir
May grant, to gild the pageant of the high
Wealth pampered wretch—who mortgaged Time's parterre,
And would not pluck the fruit that hung in clusters there!

LXIX.

I honor industry, legitimate
In birth and in pursuit; that claims no more
Than a clear conscience may appropriate,
Without a stain fair Virtue might deplore:
Then—though the wealth of Gambia's golden shore,
Potosi's mountain, or Golconda's mine
Enrich his coffers: he robs not the poor,
Whose enterprise fills them with corn and wine,
As the depending grape is nourished from the vine.

LXX.

Refined and liberal, let him adorn
His grounds with art—exotic, shrub, and flower,
The vocal breathing grove, the sweet hawthorn,
The verdant walk, the cooling fountain shower,
That cheers the sultry and oppressive hour:
Grateful am I, freely to range around
Through park and lawn, or from the myrtle bower,
Enjoy the beauty of the enchanted ground,
Where, blooming in delight, nature by art is crowned.

LXXI.

The present hour is mine, and I am fed—
All forethought of the morrow I dismiss;
Nature is satisfied with simple bread,
And I can thank kind Providence for this:
In luxury there is no real bliss,
And where 's the sensualist above the swine!
But Heaven still grant me health—life's happiness,
Supply its wants, and I may not repine:
For all that wealth can yield, and more, 's already mine.

LXXII.

I seek a competence, but ask not wealth;
And in life's wane would gladly find a home,
Where—blest with memory and generous health,
I might recline beneath some cottage dome,
And court laborious ease: no more to roam
The world around, but calmly life review,
Its sorrows and its joys: and from the tomb
Of blighted hopes and fond regrets, renew
Friendship with truth, or e'er I bid the hours adieu.

LXXIII.

There woo the Sisters I have loved so well,
By winding rivulet or bubbling spring,
Beneath the umbrageous shade, in blooming dell,
Or verdant-mantled vale—where zephyrs fling
Rapture and health from many a fragrant wing,
Dipped in the bosom of the mountain rill:
Where the sweet tenants of the forest sing,
And Nature, uncontaminated, still
Blooms in her native hues, and wantons at her will.

PART III.

LXXIV.

Poor have I lived, the son of discontent,
In want and sorrow—better scarce can die;
But may no nabob rear a monument
To insult the dead, that living, he passed by:
Wrapt in my humble fortune, let me lie
Within the green-bound wood, without a stone
To mark the spot where sleeps the wanderer's eye:
There would I rest in solitude, unknown,
While the sweet bird of Spring chants my last dirge alone.

LXXV.

Nature, to whom my earliest song I gave,
Her verdant carpet o'er my couch shall spread,
Deck with wild flowers the sleeping poet's grave,
And her green canopy wave o'er my head:
The dewy tear shall to my memory shed,
And breathe her sighs upon the zephyr's wing,
While her plumed offspring to the forest led,
In untaught strains my requium shall sing,
And answering Echo back the varied music fling.

LXXVI.

No *Alma Mater* nourished my young prime,
From the Pierian spring; but all alone,
I gathered what I could through changing time,
And made the hidden lore of truth my own;
Hardly obtained, as "water wears a stone,"
But when rescued, not liable to loss:
This led me to compare the little known,
With worldly vanity and yellow dross—
I found them light as air, not worth a counter's toss.

LXXVII.

In the simplicity of nature made,
Upon her verdant bosom I reposed,
Or roved the flowery vale, or depths of shade—
Where'er with stately beauty she disclosed
Her vistas of delight, and fair disposed
O'er earth's broad disk each smiling grace serene;
What charms the eye, or chains the ear composed,
The blooming dales, the streams, the hills of green,
And song of joyous bird that rose above the scene.

LXXVIII.

Young, restless, and unstable as the wave,
I roved from land to land, from shore to shore;
No settled habitation did I crave,
I loved the wild-wood and the ocean's roar,
And all enamored, Nature did adore:
On her fair page—the fairest page of time,
The unwearied eye, delighted, still would pore:
So scan I yet the beautiful, sublime,
And my wrapt spirit breathe in the rich flow of rhyme.

LXXIX.

I loved her forests and her hills of green,
The winding stream, the deep romantic glen,
The verdant vale, the balmy grove serene,
The hoary mountain and the misty fen—
But I loved not, somehow, the face of men:
Nature was true, in her own colors drest,
Pure, beautiful, sublime, perfect as when
She bloomed in Paradise at God's behest:
But man was all impure—dissembler at the best.

LXXX.

I speak the truth, and on my own brow bear
This foul reproach, this humbling mark of shame:
Free to acknowledge—what I do not dare
Deny—that in some points of minor fame,
I am myself amenable to blame:
But uncontaminated by the seven
Unpardonable sins that most defame,
I have some distant hopes of being forgiven,
And so, eventually, admitted into heaven.

LXXXI.

These seven dark transgressors, thus I note:
All bank stock-jobbers, brokers, speculators,
And gamblers; whom stern justice shall devote
To hot damnation! the calumniators—
By which I mean most editors of papers;
Monopolists, who starve pale Poverty,
And last—not least, earth's wardrobe renovators,
The old-clothes Jews: and this vile company
Rob, and demoralize, throughout society.

LXXXII.

Basest of these, are Mammon's sons of hire,
The "money-changers," licensed rogues—abhorred
By Him, the Promised One; whose holy fire
Could brook them not, but formed a whip of cord,
And scourged them from the temple of the Lord!
The sacrilegious wretches, even then
Polluted heaven's threshold, and basely warred
Against all social virtue: by my pen,
I think the race exist to plague all honest men!

LXXXIII.

Enough: farewell the swindler and the knave,
The cold monopolist, and hypocrite:
No honest man would stretch his arm, to save
One of the race from the reproachful pit,
Which his own lusts have dug; they are most fit
To fill it up: then let them force distress,
And heap the measure of their guilt—to wit,
The groans of widows and the fatherless,
Ascending up to Him, who shall their wrongs redress!

LXXXIV.

But I return: and in another strain
Sing to at least one boon delighted ear,
Of mine own self: albeit I be not vain,
Save of my native rocks, my humble sphere,
And soul of sympathy, that hoards a tear
For the oppressed—the weary child of sorrow:
I too, have trod a thorny path, full drear;
Joyless to-day, and hopeless for the morrow:
But *let the future rest, 'tis folly care to borrow.*

LXXXV.

I roamed the Hesperian gardens: feasted there
On golden fruit, and like the humming-bird
From flower to flower disporting on the air,
Culled honeyed thought: but all was "hope deferred,"
Sickening the soul—convinced that she had erred:
But reason, slumbering long, awakes too late—
The slave of wine will taste, nor be deterred,
Though in each sparkling glass he read his fate:
So I, at Helicon, quaffed till inebriate.

LXXXVI.

No more I searched the deep recess of thought,
But threw the written page of learning by;
Bright images of fancy, overwrought,
Float in the brain, and glisten in the eye;
Voluptuous passion and pale ennui,
Conspire to vitiate the love-sick soul
That woos ideal beauty; and the dye
Of stern reality, fails to control
The helpless, hopeless ruin which pervades the whole.

LXXXVII.

So, in the summer morn, the stream serene,
Freshened by evening showers glides smoothly on,
On by the grove, or through the meadow green,
Till rolling from the East, the sultry sun,
Or e'er his high meridian is won,
Pours his red rays adown the burning sky,
And drinks it up—the waters cease to run,
In visionless evaporations fly,
Leaving their fountains empty, and their channels dry.

LXXXVIII.

I left the East in May, sedate and sober,
With staff in hand, light heart, and lighter purse,
And entered *Urbs Regina* in October,
From this long peregrination, nothing worse;
There only followed me the usual curse—
Which, without any special invitation,
Hath clung to me for years—the love of verse;
For ever building up some bright creation,
That left me poorer still, as crumbled its foundation.

LXXXIX.

Still, Poesy, I love thee—though thou be
My bane, thou art the antidote to ill:
When sorrow, pain, and want encompass me,
I fly for refuge to the sacred hill,
And lose the sense of misery at will
In the Castalian fount, whose springs disclose,
And streams of sweet forgetfulness distil:
So, in the realms below, where Lethe flows,
The wretched taste, and drink oblivion to their woes.

XC.

And not for India's wealth would I resign
What Heaven bestows—the music of the soul:
The land, the sea, the air—the world is mine,
To range through Nature's vast, from pole to pole,
From East to West, and win as from a scroll,
The subtile treasures of her wide domain:
While vivid Fancy robes me in her stole
Of "colors dipped in heaven," and I do reign
A prince of Fairy land, the Muses in my train.

XCI.

My path was wheresoe'er my fancy bore,
And I did course it like the honey-bee;
Now, by the Shenandoah's rocky shore,
Surveyed the wild romantic scenery:
Thence, o'er the broad Potomac, northwardly,
Bent where the charming Susquehannah flows;
Plucked every stranger flower that I did see,
Climbed each tall hill that on my pathway rose,
And trod the glens and dells where Nature doth repose.

XCII.

I gathered fruit and flowers, not sparingly,
For Nature offers them through her domain:
The busy eye may freight the memory
From the broad field of forest, hill and plain,
To employ the thinking spirit of the brain,
That otherwise would droop, sicken and die:
As sluggards languish on a bed of pain,
Feverish and restless from pale ennui,
Like the moody swine in thoughtless slumbers lie.

XCIII.

In childhood's vernal hours, when I was gay,
Roving the meadows, joyous, wild and free;
My grandsire oft would call me from my play,
And seat the little boy upon his knee:
And—fond of stories—would rehearse to me
The vacant plough-boy, who would not be taught,
But as he jogged a-field o'er the bright lea,
"He whistled as he went for want of thought:"
The moral was not lost, with memory inwrought.

XCIV.

And now, whatever object I pursue,
Whether I roam the verdant fields of earth,
When orient morn impearls the flowers with dew,
And fills the grove with melody and mirth;
Or range the gardens of immortal birth—
Where fancy rainbows through the atmosphere—
To weave a garland of poetic worth;
Stray thoughts will oft intrude, through eye or ear,
That seem irrelevant, like this digression here.

XCV.

But I have gained my point, as lawyers say,
Which was, to lash the venial; though it be
At the expense of being thought to stray
Wide of the subject of my minstrelsy:
But this accomplished, I shall breathe more free—
As when a sickly stomach doth discharge
The green and loathsome bile, serenity,
And buoyant spirits, and health, that roamed at large,
Return, and cheerfully resume their wonted charge.

XCVI.

At length, divested of this weary load—
A spice of vanity for aught I know,
Refreshed and vigorous, I resume my road,
Or rather voyage, while favoring gales do blow,
And waft my venturous bark, steady though slow,
To that desistive haven, where her sails
Shall furl, perhaps for aye: then be it so,
While Fancy rests, well pleased that Truth inhales
The incense of her flowers, from her created vales.

XCVII.

To crown the manly offspring of my muse,
Orlando was a gentleman, well bred,
Of noble bearing; such as Mars might choose
For lofty deeds, where glory's banner led,
And Love invite to Beauty's blissful bed:
He never stooped to low vulgarity,
Or the bravado's oath;—let this be said
For those, whose every day's profanity
Insults the King Supreme, and shames true bravery.

XCVIII.

Thus far the Hero of my song, to whom
I have imputed all the nobler traits
That dignify the man; and now I come
To seek a Partner for him, which the Fates—
Or, as the sober moralist relates—
Heaven doth bestow; and some believe the tale,
That matches are all formed within its gates:
But I've known some, so questionably hale,
They seemed as made within dark Pandemonium's pale.

XCIX.

And why should not the devil play the priest,
Join contradictions, and unite two forms,
Whose hearts are sundered, like the West and East,
In principle and feeling; where ne'er warms
Affection's lamp, but ever-during storms
Tumultuous rage around the nuptial bed,
And mar the rosy boon that all deforms?
Why should he not? It is his trade to wed,
When the hot blood of youth revolts against the head.

C.

He sows dissension in the bowers of peace,
And genders hatred on the bed of love;
Corrupts the very parents, to increase
Tenfold the feud—the while, the gentle dove
Of promise wings her to her home above,
And desolation on a sable cloud
Broods o'er the withered hopes:—will Heaven approve
The impious wretch, malicious, devilish, proud,
Who *strangled wedded love*, and wove its pallid shroud?

CI.

Marriage is sacred, and no human law
May abrogate the institute divine:
The union Heaven decreed, while Virtue saw
Domestic bliss the rosy rite entwine,
And Love do homage at the hallowed shrine:
Death, and death only, may dissolve the tie,
And though rebellious, shameless lust combine
To rend the bonds—sin at their door shall lie,
And Truth accuse them at the judgment-day on high.

CII.

Alas! for Virtue, and her sacred cause
In this new land that Freedom claims her own:
Divorce is sanctioned here by human laws,
And Infidelity stalks not alone
In other climes: here hath she reared her throne
On moral ruin—wedded truth I ken,
Profaned her rites, her altars overthrown:
The world I think 's more graceless now, than when
The deluge overwhelmed bad women, and worse men.

CIII.

When a young cherub one—a little boy,
Was budding in the ruby smile of life;
His sire's incentive hope, his mother's joy,
Upon his dying bed to gender strife,
And come between the husband and the wife:—
Curst be thy hoary age—thy pathway blight,
Down to a blighted grave—no hope be rife
For thy despairing soul: but wild affright
Cling to thee, serpent-twined, through an eternal night!

CIV.

Thou withered, blasting Sorceress! to whom
The witch of Endor were a saintly woman,
If hell's worst penalty be not thy doom,
There is no hell for any thing that's human!
Pale hypocrite! born only to undo man;
Sly as the serpent, whom thou dost resemble,
Foul temptress of a wife to sin and ruin,—
Thy place is darkness, where the damned assemble:
Go, join the devils there—like them, believe and tremble!

CV.

My heart wills not the curse: O mayest thou live—
Live, to repent upon another bed
Than that of death: freely I thee forgive,
As taught by Him, who for the sinner bled!
Thou didst indeed hurl ruin on my head,
That shook intelligence through all her realm:
But Heaven in safety through the tempest led,
The billows of despair no more o'erwhelm,
Peace calms the troubled sea, and Hope sits at the helm.

PART IV.

CVI.

MAY, in her damask robe no longer drest,
Stripped of her honors and existence too,
Reclines her cheek on Summer's panting breast,
And bids her blossoms and her flowers adieu;
Until Aurora shall her breath renew,
And the wood-nymphs the maiden re-adorn;
When Phœbus wheels the starry zodiac through,
And o'er the orient hills where wakes the morn,
Re-enters Cancer bright from burning Capricorn.

CVII.

So in her flowery Spring—her May-day morn,
Blooming in vestal honors, the fair bride
Smiles through the flush that mantles to adorn
The cheek of innocence—the heart's chaste pride:
So fades she too, that parts from her pure guide—
That innate modesty which Heaven bestows,
And forfeits each fair charm that once allied
Her soul to truth, her beauty to the rose:
May shall rebloom again, but hopeless her repose!

CVIII.

How art thou fallen in the Spring of life,
Who might have bloomed an angel of delight!
The lovely bride less charming than the wife,
Crowned with that coronal so pure and bright,
The admiration of the sons of light,
That wreathes the mother's brow! But thy fair morn,
Wrapped in a darksome cloud, must sink in night,
Of all its purity and beauty shorn,
Without one hallowed ray its parting to adorn!

CIX.

Companion once, so valued, so beloved,
How couldst thou listen to the siren's tongue,
And yield thyself, unblushing and unmoved,
To the seducer! Thou art now among
The faithless band, who, from all time, have wrung
Full many a noble heart: thy form reposes
On beds of down, whence guilty joys have sprung:
But this the curse—remember—Heaven imposes,
That death-bed shall be thorns, whereon are strewed no roses.

CX.

I bow to Heaven's high will, that doth chastise
In mercy, and in mercy bore away
The solace of my age, ere his young eyes
Could look upon the dark and dismal day
Of desolation! Oh, that I could lay
My aching head beside that little one,
Recal the memory of the prattler's lay,
Reproached by her, the mother of her son—
Yield my last thought to Heaven, and breathe "Thy will be done!"

CXI.

Farewell! A long farewell to thee, is sent!
Who, all forgetful of thy bridal test,
The hallowed bands of wedlock rudely rent,
Fain to repose upon a villain's breast:
Alas! for her, whose memory fades unblest!
No more the virtues in her heart shall warm,
No more the graces on her cheek be prest;
But sunk to infamy, the once fair form,
Inspired by nothing pure, hath lost the power to charm.

CXII.

What wonder, if I tread life's varied path
Gloomy and sad: the heartless sons of pride,
Affect to scorn the houseless one, that hath
For his inheritance, nought but the wide
Impalpable domain; where, rudely tried,
Hope wakes, but never smiles! The dross of earth
That makes them what they are, was aye denied
To *genius, virtue, modesty* and worth:
Suffering and penury have claimed them from their birth.

CXIII.

What wonder, if with dark suspicious eye,
I scan the fairest flower that blooms upon
Creation's bosom; when my destiny
Is marked by broken vows; and that false one,
Whose youth and loveliness I wooed and won,
To charm life's tenure and adorn my name;
Put off her robe of purity, to don
The tinselled mantle of unblushing shame:
Dishonor stamped on me, and blighted her fair fame.

CXIV.

Why should I scathe the hapless being, who
Did perjure her own soul, and break a pledge,
Given at the altar of the God most true,
And registered in heaven: alas! the edge
Of time, that cuts down both the flower and sedge,
Will one day rede her truth that comes too late!
Against her nothing more will I allege,
Who, as she loved, can scarcely harbor hate:—
Victim of one who strove her truth to desecrate.

CXV.

Oh, Love! the offspring of the rosy hours,
And cradled the Elysian groves among,
Where Beauty erst reclined in her own bowers,
While bowed Olympius, and Apollo sung;
Upon earth's second morn thy form upsprung,
And fanned the wing of Hope, that smiling bent
Her riband in the clouds: to thee, the young
Shall sacrifice the heart's best incense, blent
Upon her altars, who beheld thy warm advent.

CXVI.

The gentle bosom is thy garden, where
The flowers of rapture bloom; when holy Truth
Descends from heaven, and o'er the heart's parterre
Sheds her effulgent warmth, in pity's ruth,
Toward our imperfect and inconstant youth:
Would that her lustre might illuminate
Each heart that owns thy power, in very sooth:
Nor broken vows, nor false-engendered hate,
Nor concupiscent lust, would then be our dark fate.

CXVII.

But frail and sinful though we be, and bound
With imperfection from the hour of birth,
Thy presence cheers the roughened scenes around,
And spreads a blissful canopy o'er earth;
And while existence feels the blighting dearth,
That followed Eden's fall, fond Love is left,
With purple-pinioned Hope, and bright-eyed Mirth,
And friendship, and a thousand pleasures deft:
And man, chastised, is not of blessings all bereft.

CXVIII.

There yet remain some meek and faithful hearts,
Scattered, like roses, through the wilderness;
And many a noble spirit yet imparts
A cheering light, as if bestowed to bless
Our fallen nature in its faded dress:
Still wedded love survives from Eden's tomb,
Unveiled in all the lovely consciousness
Of its unblemished truth, and through the gloom
That wraps the brow of Time, smiles in perennial bloom.

CXXIX.

The fields of heaven are thine—where Virtue roves
In naked purity; herself the bright
Unfading flower, kissed by the eternal Loves,
As when fair Eve, robed in her native light,
Trod Paradise undrest, and bore the sight
Of regal powers, that bent their starry eyes
In admiration! Spirit again alight
Upon the earth, accept our sacrifice,
And call white Innocence down from her sinless skies.

CXX.

But we will not repine, albeit thou stay
Thy rosy-colored wheels: Love sends us down
A solitary beam of that pure ray,
That lights the skies, and warms the angelic zone;
And in the thrilling radience we own
The fervid feeling of the sons of light,
When Heaven upon the new creation shone,
And warmed the elements—the soft twilight
Still *peers along the verge of* Nature's trembling night.

CXXI.

Heaven sends a maiden for my Heroine,
Not fanciful, but one of earthly mould:
In whom the virtues of her sex combine
With grace and beauty, such as men behold
In that famed statue of the days of old,
Venus de Medici, the pride of art:
But there the semblance ends—the one is cold
And spiritless; this shrines a beating heart,
Warmed with Promethean fire, and Heaven's diviner part.

CXXII.

For in that ship, among that company—
Young, beautiful, accomplished, and yet more,
Intelligent,—was there a fair Ladie,
Whom youth might well be pardoned to adore,
So near perfection: to her native shore
She was returning from an Eastern tour,
With new additions to her treasured store
From Nature's page—the fount of literature,
Where mind may bathe in streams of knowledge, rare and pure.

CXXIII.

HYPERIA was the name the maiden bore,
Graceful as was her form: in purity
Of sentiment and action, meekly wore
The virtues that adorn, and nobly free
From unbecoming pride and coquetry,
Sought not applause, nor did affect display:
Not prudish, but in maiden modesty—
Like the sweet flower that shrinks from burning day,
She sought retirement, where the chaste-eyed pleasures stray.

CXXIV.

Retirement in the vale, where wood-crowned hills,
With sloping canopy down to their base,
Waved to the coursing winds, and o'er the rills,
And verdant lawns, and sweet sequestered place,
Stretched their cool shadows: there would she embrace
Calm solitude in contemplation's hour,
Beneath the arching vines, that did inlace
With fibrous arms the trees, to weave a bower
Where mind, as in a glass, might learn its latent power.

CXXV.

And here she reared her flowers, and drest the vale
In the sweet blossoms of the smiling May;
That showered her odors on the courting gale,
From rose and tulip, and acanthus gay,
White oleanthus, and the heavenly ray
Of iris and dahlia, and the snow
White lily, blooming by the watery way,
O'er the blue violet—till the bright glow
Seemed like enchantment, spread upon a world below.

CXXVI.

So bloomed 'neath orient skies, when Abbas reigned,
The Garden of the East, that spread around
Ispahan—royal city—and was trained
By her fair hand, who trembled to be crowned
The Queen of Persia: there Balsora found
The pearl of happiness, to live and die
With her enamored Prince: they tilled the ground
Together, till the fair parterre did vie
With heaven's bright rainbow, bent upon the watery sky.

CXXVII.

To plant the germ, to rear the tender stalk,
To cheer the budding and expanding flower;
To fringe with evergreens the gravelled walk,
And twine with tendrils sweet the summer bower,
That bloom upon the morning's dewy hour;
To prune the tiny forest, clip the bright
Green velvet sward, and sport the fountain shower—
Is woman's work, a labor of delight,
Becoming, innocent, and Beauty's sovereign right.

CXXVIII.

If there's a spot where maiden eyes disclose
A brighter ray to penetrate the heart,
It is the embellished ground, where nature glows,
Adorned by Heaven, and beautified by art:
The fragrant, blooming scenery doth impart
A mellow tenderness to evening's hour;
And as soft twilight's lingering rays depart,
Love glides the trees among, wakes in the bower,
Sighs on the passing gale, and breathes in every flower.

CXXIX.

O could my youth return with wonted fire,
And my taught spirit animate the form,
I'd seek the scenes where Flora doth inspire
The tenderness of feeling—where the charm
Of beauty doth the sterner sex disarm,
And bows the heart to love: there would I woo
Some gentle nymph, whose heart, like mine, would warm
And glow with transport, in the blissful view
Of nature wed to art, blooming the seasons through.

CXXX.

There is a music in the joyous spheres,
Dull man hath never heard; that roll along,
And wake to melody the circling years,
That toward eternity for ever throng,
Bearing upon their wings, the soul of song
To Him who tunes the orbs: what lofty strains,
And hallowed, to the Omnipotent belong!
Creation sings through all her flowery plains,
And the vast universe rejoices that He reigns.

CXXXI.

And there is melody so stilly breathed
From Nature's gorgeous lip of living bloom,
Ascending from unnumbered flowers, inwreathed,
Like incense from the altar of perfume:
The sighing winds that cheer eve's milder gloom,
The note of joyous bird that wakes the dawn,
The tribes that gambol in the moon's illume,
The roar of beast from midnight lair withdrawn,
And voice of lowing herds that browse the verdant lawn.

CXXXII.

They are—the flowers that in the valleys bloom,
The poetry of Nature; from her breast
Exhaling sweet invisible perfume,
That borne by zephyr flies, or lies at rest
Upon her crystal wing: the eye is blest
As with enchantment, when the morn unveils
Each lovely pink in heaven's bright colors drest;
Tipped with the orient pearl, kissed by the gales,
That, waking on the hills, skim o'er the dewy vales.

CXXXIII.

O'er hill and dale, by stream, or branching grove,
From morn till noon, from noon till dewy eve,
Among these living gems I joy to rove,
And in each blossom and fair flower conceive—
As my wrapt spirit would for aye believe,
Heaven smiles approval on the glowing scene,
And blesses its own work: nor do I grieve
That they shall fade beneath the frosts so keen:
Spring shall renew their bloom, and nature's verdant green.

CXXXIV.

How chaste, how beautiful, and all sublime,
Are these, thy lower works, great King of kings!
That flourish gaily in the lap of time,
As fair Aurora warms the enlivening springs,
And from the firmament still evening flings
Her ever gentle dews; while glowing day
Sends down the vital influence, that wings
Trée, shrub, and flower, with fragrant pinions gay,
Around whose petals bright a thousand raptures play.

CXXXV.

For me, to taste the vernal breath of Spring,
Buoyant with health, while my full swelling heart
Pours all its gratitude to heaven's high King,
For every varied good he doth impart,
Is happiness; while pleasure forms a part
Of his beneficence, when I survey
The trees in blossom, and the flowers that sport
Through the green vales in beautiful array,
Breathing their rich perfume, and smiling on the day.

CXXXVI.

Then smile I, too, as on their heavenly dresses,
With rapture rests the charmed and ravished eye,
Touched by the soft rays of the morning's tresses,
When Phœbus wakes upon the orient sky,
Painting their forms in every varied dye,
Expanding bright, pendant with limpid dew:
And were they formed for such an one as I,
So vile, and so impure? The thought is true;
Heaven thus arrays them all, for human eye to view.

CXXXVII.

And from the gaze to lift the eye above,
And with the eye, the heart; and learn from whence
Sprung these fair earnests of Eternal Love,
To creatures that are less than impotence;
Whose life should be all tearful penitence,
For base ingratitude to their great Sire;
Who not alone supplies each want, but thence
Wings beauty from the skies, and yields desire
More than our nature craves, lest man should ne'er aspire.

CXXXVIII.

Hyperia had seen little of the world:
Reared in the country, she had bloomed among
The wild flowers of her native hills, impearled
Herself a fairer flower, that blushing hung
Her damask cheek, as from her silver tongue—
Reclined beneath the soft palmetto's shade—
Upon the wing of Zephyrus she flung
The simple melody of nature's maid,
Unconscious of her charms, in innocence arrayed.

CXXXIX.

In the deep recess of the shady grove,
Where silence listened to the melody
Of murmuring zephyr, and the mated love
Of gentle birds, that poured their rhapsody
From clustering branch, or flowering shrubbery,
Responsive in sweet duet—she had reared
A temple to her soul's Divinity,
Where, in the twilight hour, her voice was heard,
Breathing her vespers sweet, to Him her soul revered.

CXL.

Oft as the orient awoke the dawn,
And gemmed the opening flowers with pearly dew,
The rosy girl tripped lightly o'er the lawn,
Toward that secluded bower, veiled from the view
Of all but Heaven—to Heaven did there renew
The offering of a meek and lowly heart,
Where love and purity their fountains drew,
And Virtue, pleased, beheld her counterpart:
While each angelic grace the smiling skies impart.

CXLI.

Unused to breathe the fatal atmosphere
Of giddy fashion, she had seldom been
Where Luxury and Vice did reign compeer,
Deforming both the women and the men:
Though it is probable, that now and then—
As Southern ladies manage well a horse,
She cantered in the chase o'er rock and glen,
And sometimes rode her filly to the course:
A very blameless act, and ladies nothing worse.

CXLII.

Indeed, if fertile fancy whisper true,
She was as graceful feminine a rider—
Albeit, not quite so much a royal blue—
As Queen Victoria, whose fame is wider;
But whose performance—I ne'er rode beside her,
I question was superior to my Fair;
Who, at an off-hand gallop had defied her
To sit more firm: at any rate, her hair
Was prettier than the Queen's—her bosom, not so bare.

CXLIII.

I had much rather see a lovely maid,
In riding-dress, silk coif, and flowing veil,
Mount her fleet jennet, gallantly arrayed,
And, like Camilla, skim the flowery dale,
To view the races, and the breeze inhale;
Than witness women, delicate and young,
Hurrying from every point, o'er hill and vale,
To view a miserable felon hung,
And feast their eyes on the poor devil as he swung!

CXLIV.

Degrading sight! abhorrent, and abhorred!
Oh, how can gentle woman stand and gaze
On such a scene, where human life is marred
By violence; nor feel her brightest praise—
The priceless jewel of her flowery days,
Bedimmed and sullied! Shame, where art thou fled!
When Beauty follows in the broad highways,
The pinioned victim to the scaffold led,
And calmly waits until the struggling wretch be dead!

CXLV.

But difference of taste, no doubt may be,
And oft-times is, the effect of education:
I 've known a lady fasten to a tree
Her slave, and for a little recreation,
Proceed to inflict a gentle castigation—
Her left hand busy with a pinch of snuff,
Her right, with a green rawhide embrocation;
Till, wearied out, she gave o'er in a huff,
Swearing, she ne'er before had skinned a back so tough!

CXLVI.

The Southern belles are warmed by no such fury,
Vindictive passion is obnoxious there:
This deed was perpetrated in Missouri,
Some twenty summers past: a country where,
'Twas said the Gallic, trans-Atlantic Fair,
Repaired the breaches in their pearly sets,
With the enamel of their living ware:
Drawn from the sockets of the servile jets,
To adorn the ruby lips of amorous brunettes.

CXLVII.

Hyperia was gifted with a heart
As gentle as the dove's: her eyes o'erflowed
E'en at the tale of wo, and did impart
A pensive sadness to her cheek, that glowed
With heavenly sympathy, and did forebode
A heart beneficent as it was pure:
So Mercy on the wing of Iris rode,
The remnant of a world to re-assure,
As wept the clouds upon the wanderers insecure.

CXLVIII.

That she had mused of love, since sweet sixteen
Had ripened all her bloom, her sex but know:
The matrons of the blushing belles, I mean,
Who, to fond memory, do often owe
Full many a happy hour—the refluent glow
That purpled on the silver morn of life:
That she had felt Love's power, I can say, no;
And seldom mused of wedlock, but when rife
From reading "Cœlebs," or the romance of "The Wife."

CXLIX.

But Nature never fails to assert her power
Within the youthful breast: the crimson flood
Paints on the cheek the rich Lancastrian flower,
As, pouring from the heart in feverish mood,
The vestal feels her ardent coursing blood
Warm with new tenderness—a soft desire
For something, that's not always understood;
Which, if not met by sympathetic fire,
Consumes the burning Fair upon Love's funeral pyre.

CL.

The maid, though charming as the blooming May,
When the sweet vernal morn with orient dew
Impearls her damask cheek, and wildly gay
As a young antelope—as harmless, too,
Was very flesh and blood, like me and you;
Susceptible to all the brave impress,
With which Love arms himself, when he would woo:
A manly figure, a polite address,
And courage to defend a fair one in distress.

CLI.

And now, my Hero and my Heroine
Are fairly launched: I use the term, because
Their love was cradled on the foaming brine,
And nursed on ocean's bosom: here I pause,
In strict obedience to custom's laws—
That govern poets equally with actors,
That is, to wait the general applause
Which I anticipate from benefactors,
To drown the slanderous tongues of envious detractors.

CLII.

The curtain falls—so falls the veil of night,
And shrouds the day from the retiring world;
Past are the brilliant visions of delight,
And life's bright banner for a season furled:
It is the humid hour, when all uncurled,
The golden tresses of the morn descend,
To drink the falling dew, that hangs impearled
Upon the brow of eve: so let us end
This canto, *and digest what* you have read—I penned.

CANTO II.

PART I.

I.

VIRGINIA, the land of noble hearts,
Of all of beauty and of bravery,
I love thy soil, thy rivers, and their marts;
And e'en thy "curse," domestic slavery—
'Tis not so bad as free state knavery:
For there, the wealthy upstart lords it o'er
Him that doth eat the bread of industry:
Monopolizes nature's bounteous store,
And bids necessity pay tribute at his door!

II.

O shame! that in the States where Freedom boasts
Her equal, happy sway, there still should bend
Their necks to iron toil, such peasant hosts,
O'er whose young offspring Avarice doth extend
Damning oppression: few may apprehend
The toil and struggle infancy endures,
Or e'er its tender limbs their vigor lend
To childhood's frolic hours: the factory cures
Of *life's prospective ills, and early* death insures.

III.

Nor these alone: the young and blooming girl
Wakes not to happiness in early prime,
But a bond-maiden to some wealthy churl,
Her sacrifice is her best hours of time,
Till desperation drives to that mad crime
Which stains her vestal purity: alas!
That other slavery exists, to grime
The boasted freedom of the Northern mass,
Opprobrious more, by far, than stains the Southern class.

IV.

Then, let not Abolition raise her voice,
To thunder her anathemas from thence;
But rather, the philanthropist rejoice,
That Afric's servile sons—in its full sense,
Find in the sunny South a competence,
Nor unrequited toil: while, free from care,
They taste the blessings, watchful Providence
Bestows alike on all, and cheerful, wear
A chain that is not felt, while zealots leave them there.

V.

Thy hospitalities unbounded flow,
Free as thy streams; and with that winning grace,
That doth solicit, while it doth bestow,
And seems to ask acceptance: where each face
Beams, the true index of a sterling race,
Manly, and intellectual, and polite:
No time shall from my memory efface
The warm reception, smiling with delight,
That oft hath welcomed me from gentle Beauty bright.

VI.

My gratitude—'tis all that I can give,
Fain would I breathe in an undying strain;
But if it should my setting sun survive,
I have not wooed the Nine, nor lived in vain:
And while my fancy lets her flowing rein—
To grace my song, 'tis from thy Gallantry
And peerless Fair I paint, without a stain,
My Hero as the pride of chivalry,
And my fair Heroine, pure as thy daughters be.

VII.

No vine-clad arbors flourish on the sea,
No balmy groves wave to the ocean breeze,
No glen's retired romantic scenery,
Shaded by jutting rocks and branching trees;
Where a duenna—not averse to please,
When golden arguments hush each objection—
Might plan to introduce two ill at ease,
Who sigh and languish for the sweet connexion:
And I must owe to chance, or Providence' direction,—

VIII.

The meeting of this Pair; on whom the gaze
Of lynx-eyed Love is bent, with ardent glow,
To warm each bosom in their tender rays,
And with a fire-barbed arrow from his bow,
Light up a quenchless flame, to melt the snow
Of young virginity: then to my aid,
Come, thou blind Goddess, to whom Atheists owe
Their accidental being, and persuade
In near conjunction, this brave Youth and this fair Maid.

IX.

They had no friends on board—acquaintance none.
Save an attendant: and among that crowd
Of strangers, well might feel themselves alone,
As melancholy's gloom their spirits bowed,
And hovered o'er them, like a wintry cloud:
Orlando had of late seen men enow,
Of that rude stamp that breast the ocean flood:
Tired of his sex, he paced with gloomy brow,
The deck, and, if addressed, merely returned a bow.

X.

His mind was running on a different course,
From that it had pursued for three long years;
When all its natural and preceptive force
Were held in requisition, by the gears
Of discipline, and flitting hopes and fears
Attendant on the struggle for promotion:
But now, exempt awhile—as it appears—
With honor's badge, won from the stormy ocean,
He felt a *strong desire to prove* some new devotion.

XI.

He thought of woman in her flowery youth:
Her beauty, gentleness, and peerless grace,
Her tenderness, timidity, and truth,
Her ruby lip, bright eye, and smiling face:
And felt the happiness he might embrace
With such a being—a companion dear,
Whose sympathies with his might interlace,
And weave themselves in one: whose love would cheer,
And life in Eden's glow, bloom with each circling year.

XII.

And then, a charming home, from which no more—
Restless, unsatisfied, and lost—to stray;
Where, for the tempest and the ocean's roar,
He might enjoy the calm delightful day,
Tread the green vale, or in the shadow lay
Of the umbrageous wood, on beds of flowers,
Kissed by the zephyrs in their wanton play:
That tune the Æolian lyre in Nature's bowers,
And hold in lingering bliss, the poppy-mingled hours.

XIII.

His lady-love attendant at his side,
Fair as the blooming Hebe of the skies,
Sweet as the blue-eyed May—a blushing bride,
Reclining on his arm; that bore a prize,
Richer than that, the brightest gem that lies
Beneath Bassora's wave: in rosy light,
Soft mantling o'er her cheek, and from her eyes
Lustering in all the watery radiance bright,
Of her who sways the silver sceptre of the night.

XIV.

Partly entranced, he soon began to be
Quite fanciful; and visions flitted round,
Of little cherubs; one beside his knee,
Plucking the flowers from off the velvet ground:
Another, in the soft embraces bound,
Of this fair daughter of all-graceful Eve:
On whom he gazed, and felt all the profound
Sweet sensibilities, that gently weave
Themselves around the heart, when Hymen gives them leave.

XV.

So mused the Sailor in abstracted mood,
And when he mused not, gazed upon the ocean;
Till, turning towards the quarter-deck, he viewed
The picture of his fancy's deep devotion:
He stood transfixed, and almost without motion,
As, with an eager glance he scanned the fair
Hyperia; and drank in love's first potion,
Called admiration: she did seem to wear
The coronet of grace—beauty beyond compare.

XVI.

Her wandering eye met his: the ardent gaze
Mantled her cheeks in richest crimson, while
Not less suffused his own, to meet the blaze
Of Beauty, radiant with her bright smile;
Both felt the glance, nor self-accused of guile,
For she was pure in heart, and he was brave:
But innate modesty it did beguile
Unwittingly of shame, that each forgave,
Smiled as they did avert; and for a time were grave.

XVII.

Thus casually thrown together, and
In taste and sentiment congenial, each
Saw in the other's eye the soul expand,
In that indefinite, but expressive speech,
Which nature comprehends—art cannot teach:
His manly form and noble bearing, she
Admired, nor he less prompt to unimpeach
Her of defect; as she did seem to be
All grace personified, in beauty's harmony.

XVIII.

They were not yet in love; but in each bosom
Was budding the young flower of tenderness:
As on the vernal morn unfolds the blossom,
Tinged with May's sweet and delicate impress,
The prelude of Vertumnus' fruitfulness,
When ardent Summer mellows on his brow
The golden fruitage of the wilderness—
The purple-clustered vine, and ruby glow
Of all that bend the branch, or ripening, blush below.

XIX.

There's magic in a look: the subtle glance,
That, darting from the eye, doth pierce the heart;
As on the violet wave the moonbeams dance,
And penetrate the deep: there was no art—
But simple nature acting true her part—
In the abashed obliquity of sight
That each perplexed, but failing to impart
The wished relief: yet still, their chief delight
Was in the side-long glance, and promenade by night.

XX.

They felt unsatisfied and wearied—lost,
Desirous both to speak, yet both afraid;
Each bosom with untutored feelings tossed,
That ever and anon themselves betrayed;
Orlando's right hand on his breast was laid,
His left fore-finger to his forehead prest;
The fair Hyperia with her bodkin played,
And strove to appear as tranquil as the rest:
While both, although at sea, with studied neatness dressed.

XXI.

Heavens! what a silly thing Love makes a man:
Him, who dare charge up to a battery
Of cannon, trembles at a slender fan
In Beauty's grasp; and most ungallantly
Quails at a glance, barbed with the radiancy
Of woman's gazelle eye; and his proud frame
Thrills like an aspen, if, but harmlessly,
The velvet touch of her soft finger, shame
His cheek into a blush, and wrap the heart in flame.

XXII.

Contrast with such the softer sex, who meet
Love unembarrassed, save a deeper glow,
And rather court with looks and smiles full sweet,
The touch so sensitive to many a beau,
Calm as the bosom of the lake below,
Kissed by the warm lip of the king of day:
Nought but the silent mantling blush, doth show
They feel the influence of that subtile ray,
That, with electric shock, thrills through man's coarser clay.

XXIII.

All potent beauty, throned in woman's eye,
Humbling the proudest spirit to entreat,
Inspiring chivalry to nobly die,
Or lay its gorgeous tribute at thy feet:
Warming the bosom with a fervid heat,
Unquenchable as light—a fierce desire,
That knows no law, yet ever shrinks to meet
The weal it covets: say, what doth inspire
Thy sweet alluring charm—thy warm essential fire!

XXIV.

It is the hallowed effluence of Heaven,
That burns immortal, unoriginate,
Whose essence through all being interwoven,
Warms through the vast material create:
Shines in each starry hierarchal state,
Reflects from rolling orbs that round it move,
Glows in all nature's forms inanimate,
And smiles in all that lives—and this is Love,
That through immensity irradiates from above.

XXV.

So circumstanced—with minds attempered so,
Daily and hourly meeting, it were vain
To affect false delicacy—outward show
Of cool indifference: when glances pain,
The curbed tongue struggles for the flowing rein:
The music of the voice falls on the ear
In sweetest accents, as the weary chain
Is loosened; and the spirit lone and drear,
With light and buoyant glow assumes its wonted cheer.

XXVI.

The bosom, touched with some new sentiment
Of friendship or of love, for one unknown—
With melancholy tinged—will not content
To enjoy the presence of that one, alone:
Eyes may tell tales; but the soft silvery tone
Awakes the gentle chord of sympathy,
Which etiquette—whose sway the sexes own—
Would jeopardize for cold formality:
But loose the tongue—at once the imprisoned soul is free.

XXVII.

So with my Neophytes: strangers they were
Upon the wide-spread bosom of the sea:
Orlando, burning to address the fair
Hyperia:—she, no less ardently
Wishing he might find some excuse, to free
Himself of his reserve; and, half inclined
To assist him in an act of gallantry,
The lady stumbled, as a flaw of wind
Struck the ship's larboard bow, and down the lee declined.

XXVIII.

The sailor flew to assist the fallen maid,
Who, prone upon the deck, disordered lay;
Nor with set compliments he tenders aid,
But raises her, restores her disarray,
And leads her back to the companion-way;
Supports her tottering steps as she descends,
For now, half faimting was Hyperia:
But hartshorn, and some cordials he appends,
Revive her in due time—chiefly, as he attends.

XXIX.

In harmless accidents—like this—where one
Is oftimes of more service than a score;
A useless bevy of the sex will run,
With reddened cheeks and clamorous uproar,
And forced officiousness—which they deplore,
Who seem the objects of their sympathy—
Calling in requisition, all their store
Of smelling-bottles, and verbosity,
To wake a maiden from an amorous syncope.

XXX.

And thus, Hyperia was doomed to bear
Awhile, the tortures of her feminine
Acquaintance; till she gently did declare
Herself unharmed, and quite restored; in fine,
A little flurried only—she'd recline
A brief space on the sofa, and compose
Herself to rest, perhaps to sleep resign:
And then, at her request, the ladies rose,
Leaving the gentleman to watch the maid's repose.

XXXI.

She sleeps not—sleep is farthest from her thought,
That crimsons o'er her cheek its silent bliss:
Both felt that they had found, what each had sought
In silence, solitude, and hopelessness—
A freedom from restraint, that pained not less
Than unrequited love: Orlando bends
Over her with unmingled tenderness,
While she, her thanks, and rosy blushes blends
With his warm sympathies, and both are more than friends.

XXXII.

Friendship is but the stepping-stone to love,
A calm, Platonic feeling, seldom warm:
But when the sexes its ascendance prove,
It soon arrays the young and graceful form
With softer beauties and a sweeter charm:
Then comes the wished return, as hope and fear
Alternate sway with rapture or alarm;
Till, like two drops of water, verging near,
Each tends to each, and both commingle in one sphere.

XXXIII.

Broken the spell, the parted lips did play,
To yield the blissful interchange of thought;
He was all animation, she was gay,
Delighted both—a breath of air had wrought
The welcome change: and here, perhaps I ought
To moralize, and ponder how a squall—
Which seamen ever view with danger fraught—
Should harmless pass the ship, and disenthrall
Two hearts, that long had wished stern custom to forestall.

XXXIV.

But 'tis enough the Muse has sung the fact,
And showed how chance, or Heaven, did interpose;
Let others moralize, I 've not the tact,
And pass the sunflower by, to pluck the rose:
Freely to each, the youthful pair disclose
That first important information, name;
Then birth-place, residence, and soon dispose
Of a long list of queries, of the same
General import, which such introductions claim.

XXXV.

Sweet social intercourse, life's brightest charm,
Disposing hearts to friendship, or to love;
The genial current of the soul to warm
With touches of that fervid ray above,
Which burns through all the Essences that move
In the bright fields of light: untamed by thee,
Man still had been a brute—thou art the dove
Of promise; source of heavenly ecstacy,
Earthly enjoyments, and each tender sympathy.

XXXVI.

By thee, angelic woman softens down
The rough, unpolished manners; gently she
Subdues the passions, till they yield the crown
Of grace to her, sceptred with modesty:
With unplumed head the warrior bends the knee,
And owns, in social intercourse, her power:
Her vassals are the pride of chivalry—
Taste, learning, friendship, love, date from that hour,
When woman taught the man to seek the social bower.

XXXVII.

Winged with delight, now flew the rosy hours,
As each, with other pleased, held sweet converse;
Fancy arrayed the crested wave with flowers,
Nor feared, nor thought Hyperia of the worse
That might befal—she only thought of verse,
And Orphean melody heard from the waves:
No more it pained her, that they might immerse
The ship, and sink her to the coral caves,
Shores in the silent deep, where the surge never laves.

XXXVIII.

She even forgot that danger was a truth,
While listening to his voice; and fancy, then,
Would picture to her buoyant, happy youth,
The home she loved so well—the rock, the glen,
And blooming vales, that all the air impregn
With fragrance: there, delighted, they might tread
Each mazy path of verdant beauty, when
The vessel reached her port: so thought, or said,
Or dreamed, in bland repose, the gentle hearted maid.

XXXIX.

And then the handsome sailor to present—
Limbed like Apollo, with an eye like Mars,
A dauntless front, modest, but yet unbent,
Save to the twinkling ray of those bright stars,
When Beauty, with her rosy smile, unbars
The gates of love: his name and scars would shew,
That he had served his country in the wars,
And served with honor: passport, well she knew,
To all the cordial welcome of a Southern Blue.

XL.

The lark's sweet matin song, that wakes the dawn,
Should waken them from silken-bound repose,
To drink the air fresh from the dewy lawn,
Jonquil, and jessamine, and damask rose,
And twining morning-glories, that unclose
Their purple petals to the silent shower
Of pearly dropping night: while Phœbus throws
His golden mantle o'er each smiling flower,
Rock, hill, and verdant vale, and balmy breathing bower.

XLI.

Beneath the shade of the umbrageous grove,
Reclined on umbellated beds so fair,
To listen to the notes of joy and love,
Tuned by the winged warblers of the air;
And all unfettered, or by pain or care,
Responsive to the melody, reply:
While cooling gales attendant on them there,
Murmured soft cadence to the minstrelsy:
It would be happiness—she thought—and so do I.

XLII.

Anticipation is a charming feeling,
When born of purple hope, and sweet desire:
Like a bright rainbow o'er the senses stealing,
Warmed with innocuous, etherial fire,
That lights the happiness it doth inspire:
Some have no wish to woo this charming Fair,
Who outdoes Nature in her rich attire;
But I oft court the sprite, and must declare,
That pleasure blooms among her gardens of the air.

XLIII.

Orlando, too, indulged in fancy's dreams—
The morning walk, the summer-house retreat,
Shaded with woodbine from day's sultry beams,
And fringed with flowers all radiant and sweet:
And then, to make the illusion quite complete,
Hyperia, in a robe of flowing white,
Reclined at no great distance from his seat;
Warbling the ballad Goldsmith did indite,
Which Burchell read, while his Sophia smiled delight.

XLIV.

He mused of airings in the afternoon,
Himself attendant on the bright-eyed maid;
Of evening promenades beneath the moon,
Whose silver ray lit up the sombre glade,
And cast a shadow from the bowers of shade:
With the sweet girl to range the flowery dell,
And listen to the tinkling serenade
Of murmuring rivulet; and stories tell,
Him of some gallant youth—she of some brilliant belle.

XLV.

And then, Hyperia, so sweet a name,
That on the ear, fell in melodious tone;
Her voice breathed softest music, and did shame
The tuneful mocking-bird; her slender zone
Was clasped with elegance, while beauty's own
Ray tinged her damask cheek, whose orbs so bright,
Beamed with expressive purity, that shone
Like Venus on the morn, with heavenly light,
Peerless above the starry jewelry of night.

XLVI.

The high-souled youth was Beauty's willing slave;
He read—conversed with her, and oft would tell
The dangers he had passed upon the wave,
When o'er the ship the storm of battle fell,
And belching cannon roared the seaman's knell:
When, hand to hand, the fierce divisions fought,
And victory hung doubtful o'er the swell:
While she, like Desdemona, listening, thought
She never heard before such deeds of daring wrought.

XLVII.

And when bright Sol, declining to the West,
Laved in the ocean his last ray of light,
With rosy parting left the world to rest,
While sombre Evening lit the lamps of night:
He led her to the deck, where the moonlight
Danced on the wave; and from the mellow flute,
Poured on her ear the solos of delight;
While she accompanied with voice and lute,
And ocean smiled amain, and listening winds were mute.

XLVIII.

So, at the dawn, they left their berths below,
To inhale the ocean breeze; as fresh it blew,
Wreathing each swelling wave with feathery snow,
Light as the vapor of the humid dew,
Or silken down upon the violet blue:
While others slept, this pair improved the hour,
And, from the heart's ambrosial fountain, drew
The stream of happiness, that smiles to shower
Her blessings on the young, as dews impregn the flower.

XLIX.

Thus, morn and evening found them side by side:
That is, as near as strict propriety
Would tolerate: I cannot tell how wide
They sat apart—perhaps a yard might be
The standard measure—quite a space at sea,
As, reading in the cabin, they reclined
At each end of the sofa, languidly;
But when a sudden squall, or flaw of wind
To leeward pitched the chairs, they were not thus confined.

L.

Such accidents are frequent on the wave,
When, by a sudden lurch, the ship heels down;
And one will catch at any thing, to save
One's self from bruises, or a broken crown:
So did Hyperia, as she was thrown
Three or four times a-lee; and naturally
Orlando did the same; and thus 'tis shown
How both were sometimes lying helplessly,
Each, in the other's grasp, hurled by the treacherous sea.

LI.

A week was passed in unalloyed delight,
As o'er the bounding wave the vessel drove;
The hours, on golden pinions, fanned their flight,
And Venus, hovering with her sacred dove,
Bore in her arms the quivered God of Love:
Unwittingly each bosom was unclosed,
And felt the unerring shaft launched from above:
On friendship each had thoughtlessly reposed,
Till the tale-telling eye the thrilling truth disclosed.

LII.

They were in love! Deep in each heart the wound
That bleeds in sighs alone, yet pains the more:
Each heart in those enchanted fetters bound,
Soft as the eider down, from Norway's shore,
Prest by Sultanas, when their slaves adore,
Yet firm as adamant—a lasting chain,
That binds the firmer as the longer wore:
Nor force, nor fate, can rend the bands in twain,
For, while the pulses beat, they ne'er dissolve again.

LIII.

They loved, and knew they loved—yet durst not show it:
For Love's a very dolt—a shame-faced boy;
I have had some experience, and I know it,
And therefore speak advisedly—*ma foi!*
As says the Frenchman—love's a painful joy,
Trembling twixt hope and fear; the cheeks suffused
With burning blushes, till the lips employ
That rhetoric, which maiden ne'er refused,
When pressed by welcome knight—from welcome knight excused

LIV.

Fortune, thou art a Goddess—men say, blind;
Love, too, is blind, and is thy younger brother;
For thy best gifts are oftentimes assigned,
When Love and Fortune meet with one another:
Thou and I never met—but with the other
I 've had a long acquaintance; and I would
That Love and Fortune had been both together,
When I staked for the prize: Orlando wooed,
And wealth and beauty won, as they flew o'er the flood.

LV.

Love in a palace, or love in a cot,
Love on the ocean, or love in the vale;
Give me the love of rural breathing spot,
Warmed by May's ruby lip, fanned by the gale
Of ardent Summer—where the sweets exhale
From blooming grove, from forest, verdant hill,
And field of waving corn, and flowery dale:
My music, the soft cadence of the rill,
The note of katy-did, and the lone whip-poor-will.

LVI.

My charmer, fair as the voluptuous Queen,
Who wed the God that forged the bolts of Jove;
Chaste as the Huntress of the sylvan scene,
Warm as the cherub-painted God of Love:
Sweet as the maiden who was wont to rove,
And weave her garlands by the flowery Dis:
Tender, and true, and artless as the dove,
And then, should plenty at the board ne'er miss,
I'd run the risk, once more—to taste hymeneal bliss.

LVII.

But in these days of falsehood, sin, and revel,
'T is but an even chance, we all must own,
That, for an angel, he might gain a devil,
Who sues for wedded bliss—the prize is won,
Time lifts the veil—he finds himself undone,
And love's romance is o'er! So end one half
Man's bosom hopes, ere life is well begun:
At one's first disappointment, few will laugh;
But he's a fool twice told, that twice is *simple Ralph*.

PART II.

LVIII.

THE storm came rushing from the concave high,
The winds swept o'er the deep—the deep uprose;
The lightnings flashed—the thunders shook the sky,
And the ship struggled with her mighty woes:
Hyperia, aroused from her repose,
All pale and terror-struck, Orlando sought;
In very agony of grief, she throws
Herself into his arms, and him besought
To save her from the waves, to foaming fury wrought.

LIX.

The affrighted maiden scarce knew what she did,
For fear had sole possession of her mind;
And when she felt the truth, for shame, she hid
Her burning cheek where she was still reclined,
Locked in his arms, and on his breast resigned:
How thrilled his soul, when, in that first embrace,
He pressed the bosom where his heart inclined!
No time that blissful moment shall efface,
While memory doth retain, or can the past retrace.

LX.

Oh, woman! In thy native purity,
Thy graceful prime, and timid as the dove,
All gentleness, in blushing modesty,
Shrinking from danger in the arms of love:
When pledged thy faith, and registered above,
To one—thy bosom-friend, scarce shalt thou fall;
And woman's deep devotion well shall prove
Her faith and truth—no danger shall appal,
Nor sea, nor battle-field—for him she braves them all.

LXI.

Fast by his side she clings, through weal and wo,
And e'en through infamy, the stain of life:
She wanders with her babes, content to go
Where'er his fortune lead, through toil and strife:
She was, she is, and will be still a wife,
Faithful, till death the mystic bond dissolve,
And leave her desolate: her heart is rife
With all affection's noble, high resolve,
Nor swerves from that true path, whate'er it may involve.

LXII.

WIFE: there is something hallowed in that name,
Which checks the basest libertine of earth;
Demands respect from the dark sons of shame,
Who, humbled in her presence, feel her worth,
Their degradation, and their moral dearth:
They dare not gaze upon her with the eye
Of brutal lust—demoniac at its birth:
In conscious purity her graces lie,
And unchaste thoughts, rebuked, fade at her feet and die.

LXIII.

She walks in innocence, in thought and deed,
Chaste as the fervid seraph of the sky;
She loves—an angel in the hour of need,
And reads her honors in her partner's eye:
Her cheek is crimsoned with the rose's dye—
The blush of hope and joy, not shame's impress,
As in her arms affection's pledge doth lie,
And adds another charm to loveliness,
As morn arrays the flower in its celestial dress.

LXIV.

The pride of chivalry shall bow to thee,
Poets rehearse thy virtues; and thy name
Shall grace the living page of history,
Fairest of all upon the scroll of fame:
Bride, wife, or mother, in her truth the same—
All grace, all tenderness, the Heavens approve:
Man shall award to her the holiest claim,
Who forms his youth, his manhood doth improve,
And *yields the crowning bliss*—her own undying love.

LXV.

I sing of charming lovely woman, here,
Sweet as the rose, and pure as morning dew;
Far other ones in beauty's ranks appear,
And mourns chaste Dian that they are not few:
My strain shall touch on such in language true,
For whom the Graces veil themselves for shame;
Who wear no blush, but to their sex untrue,
Cast foul reproach upon fair woman's fame,
And sullied, heart and tongue, give her a doubtful name.

LXVI.

Orlando touched Hyperia's blanched cheek
With burning lips, and to his bosom prest;
She, like a drooping flower, all wan and weak,
Half swooning, half unconscious, and distrest,
Upon that bosom lay in trembling rest:
The frightened girl had never seen before
Such war of elements; and all imprest
With thoughts of danger, from the fearful roar
Of battling wind and wave, protection did implore.

LXVII.

The weaker flies for safety to the strong,
When sudden terror whelms the trembling soul;
'Tis nature's impulse, and is never wrong,
Whate'er fastidious prudes, or fools, may dole
Of strict propriety: let them control
The heart's best feelings, till their weary stage—
Cold and unblest—has reached the final goal
In solitary gloom: Love's heritage
Shall crown our youth with bliss, and solace our old age.

LXVIII.

"Save me, Orlando!" cried the trembling maid:
"O father, mother, home!"—She could no more,
But on his heaving breast her cold cheek laid,
And shrunk in terror at the wild uproar:
She knew the ship was many leagues from shore,
And hope was fainting in her untried breast:
Her heart was lonely, and she sought the more
The only friend on whom her cares to rest:
As, round the stately oak, the slender vine is prest.

LXIX.

He calmed her fears, soothed her disquietude,
And raised her from the depth of her despair;
With hope, the maiden's firmness was renewed,
And cheerfulness, though sadness lingered where
The rose was wont to bloom, unblenched by care:
She raised her eyes, suffused with pearly tears,
And smiled the love her tongue could not declare:
So, the bright rainbow in the clouds appears,
Glows through the falling showers, and all the landscape cheers.

LXX.

He kissed her tears away, and bending down,
He whispered love: "I live for thee alone;
Nor would resign Hyperia for a crown,
Nor all the wealth that monarchs e'er have known:
Within thy bosom be Orlando's throne,
Thy heart the empire of his lordly sway;
And thou the Queen to reign within my own,
And love with love the mutual tribute pay:
Blest in the bloom of youth, and life's declining day."

LXXI.

Her pallid cheek with crimson mantled o'er,
As he, in Love's own accents, breathed his suit:
Utterance were vain, but blushes told the more—
Her eye was eloquent, though her tongue was mute:
No longer felt the maiden destitute,
And all forlorn, heart-sick, and overcome:
The embryo blossom, ripening into fruit,
With fond anticipations decked that home,
Where Love might wed with bliss, no more from thence to roam.

LXXII.

And now the Lovers understood each other,
The charm was broke, the god triumphant reigned;
No more they need the rapturous truth to smother—
No more the heart unto itself complained,
And pined in secret, solitary, chained:
Reserve was banished, all the tale was told,
And love secure, in either breast obtained:
So, when Aurora paints the heavens in gold,
The vanquished night recedes—the flowers of hope unfold.

LXXIII.

Perhaps, some folks may be disposed to stare
At this relation, which is strictly true;
And wonder how a maiden, young and fair,
Modest withal—a wealthy heiress, too,
Should thus expose herself to public view:
Or, that a gentleman should undertake
In the main cabin of a ship, to woo;
When all the passengers were wide awake,
And very like to see, and strange remarks to make.

LXXIV.

But let all squeamish maids, for explanation,
Suppose themselves upon the raging ocean,
With but a plank 'twixt them and their salvation,
And all the elements in fierce commotion:
The ship careering in a downward motion,
Swept by the billows, in mad fury driven:
The dames, I ween, would find in their devotion,
Business enow—for should the ship be riven,
Five minutes at the most, and they might wake in heaven.

LXXV.

Sailors, besides, are seldom over-nice,
Not too fastidious, but bold and free;
Careless of forms, they do things in a trice,
As any one may know who 's crossed the sea:
Love, friendship, honor, and integrity,
Form the sheet anchor of a seaman's breast:
His fault—if really a fault it be—
A careless, generous heart; and for the rest,
He would salute a maid, nor wait to be imprest.

LXXVI.

And ladies, one word more—for I 've a plenty—
Just to conclude: they both were young and gay;
She was eighteen, and he but four-and-twenty,
She, blooming like the damask rose of May,
He, like the stately rich Magnolia;
Both in life's buoyant spring, and beauty's glow:
They were love's blossoms—should they fade away,
Withered and barren, like the pines that grow
On Jura's frosty height? Pray answer, yes, or no.

LXXVII.

A truly modest woman I admire,
Whose bosom is the seat of purity;
That innate principle of virtuous fire,
That shrinks intuitive, from what may be
Indelicate and rude—but prudery,
With equal ardor I detest: the gloom
Of affectation chains the current free,
And foils that sweetest grace, that doth illume
The check alone, where truth calls up the mantling bloom.

LXXVIII.

Of all the human bipeds of the earth—
The young, the old, the craven and the brave,
The good, the bad, and those of doubtful worth,
The smooth-tongued hypocrite, the very knave,
And, for consistency, I 'll add, the slave
Of lust—the most contemptible is the
Old Bachelor, just tottering on the grave,
And pale decayed Coquette; whose youthful glee
Is puckered up in disappointed vanity.

LXXIX.

What they were made for, all the world doth know;
What they are good for, very few can tell:
I 'd put the bachelors to "rolling snow,"
And the coquettes, to "leading apes, in hell:"
Both have abused their being: thus have fell,
Rebels to nature, and should herd together;
Shut out from their society, who dwell
In nuptial bonds—a soft and silken tether—
And, in a wintry night, smile at the frosty weather.

LXXX.

Fled are the golden hours of ruby time,
And the coquette—discarded now by those
Whom she discarded, in her blushing prime—
Is thrown aside, like to a withered rose,
And left to quarrel with her self-made woes:
She never loved, and now she learns to hate;
And, from a venomed tongue, her slanders throws
On her own sex; that love to desecrate,
Which Heaven, benignant, gave to bless man's temporal state.

LXXXI.

And now, the hoarse-mouthed trumpet did recal
Them back to recollection; love's sweet charm
Had bound them in a trance, thoughtless of all
The terrors of the deep; as if Love's arm
Could calm the ocean, and the winds disarm:
The gale had reached its height, and scourged the sea
With fearful fury, and a wild alarm,
That blanched the bravest cheek; while all a-lee,
The mountain billows rolled in sable majesty.

LXXXII.

The tempest rides upon the crested wave,
And whistles o'er the main; the billows rise
From ocean's farthest springs, and upward lave
The sable canopy that veils the skies:
Swift as a hunted deer the vessel flies
Before the subtle, strong-winged element;
Now in the cradle of the waters lies,
And now emerges, trembling, impotent,
Like to a drunken man, whose vigor is half spent.

LXXXIII.

Again, the rose forsook the maiden's cheek,
As from love's reverie she did awaken;
Again, her pallid, fainting form grew weak,
And all unnerved, her fortitude was shaken:
The fearful thought recurred—"We are forsaken,
And left to perish in the frightful deep:"
It was too much—so soon to be o'ertaken
With sad reverse, when she had ceased to weep,
And hope and love had laid her trembling fears asleep.

LXXXIV.

She wept, despite of love, though love essayed
To cheer her drooping heart: Orlando plied
With naval rhetoric the sorrowing maid,
And whispered—"Thou shalt be a sailor's bride:"
Her woman's fears the danger magnified—
Though there was danger that himself might dread;
But still the gallant ship behaved with pride,
From every chasing billow onward sped,
And, steadied by her staysails, nobly urged a-head.

LXXXV.

She answered but with tears—and well she might,
For tears, and groans, and sighs, choked all below:
Some wrung their hands, some shrieked in wild affright,
Some Heaven implored its mercy to bestow:
Wives to their husbands clung in speechless wo,
And little children wept in sympathy:
Alas, for them! So young, in life's first glow,
To fade like flowers of Spring upon the lea:—
For Death this night shall make their bed in the deep sea.

LXXXVI.

Sweet, smiling innocence—infantile youth,
With ruby lip, and laughter-loving eye;
All unaffected in thy artless truth,
Buoyant with hope—beneath life's vernal sky
Pursuing pleasure, like the butterfly—
To us, whose warm love would detain thee here,
How hard it is to see thee gasp, and die
Unnaturally! albeit we know full clear,
God but transplants the flower, to bloom in heaven's parterre.

LXXXVII.

At length Hyperia ceased, as she became
Convinced that weeping would not lull the wind,
Or calm the raging sea: her spirit came,
Smiling in triumph of a humbled mind,
As she to Heaven her every wish resigned,
And cast her cares on Him who rules the wave:
Whose word the tempest and the ocean bind,
Mildly to blow, gently the isles to lave,
And glide serenely, where erst yawned the watery grave.

LXXXVIII.

She to her state-room's privacy retired,
And bowed herself in low humility;
Her heart, with holy fervor re-inspired,
Blessed her Creator; and imploringly
Besought his power to smooth the impendent sea:
Heaven heard the suppliant, and from the throne
Commissioned Peace to set her spirit free:
Through all her soul the blissful feeling shone,
And hope, and joy, and love, swayed in her breast alone.

LXXIX.

Divine Religion! From the realms above,
The Father of his creatures sends her down,
Robed in sweet charity and holy love,
And diademed with Virtue's fadeless crown,
To sway the sceptre of his moral throne,
O'er earth accursed! Her power upon the heart
And mind, we feel, as the tamed spirits own
Her genial influences, which impart
Grace to intelligence, and excellence to art.

XC.

She beautifies the earth, and lifts the veil
Of sensual blindness from the human eye:
'T is then we breathe the freshness of the gale,
When on their crystal wings the zephyrs fly,
And cool the sultry hours:—when zenith high,
In ardent Virgo, Phœbus rules the day,
'T is rapture then within the grove to lie—
Sequestered shades—and contemplate the ray
That vivifies a world, and lights its circling way.

XCI.

'T is then we taste the rich delights that flow
Through nature's kingdom of all sweet perfume:
The foliaged trees, the fields that wave below,
Herb, grass, and shrub—the varied form and bloom
Of earth's unnumbered flowers: the bright illume
That lights the azure canopy, unfurled:
The mountain's awful base—romantic gloom,
That, swelling from the vale, with snow-wreaths curled,
Rears its majestic head above the lower world.

XCII.

'Tis then we enjoy the cool delicious spring,
When summer's fervid warmth doth heat the blood;
While the gay-plumaged warblers of the wing,
Charm with sweet melody the listening wood:
The feast of nature taste—each varied good,
From creeping vine, low plant, and shrubbery,
And lofty branching trees, pendant with food,
Rough, mellow, smooth—a rich variety,
Milk, *honey*, oil and wine, bestowed by Heaven so free.

XCXIII.

These he enjoys with double zest, who feels
From whence each charm and varied blessing flows:
Taught by Religion, all his spirit kneels,
Warms in his bosom, from his eyes o'erflows,
And tunes his voice to praise: who pays, yet owes
Homage to Him, who makest the hills to bloom,
And earth to bud and blossom as the rose:
Who all life's wants supplies, and through its gloom,
Lights us to those bright worlds that lie beyond the tomb.

XCIV.

Awhile, Orlando had resigned his charge,
To assist upon the deck; for now, the gale
Was riding in its might, and all at large,
Against the fated vessel did prevail,
That could no longer bear her upper sail:
Fore, main, and mizen-topsails now were furled,
And on she flew under a small try-sail;
Low bending to the tempest, as it whirled
The white spray from the wave, and swept the watery world.

XCV.

He, with a seaman's eye the scene surveyed,
And all the motions of the vessel scanned;
He felt her helm, and finding that she made
Fair weather, and was trim, and ably manned,
Felt little doubt but she would make the land:
She rode the billows like a wild sea-gull,
Or tossed them from her bows on either hand:
And well secured in rigging, spars, and hull,
Drove on before the storm, careless when it might lull.

XCVI.

Assured the ship would weather out the gale,
He sought the object of his cares below;
Not doubting he would find her wan and pale,
Trembling with apprehension, drooping low,
The picture of despair and morbid wo—
But she did meet him with a brow serene,
And eyes whose fountains had forgot to flow;
And a sweet smile, that from her lips between,
Illumed her dimpled cheek, where beauty sat sole queen.

XCVII.

Surprised, yet pleased, at such an unexpected
And happy change, where all so late was grief;
He wondered much how it had been effected,
When Love's own rhetoric, fervid, though brief,
Had failed to afford the weeping girl relief:
And though perplexed, declared himself most blest,
And very happy; adding his belief,
That she was destined for a sailor's breast,
Who could be calm when all around her were distrest.

XCVIII.

She bent on him her eyes of fascination,
That mocked the clear blue of the azure sea;
Those eyes of beauty, formed for admiration,
Against which youth had poor security,
When shot their glances, barbed for victory:
The smile of May her ruby lips did part,
Those lips, where never pressed impurity:
While Love, his rosy hue sent from her heart,
Suffused her dimpled cheek, and shamed the glow of art.

XCIX.

"Orlando," said the maiden, "God is just,
And merciful; I sinful, to despair,
When in my Maker was my only trust,
And not in man, the pensioner of air:
Him, powerful to protect us, wheresoe'er
His Providence may place our various lot:
Safe in the tempest as the calm so fair,
His eye remarks us—ever in his thought,
Nor winds nor waves can harm, when he forbids them not."

C.

She ended, and her meek and soft blue eye
Beamed with that holiest feeling, gratitude;
Swelled from her bosom to its source on high;
While o'er her spirit, dove-like, Heaven did brood,
And smiled upon the maid, with grace imbued:
She seemed a seraph from the realms above,
And while Orlando heard, he was subdued;
With deepest admiration did approve,
And reverenced her, who could such lustre add to love.

CI.

How beautiful is Virtue! fairer far
Than all the pomp and jewelled pride of earth;
Than princely coronet, or glory's star,
Or martial panoply, or noble birth:
She crowns her votary with rosy mirth,
And the bright garland of immortal truth,
Whose flowers array with excellence and worth,
The course, the feelings, and the hopes of youth;
And in life's trying hour the fainting spirit soothe.

CII.

"Admired Hyperia! of women, thou,
Peerless among the fairest: nor alone
The sparkling eye, and Parian polished brow,
The damask cheek, where beauty sets her throne,
The ruby lip, and rosy smile, thine own:
Thy modest truth adds heavenly grace to these,
Which, as a mantle fair, Virtue hath thrown
Over thy vestal form; that man to please,
Who feels thy nobler worth—thy spirit's just degrees.

CIII.

"Henceforth be thou my teacher, while to thee
I listen, like the charmed star of night,
When, to the nightingale's sweet melody
It flashes from the skies in living light:
When I am wrong, thy voice shall guide me right,
As the fond bird of danger warns its mate;
And, rich in gratitude, be my delight
To yield, what man may well appropriate—
The heart's sole love, to her who cheers life's gloomiest state."

CIV.

He said, and rendered to the blushing maid
The homage due to virtue, as she stood
In beauty's warm, effulgent charm arrayed,
And smiled celestial love: in kindred mood—
It is no fancy's sketch I here intrude—
Their spirits at this moment did unite,
And twined in one; commingling, and imbued
With sympathetic fire, warm, tender, bright,
That on life's rugged path sheds its soft hallowed light.

CV.

And now Hyperia would go on deck,
To view the embattled terrors of the deep;
No longer trembling at the fear of wreck,
She felt that curiosity to peep,
Which, in her sex, is seldom laid asleep;
And proffering to Orlando her fair hand—
Which he at first interpreted to keep—
She signified her wish—at which command,
He bowed his readiness, and led her up the stand.

CVI.

They stood beside the mizen-mast, that bent
And trembled to the furious onset dire,
Of the aerial, swift-winged element—
That, like an unchained demon, breathing fire,
Borne on a chariot, whose wheels of ire
Roll vollied thunder—coursed the sable sky,
And o'er the waves of Ocean's broad empire,
Swept like a God; tossing their crests on high,
That groaned and bowed beneath the tempest's majesty!

CVII.

His left arm did encircle her light waist,
Her right, upon his shoulder grasping laid;
The winds her wandering tresses had displaced,
That round her snowy bosom loosely played:
He looked a Hero, against Fate arrayed,
Sustaining Beauty; as when regal Mars,
On Cythera, for Venus bares his blade,
While round the coral base stern Neptune wars,
Jealous, but impotent, to force the guarding bars.

CVIII.

And here we leave the Lovers for a time,
In contemplation wrapped, and side by side;
Hyperia gazing on the scene sublime—
That raged above, below, and far and wide,
In sable grandeur, and terrific pride—
With awe and wonder never felt before,
And admiration, which she could not hide:
Orlando, bending his fair mistress o'er,
And, in a trance of love, dreaming they were on shore.

PART III.

CIX.

THE winds were hushed, the billows ceased to roar,
The clouds rolled backward, and unveiled the sky;
Heaven's golden orb shone out, the storm was o'er,
And all the elements in peace did lie:
Pleasure and hope now beamed from every eye,
As passed the danger with the gale away;
The smile of cheerfulness calmed down the sigh,
Lit up the eye, and round the lips did play,
And cheeks did bloom again, and hearts once more were gay.

CX.

Sweet cherub innocents, that erst did weep,
Now dry their tears—the tiny maid and boy—
With rapture eye the gently murmuring deep,
And laugh in all the exuberance of joy;
As, from the wave, the flying-fish deploy
Their moistened pinions on the liquid air;
And numerous as an India-bound convoy,
The Portugue'-men-o'-war their red sides flare,
Glide o'er the billow blue, or float supinely there.

CXI.

Again the ship in flowing canvas drest,
Receives the impress of the gentle breeze;
And, like a sleeping albatross, at rest,
Unconscious floats upon the azure seas,
While battling wind and surge no more displease:
The steam is up, the wheels revolve again,
And urge her through the yielding waves with ease;
While down the west bright Phœbus leads his train,
And dips his golden wheels beneath the azure main.

CXII.

Dark-mantled night sits throned upon the sea,
Crowned with her glittering starry diadem;
For ever glowing through immensity,
Myriads of burning orbs—each orb a gem,
Adorned by Him who first created them,
To pave with jewelry the fields of light,
Where God hath set his throne! The apothegm
Is his, sustaining ever warm and bright,
The gorgeous hierarchs, and wonders of his might.

CXIII.

The zephyrs kiss the soft subsiding swells,
That sluggish roll, forgetful of their wars;
As the coquette, soothes with her smiles and spells
The offended beau, whose peace she daily mars:
But here no amorous feuds or family jars—
Youth, beauty, age, the married and the single,
Old maids and no maids, bachelors and tars,
Now crowd upon the deck, together mingle,
And wait the supper bell to charm them with its jingle.

CXIV.

"Splice the main brace!" The word is passed along,
And welcomed fore and aft—the weary crew,
Famished and wet, around the capstan throng,
And tip the flowing can of "mountain dew:"
The cheering beverage is handed through
The laughing knots around, nor backward they
To yield the nectar all the honors due:
And one there is among that circle gay,
Who will not soon forget the evening of that day.

CV.

Let no reproach attach to this exploit
Of female condescension on the sea;
For the rude liquid they cared not a doit,
And only sipped a little daintily,
From the rough hands of ocean's children free:
It was in compliment to those brave men,
Breasting the fearful storm so gallantly,
The ladies drank and smiled: at which, I ken,
The tars refilled the can where Beauty's lip had been.

CXVI.

Ladies drink liquor! There's an exclamation
From an old maid, with upraised hands and eyes;
Who, while she "wonders" at the "profanation,"
Complains of heartburn, and so straight applies
Her constant medicine—which I advise
Her to take less of—gin and wormwood bitters:
Alas! the hypocrisy, that sanctifies
The withered, sapless, disappointed fretters,
Who live but to impale and scandalize their betters.

CXVII.

And here, I neither censure nor upbraid
The blameless Fair; who, for no fault her own,
Is doomed to bud, to blossom, and to fade
In her virginity; her worth is known
In meek-eyed charity, for ever prone
To all the gentle kindnesses of life;
And blest were many—not myself alone—
Could they exchange for such a faithless wife,
A bond of infamy, or a long lease of strife.

CXVIII.

And did Hyperia "tip the flowing can"
To these rough navigators of the deep?
Indeed she did, while o'er her features ran
That courteous sweetness which should never sleep:
Graceful she bent, and, half inclined to weep,
Smiled on the weather-beaten gallant crew,
The swelling gratitude she scarce could keep
Within the fountains of her eyes of blue:
Two pearly drops that fell, did consecrate the "dew."

CXIX.

Mirth ruled the hour, dull care was charmed to rest,
And Hope revived, on purple pinion sprung;
The laughing eye the joyous heart expressed,
And smiling lips, where gentle feeling hung,
Their thrilling music round the circle flung,
And woke to harmony the peaceful soul:
Even age did feel itself renewed, and young,
Held in the influence which enchained the whole,
As *friendship, love, and joy*, through every bosom stole.

CXX.

Some gaze upon the clear blue sky above,
Lit with ten thousand lamps of living light;
While other eyes o'er the blue waters rove,
Scanning the sparkling waves with new delight:
Refreshing gales stream on the brow of Night,
And fond anticipations cheer each breast,
Of favoring winds—the morrow dawning bright,
The ship no more by furious tempests prest,
And, danger past, the heart no more with fear distrest.

CXXI.

Some muse of home—the friends beloved so well,
Long parted: and with rapture now retrace
The hill, the lawn, the grove, the embowered dell,
The mansion-house, each well remembered place,
And many a smiling, unforgotten face,
Affection's earliest pledge: the spirit yearns
To clasp them in the warm—the fond embrace:
While faithful memory to each spot returns,
For home, delightful home, the aching bosom burns.

CXXII.

Some seek repose, whence they shall wake no more,
Till the last trump arouse the sleeping dead!
Even now relentless Death is hovering o'er,
On sable pinion o'er the ship outspread:
Atropos waits to cut the fatal thread,
Where life suspends above the yawning grave:
The young, the beautiful, the aged head,
Childhood and innocence—no arm may save:
Ere morn, the most shall sleep beneath the dark blue wave.

CXXIII.

Now rose, full orbed, the virgin Queen of night,
And bathed her silver tresses in the main;
O'er heaven's blue dome shed her effulgence bright,
And veiled in pearly light the starry train:
A few, her sparkling retinue, remain
To wait upon their Queen, as through the air
She bends in beauty o'er her wide domain,
Smiles on a sleeping world, oppressed with care,
And in the deep surveys her charms reflected there.

CXXIV.

Diana rules the night: it is the hour
When Love does homage to the Vestal Queen;
When Beauty radiates like that fair flower,
Night-blooming Cereus, of graceful mien:
When maidens list behind the lattice green,
Love's tender vows breathed from the soft guitar,
That float voluptuous through the slender screen,
Disarm reserve, the gates of hope unbar,
And the warmed heart inspire to arm for Cupid's war.

CXXV.

Now glows the hymeneal torch with softest fire,
Burns on the lip, and sparkles in the eye;
The tender wish, the mutual desire,
That warms each bosom in all purity,
Erst formed above, to notes of harmony,
Tuned by the angelic choir: who guard the bower,
In radiant bands of heavenly panoply,
And o'er the nuptial couch their offerings shower,
Flowers of celestial bloom—pure wedded love's sweet dower.

CXXVI.

Soft blows the wind from the far western shore,
Sweet as the airs of vernal breathing May;
Cooled by the contact with the icebergs frore,
That from the north to southern regions stray,
When the bright sun in Cancer rules the day,
And warms the Greenland seas: the welcome gale
Cools the Gulf Stream, as on its ceaseless way,
It pours across the Atlantic wave its trail,
And through Gibraltar's Straits bears many a gallant sail.

CXXVII.

Ye tropic vales—vales of eternal green,
Blooming for aye, throughout the circling year,
Where Spring and Autumn, hand in hand, are seen,
And verdant hills, and flower-drest lawns appear,
And groves of shadowy trees the vision cheer,
Pendant with luscious fruit—the purple grape,
Pine-apple, fig, and golden orange; where
Streams flow, and fountains gush, the thirst to slake:
Ye tropic vales and groves, where balmy pleasures wake,—

CXXVIII.

Oft have I sat beneath your shady bowers,
And breathed the fragrance of the distant hills,
Kissed by the breeze from beds of humid flowers,
And cooled along the gelid mountain rills,
Where the tall palm its nectarine distils:
And oft, when sailing on the sluggish deep,
As Night came on with all her sultry ills,
The grateful land-breeze o'er the wave would creep,
Perfume the air, and cheer the hours of watch and sleep.

CXXIX.

And O, could buoyant youth return again,
Tempered with the experience of years,
The western winds should waft me o'er the main,
To those bright shores, whose living verdure cheers
The advent of the morn, and life endears
To taste the peaceful calm of cheerful age,
Free from its wants, its weaknesses, and tears:
Where nature blooms in Eden's heritage,
And smiles upon the hoary billows as they rage.

CXXX.

The noblest feeling of the ingenuous heart,
Is gratitude; the passionless desire,
Which is most blest, when it doth most impart,
When humbled most, still highest doth aspire,
And burns unscathed in its own hallowed fire:
Heaven smiles upon the offering, from above,
The sacrifice of thanks, to earth's great Sire:
While the wrapt soul the blissful sense doth prove,
And triumphs in the flame of an immortal love.

CXXXI.

There are on board, who bow to heaven's great King,
And yield the gratitude, their Maker's due;
Their highest happiness his praise to sing,
And worship at his feet:—they are but few;
But rich in virtue, which they did pursue,
This night shall call them to the upper skies:
The struggle short, that closes from their view
The scenes of time, which they did not o'erprize,
And, from their transient sleep, shall wake in Paradise.

CXXXII.

From voices sweet, that charmed the ear of Night,
And wandering spirits of the murmuring sea,
Rose on the breeze, the anthems of delight,
In numbers of the richest melody:
They sang the vesper hymn, and gratefully
Attuned His praise, to whom all being bends:
The King Supreme, Jehovah, Deity:
To Him the incense of each heart ascends,
That aye, in weal or wo, on Heaven alone depends.

CXXXIII.

Oh, that the gentle hearts which now rejoice,
Might never feel a throb of pleasure less!
Oh, that each silver-toned enchanting voice,
Now poured from the sweet lip of loveliness,
Might wake the coming morn with notes that bless!
Vain is the wish, for swift the hour draws nigh,
When all shall sink in utter helplessness—
When tears of wo shall gush from every eye,
And shrieks of wild despair, awake the slumbering sky!

CANTO III.

PART I.

I.

UNLETTERED, and unknown, I court the Muse,
The fortunes of two Lovers to rehearse;
And cull the flowers of Poesy, profuse,
To deck my story with the charms of verse:
Expressive language, dignified and terse,
I aim at; and the sentiment sublime,
In unchecked numbers flowing—free, diverse:
Careless the sound should chord in perfect chime,
But anxious that the sense should echo to the rhyme.

II.

For I was nursed amid the rocky glens,
Where springs the knoll, and blooms the flowery lea—
Rough hills, smooth vales, dark forests, humid fens,
And all the wild and rich variety
Of untamed Nature: and I love to see
Creation in its own and master forms:—
Mountain and vale, low shrub and stately tree,
Torrent and rivulet—whatever charms,
Calm *sunshine, gentle gales, or the tempestuous storms.*

III.

Thou, whose all penetrating eye surveys
The deep recesses of the human heart;
Who scann'st the formless spirit's secret ways,
The subtile thought, that hidden by no art,
From the Omniscient gaze can never part:—
If this, my song, hath noble ends in view,
To me unworthy, still thy grace impart,
The path of duty ever to pursue,
That leads to excellence, and knowledge high and true.

IV.

Of dogmas penned, or uttered by the breath
Of Prophet, there is none more true than this:
That "*in the midst of life we are in death*,"
And the next moment may the soul dismiss
To its eternal home of pain or bliss,
Of weal or wo, of triumph or despair:
So frail our tenure, then, 'twere not amiss
To scan the confines of life's empire, where
Existence trembles on a breath of doubtful air.

V.

In childhood's budding hour, youth's rosy morn,
And manhood's radiant day, Time, as he flies,
Bears the drawn sword, menacing all that's born,
Young, old, weak, strong, the simple and the wise,
Strikes every moment, and some being dies:
The fated brand suspends o'er every head,
And, when we feel secure, the arrow flies:
From youth to age, upon a hair we tread—
A hair but separates the living from the dead.

VI.

Unwarned—remorseless Death severs this line
Dividing time from the vast ocean, where
All transitory being must resign
Its mortal, and become immortal there:
Fixed and unchanged as Him, who did declare,
"The day thou eatest thou shalt surely die:"
Lives there the man—the pensioner of air,
Who, impious, dare look upward to the sky,
Arraign Omnipotence, and give to God the lie?

VII.

There lives not one—the certainty of death
Is stamped upon the mind at reason's birth:
Man sees all things are transient here beneath,
And in the midst of care, of pain, or mirth,
Earth's generations sinking into earth,
The common mother of all animate:
Beauty, deformity, baseness, and worth,
Alike surrender this warm vital state,
To the irrevocable, stern decree of Fate.

VIII.

Fade from the eye the lovely scenes of time,
Lovely to us, who know no other sphere;
Here are our grand, our beautiful, sublime,
Our pleasures, our delights; whate'er doth cheer,
The varied plenty of the circling year,
Dropped by the Seasons, with a lavish hand;
The melody of Nature—all the dear
Affections of the heart, tender and bland,
That make the bliss of life, on ocean, or on land.

IX.

All these shall fade to human sense divine,
As fades the day in the embrace of night;
As fade the flower, fruit-dropping season's trine,
Beneath the cold and dreary winter blight:
Sad is the thought, but sadder still the sight,
When rigid, stiff, and cold, the beauteous form
Lies all inanimate—a mass of fright:
The glazed eye, glaring but to deform,
And all so loathsome, that we yield it to the worm.

X.

What lies beyond, in that unknown demesne,
Which is but God himself—Eternity:
Death shall unveil the ever-during scene,
Where glows undying immortality—
The sable darkness, and the radiancy
Of everlasting life! But who can tell
How He appears, in his immensity!
Or how the Essences that round Him dwell,
Or those in *penal chains, bound in the abyss of hell.*

XI.

Surely, it is a fearful thing to stand
In God's immediate presence—who can gaze
Upon Omnipotence! The angelic band
Veil their bright faces—burning with a blaze,
Whose brightness might involve the dazzling rays
Of our own brilliant sun: with triple wing
They veil before Him, the "Ancient of Days:"
Their crowns of amaranth at his foot-stool fling,
While heaven's firm pillars shake beneath the Almighty King

XII.

Then what dread horror must enwrap the soul,
Called suddenly away from being, here;
Swifter than comets fly, or planets roll,
Unwarned, before its Maker to appear:
Around whose dark pavilion angels fear,
And tremble the vast heavens! We cannot think:
Thought is but impotent to fathom there;
And, shuddering instinctively, doth shrink,
When mere imagination draws it to the brink.

XIII.

All weak and powerless to repel the blow;
Certain of death, and yet uncertain when,
Or how, it shall o'ertake us here below;
'Twere heavenly wisdom on the part of men—
Now, while the blooming hours of youth impregn
Life, with the fragrance of Hope's purple ray—
Calmly to look toward their latter *end:*
Reflect—or e'er they go the downward way,
Where the dark, dismal night shall triumph o'er the day.

XIV.

Pursue fair Virtue in the bloom of youth,
While the young heart, ingenuous and chaste,
Is all susceptible to the love of truth,
And, uncontaminated by the taste,
Or touch of vice, or principle unchaste;
May excellence, and every grace engage:
The reasoning powers shall not then go to waste;
But fruitful, shall adorn a heritage,
Prepared for Heaven's behest, in youth, or in old age.

XV.

Sweet is the murmur of the mountain rill,
On the still ear of night: it is the hour
Of calm reflection, when the heart and will
Are open to conviction's magic power,
And Truth her treasures on the mind may pour,
In undisturbed and serious solitude!
While Reason, from her deep exhaustless store,
Forces upon the spirit angels' food,
And heavenly virtue triumphs, while vice is subdued.

XVI.

The wandering thoughts, that through the sunny day,
Floating on Fancy's party-colored wing;
From inward inquiry, are prone to stray,
Where pleasure wantons, and false sirens sing—
Unstable as the wave—this hour shall bring
In contemplative unison; and light
The moral gloom around them hovering,
With beams of knowledge fair, deep, clear, and bright,
That break upon the soul, as day breaks on the night.

XVII.

So, o'er the solemn, silent, peaceful scene,
Hushed by the wind's soft cadence to repose;
In full-orbed radiance, Night's silver Queen
Sheds down her influence upon all that blows,
From the magnolia to the blushing rose:
The attraction sweet, the trees and flowers obey,
Their buds expand, the vital liquid flows,
From the deep roots, up to the topmost spray,
And thousand petals spread their colors to the day.

XVIII.

The hour is up! The flying hand of Time
Marks the last moment of probation: now
The Heavens have mercy, nor remember crime,
Nor venial sin, nor careless broken vow,
Nor any act Virtue might disavow:
The Heavens have mercy!—while the rushing steam
Bears on the wing of Death tremendous wo!
And the proud ship is shattered, length and beam,
Like to a bubble, burst upon a rippling stream.

XIX.

Hark! From the sullen deep a fearful roar,
That dies away, where echo ne'er replies!
Hot, vapory clouds, wreathe the tall vessel o'er,
And like a midnight fog, obscure the skies!
The ship's a wreck!—In scattered fragments lies,
A total wreck upon the combing swell!
The red flues have collapsed—dread ruin flies,
Swift as the desolating bolt, that fell
On that ill-fated boat—the lost, the mourned, Moselle!

XX.

A moment past, and the proud ship was gliding
Like a swift dolphin, through the yielding seas:—
A moment past, and Beauty, all confiding,
Smiling like Hebe, and intent to please,
Poured her sweet voice upon the passing breeze:
Where are they now—the beautiful, the brave,
The staid, the gay—so late in health and ease:
Some, in their berths below have found a grave!
Some float upon the sea—some struggle down the wave!

XXI.

Oh, what a cry of wo burst from the deep!
What shrieks of terror pierced the vaulted sky!
What icy chills around each heart did creep—
What black despair gleamed from each straining eye!
Some, flayed alive, upon the waters lie,
And writhe, and groan in agony of pain!
Oh, it were mercy yielded them, to die,
And sink at once beneath the troubled main:
For life is misery—death is the wretch's gain!

XXII.

The ship's a wreck! Dismantled to her hull,
Her decks blown off, and drifting o'er the tide;
Around the sinking hulk, the sea is full
Of shattered spar and plank, hurled far and wide:
The dying and the dead float side by side,
Upon the gloomy wave tossed to and fro!
The scalding cloud that did the ruin hide,
Condenses, mingling with the surge below,
And the heart-rending scene unveils in all its wo!

XXIII.

Some shriek, some pray, some grapple with the wreck,
That slowly sinking, tends the deep below;
Some tear their hair, and in life's sudden check,
Blaspheme their God, and every hope forego,
Despairing in the extremity of wo!
A few resigned, upon the waters lie,
And gazing upward, with a dying throe,
Await their dissolution drawing nigh—
Their thoughts transferred to realms beyond the moon-lit sky!

XXIV.

Here struggle little ones upon the wave,
And pass away with a low dying moan!
There is no arm the innocents to save—
There is no ear to list their troubled groan,
But Angels watch their gasping forms alone!
Sweet cherubs—early meeting nature's doom,
A moment more, and endless bliss your own:
Each spirit pure shall burst its watery tomb,
To smile at God's right hand, in everlasting bloom!

XXV.

Husband and wife upon each other call,
In the warm accents of undying love:
That hallowed love which has survived the Fall,
In Eden blest, and sanctified above!
Them, faithful unto death, Heaven shall approve,
And in eternity the pair restore,
Crowned with immortal amaranth; to rove
The heavenly fields, on Beulah's happy shore,
Where hands and hearts shall reunite, to part no more.

XXVI.

The drowning boy is screaming for his sire,
The dying girl is shrieking for her mother!
Locked in each other's arms, parents expire,
And in the close embrace, sister and brother!
Lovers and friends are calling on each other,
Beauty imploring aid—but all in vain!
The dashing seas the cry of anguish smother—
Hearts cease to beat, and voices to complain,
And Death sits paramount, triumphant on the main!

XXVII.

Silence is on the deep! save the low moan
Of the dirge-chanting wind, and combing swell:
The moon shines brightly from her silver zone,
Kissing the wave that owns her potent spell:
For the lone dead there tolls no funeral bell,
Nor hearse, nor pall, nor mourning friends appear!
The affrighted sea-bird screams their passing knell,
Upon whose grave no flowers the Spring shall rear,
But sea-weed float around, to deck their watery bier.

XXVIII.

The winds shall waft this ruin o'er the wave,
To many an ear upon the Western shore:
Some hearts shall break, and find an early grave—
Some spirits mourn, and their sad loss deplore,
Till memory fail, or life's last sob is o'er!
The anxious sire—the trembling wife, shall wait
Vainly their coming, who are now no more!
Sire, husband, wife, are more than desolate—
No signal of the ship—no knowledge of her fate!

XXIX.

Hours, days, and weeks, pass wearily away,
Serenely smile the skies—fair winds prevail:
O what detains the ship from day to day,
Urged by the double force of steam and sail!
The sad intelligence comes on the gale—
Or ever hope hath left the yearning breast—
Like a red thunderbolt! The cheek turns pale,
Life's purple stream retreats to its last rest,
And, in the mighty wo, the mourners sink oppressed!

PART II.

XXX.

PEACE to the dead—hope to the living be!
A Pair survive the wreck, whom Love redeems;
A gentle Pair that float upon the sea,
Unscathed amid the shock that broke the dreams,
And woke the fearful and heart-rending screams
Of many a hapless one, unconscious now
Of pleasure or of pain! The silver beams
Of the chaste moon smile on each living brow,
As if rejoicing o'er their safety from the blow.

XXXI.

Orlando and Hyperia stood together,
When the explosion blew the decks in air;
He fell to leeward, she was thrown a-weather,
And both, unharmed, dropped on the billows, where
All others shrieked with pain or wild despair:
He had not dreamed of this catastrophe,
While whispering love into his mistress' ear:
And, as he lay upon the sullen sea,
Anathematized steam, and human vanity.

XXXII.

I mean, when consciousness had quite returned,
And he had rid his stomach of the brine,
And felt that he was neither bruised nor burned,
But merely bathing—he could not divine
Exactly where, save northward of the line—
He felt, quite naturally, a little riled,
To be ejected thus in the moonshine:
Besides, the rough sons of the watery wild,
To *steamers, or to steam,* are seldom reconciled.

XXXIII.

So sudden was the shock—so unexpected,
That, for a moment, he lay quite confused;
Until his scattered senses had collected,
When, finding himself in the sea, he mused
How he came there, being totally unused
To such aerial somersets; and then,
Grasping a plank that his left shoulder bruised,
As it came booming o'er some drowning men,
He 'gan to recollect where he had lately been.

XXXIV.

Half stifled by the hot, thick, vapory cloud,
That, like Egyptian darkness might be felt;
He let a volley of his wrath aloud,
As, at each breath he drew, his throat was swelt;
Hoping just Heaven had retribution dealt
To the engineer, the author of this slaughter;
And, in the same breath, wishing Fulton smelt,
Or ever he had launched his paddling daughter—
And then, to cool his throat, he swallowed some salt water.

XXXV.

His calm thought was Hyperia: O where
Was she, the dearest object of his heart!
Had Death's remorseless missile reached his Fair,
And, just as mutual feeling did impart
The bliss of love, were they doomed thus to part,
In the bright morn of life? The gushing tear
Rolled down his manly cheek, that knew no art:
He groaned in agony—"My only dear—
My loved Hyperia floats upon her watery bier."

XXXVI.

And then he thought that he himself would die,
And follow her to the Elysian groves;
Those happy, ever-during isles, that lie
Beyond the verge of Time; where Pleasure roves,
Wreathed with unfading flowers, plucked by the Loves,
Wed to the rosy hours:—those blissful isles
That Mirzah saw, where every charm improves,
Where lovers meet again with glowing smiles,
And, arm in arm, tread through the ever-blooming aisles.

XXXVII.

Or, on the flowery beds recumbent lie—
Flowers of immortal growth; that on the breeze
Celestial odors fling, as it roams by,
With grateful kiss, wandering among the trees;
That play their tremulous leaves to notes that please
Above the Orphean lyre—for ever gay
With silver blossoms, golden fruitage—seas
That wash the emerald shore in gentle play,
And skies, that stretch their blue domes o'er unfading day.

XXXVIII.

But this poetic feeling could not last—
Few men will choke for sentiment alone;
And, as he grappled with the swaying mast,
And a huge billow o'er his head was thrown,
Forcing him, though unwilling, to gulp down
A quart or two of ocean's bitter brine;
He did begin to think him of his own
Self-preservation, and thereto incline;
As not quite willing yet, his being to resign.

XXXIX.

Shrieks, groans, and prayers, that all surrounded him,
And broken spars, and plank tossed to and fro,
On angry billows, threatening life and limb,
Aroused him from the dark but transient flow
Of morbid feeling: 'mid the overthrow
He had escaped—perhaps Hyperia too:
And then he listened at each cry of wo,
If chance to hear her voice; for well he knew
That voice from all around, both passengers and crew.

XL.

The thought that she might be among the living,
Revived his courage, and repressed despair;
And, though his bosom had its own misgiving,
Yet it was possible, for such things were:
And, with a trumpet-tongue that rent the air,
And pealed above the cries of death and pain,
The hoarse-mouthed billow, and winds moaning there,
He called upon her name, nor called in vain:
She hears her lover's voice—she smiles upon the main.

XLI.

Hyperia, I have said, was thrown a-weather:
Her airy form, so delicate and light,
Fell on the waters like a buoyant feather,
Dropped from the wing of sea-bird, in its flight,
Scanning the beauty of the tropic night:
Her robe of silk, inflated by the breeze,
Close buckled at the waist, and water-tight,
Spread like a parasol upon the seas,
And bore her safely up, albeit not quite at ease.

XLII.

Stunned and confounded by the earthquake shock,
And frightened at the wild despair around,
She thought, at first, the ship had struck a rock,
And all on board were drowning, or were drowned:
The fervid steamy cloud that hung around,
Veiled from her sight the real ruin; till
The vapor settling on the deep profound,
She saw the broken ship: while tears distil,
And all her gentle breast with pangs of horror fill.

XLIII.

But gentle woman, in the fearful hour
Of pending danger, or when ruin dire
Threatens, is oftimes gifted with a power
Above the lords of earth; as if to inspire
Her natural protector, with the fire
Of noble bearing; and arouse his soul—
Tending to yield—toward conquest to aspire,
And battle with despair: not craven, dole,
But sink, if sink we must, with resolution whole.

XLIV.

Presence of mind, when danger and dismay
Startle the soul, and with oblivion drear
Menace the springs of life—is a bright ray
Of heaven-born virtue: she was free from fear,
Who, when a tiger crouched the party near,
And drew his haunches for the deadly leap,
Full in the monster's face, unfurled the sphere
Of her light parasol: backward to creep
The frightened beast essayed, and sought his wilds so deep.

XLV.

A huge firm fragment of the quarter-deck,
Came booming by the maid, to which she clung;
And, to a ring-bolt of the passing wreck,
Made fast her shawl—one end around her flung,
And knotted at her waist: and thus she hung,
Or rather floated, while the billows bore
The gentle Beauty and her craft, among
The dying and the dead!—whose eyes no more,
Shall open to the bloom of nature on the shore.

XLVI.

She heard her name called by the voice she loved,
With trembling joy, that thrilled her bosom o'er;
Hope lit her weeping eye, that flashing, roved
O'er the dark field, where Desolation bore
Triumphant sway; and plumed with horror, wore
The coronet of Death! Peered her bright eye
O'er wreck and wave, its radiance to pour
Upon her lover—to his arms to fly,
With his her fate to join—with him to live or die!

XLVII.

To his hoarse call her treble voice responds,
Piercing the ambient air with music's note;
Music to him, bound in the rosy bonds
Of living Beauty, and to her devote:
Above the sea's dull moan her accents float,
And thrill with rapture on his listening ear:
"She lives, thank Heaven! on whom my heart doth doat:
Oh, grant her safety, Thou who art full near,
And thine shall be the praise, while light and life endear."

XLVIII.

He was a noble swimmer, and was wont
In youth, to stem the broad Potomac's tide,
As erst Leander did the Hellespont,
To hold love's watch with his affianced bride:
And plunging deep, he threw the wrecks aside,
Breasting the billows with Herculean arm,
Until he rose by his dear mistress' side,
Entwined his arm around her trembling form,
And in love's *language cheered*, and soothed her wild alarm.

XLIX.

They met in sorrow—not an empty show,
Albeit they joyed to meet for love's sweet sake:
But the hot tear down either cheek did flow,
And heaved each bosom, as each heart would break:
For Oh! the wreck! Themselves alone awake,—
All others sleeping in a watery grave—
And Oh! the night! Through this dread night to make
Their doubtful bed where faithless billows lave,
Uncertain if the morn should meet them on the wave.

L.

Few words did pass between the youth and maid,
But those few mutual comfort did impress;
And thus, encouragement is often made
To prove a salve to our deep distress:
Her fears Hyperia could not all repress,
But bound her fortunes to Orlando's side;
While he, inspired by love and tenderness,
Viewed his frail partner with a manly pride,
Rejoicing in the hope to win from death his bride.

LI.

He raised her on the wreck—twelve feet one way,
And sixteen feet the other—floating high,
A foot above the sea, and on it lay
The arm-chest undisturbed, that met his eye,
Well pleased to see, as Luna in the sky,
Lighting the midnight deep: the ship was gone,
Sunk in the sea; and they had no supply
For this dread voyage—that might be short or long—
Save what with ready arms from ocean could be drawn.

LII.

A spar he lashed on either side the raft,
To keep it steady in the rolling sea;
And, with an oar to guide the tossing craft,—
If some blest shore should loom beneath their lee,—
They drifted from the scene of misery,
With Heaven their hope, and Providence their guide:
The tigers of the deep were raging free,
And feasting on the dead; while far and wide,
The silver-crested waves now swell, and now subside.

LIII.

With streaming eyes Hyperia turned toward
The dark blue field of death: "Farewell," she said,
"Farewell, the beings of my heart's regard,
Whose friendship, though so transient, shall be wed
To my last memory, that mourns the dead:
Farewell each manly youth, and hoary sire;
Ye little ones, whose breath has early fled:
Farewell, the gallant crew—what ruin dire
Hath checked the stream of life, and quenched each spirit's fire!

LIV.

"Farewell the ship that flew before the gale,
And the dread shock of elements sustained;
That rode the liquid hills, and skimmed the vale
Of the wide world of waters unrestrained,
And safely bore the breathing forms, contained
Within its bosom: O farewell to thee,
Whom I did think should bear me undetained
To my dear home, where warm hearts wait for me:
Now broken, wrecked, and lost, gem of the azure sea!

LV.

"Oh horror! thus to be bereft of all—
Of hope, of friends, and foundered on the deep:
At one fell swoop, to see them round us fall,
And, in a moment, stretched in death's last sleep!
Alas! for us, Orlando, but to steep
Our cheeks in tears, till fades life's blessed light;
Until the fountains can no longer weep,
The last drop fallen from the eye once bright,
And our young hearts are cold beneath the fatal blight!

LVI.

"O my beloved parents, whom, no more,
My harp shall wake upon the dewy morn,
With strains that gladdened you so oft before,
Touched by the child you loved—the youngest born,
Now helpless, hopeless, distant, and forlorn:
How would ye weep, if ye the truth did know,
The fearful terrors that the Fates suborn,
Around Hyperia, chained here in wo!
Break, break, my heart! the thought—I cannot, cannot go!

LVII.

Farewell, beloved companion of my youth,
Sweet playmate of my childhood's rosy days;
Whose heart was love, whose gentle spirit, truth,
Meekness, and spotless purity, thy praise:
Dear sister of my soul! thy memory lays
In my heart's core, that swells in agony,
To burst its bands, in frightful cold amaze,
And o'er the dark terrific mantled sea,
Fly from despair and wo, to safety, love, and thee!

LVIII.

"Farewell the verdant hills and shady bowers,
The primrose hedges mantled with perfume,
The mossy mounds, the rich array of flowers,
These hands have tended from their earliest bloom:
Farewell the vales, and hills of golden broome,
The china groves where I 've so often roved,
The glen's retired, sweetly romantic gloom,
And all my early joys so long approved:
Farewell, blest home—and ye, longest, and best beloved!"

LIX.

Thus mourned the hapless girl, and sobbed aloud
In the deep anguish of her aching breast;
Despair hung o'er her, like a fearful cloud
That veils the day, slow sinking to the west,
With cheerless aspect, and dismay oppressed;
Orlando bent his weeping mistress o'er,
And with a voice that her deep grief repressed,
He calmed her troubled breast, and gently bore
The current of her thought toward the wished for shore.

LX.

"Weep not, Hyperia, all may be well:
This fragment of the wreck is firm and strong,
And I have hope the winds may soon impel
Our bark to some green isle, where the sweet song
Of tropic bird is heard the groves among:
Where grateful fruit and crystal springs abound,
And cool sea-breezes sweep their trains along
The verdant hills, with shadowy palm trees crowned,
Where flowers of jewelled tint adorn the verdant ground.

LXI.

"South-east—the course to which we tend—there lie
A cluster known as the Bahama Isles;
The winds are wafting us the westward by,
Toward those fair shores that bask in sunny smiles,
Where Nature sports in all her blooming wiles:
Then cheer, my love, and be assured of this:
That there is hope, although we float, exiles
Upon the bosom of the dark abyss:
Our present safety is at least a share of bliss.

LXII.

"Behold the fearful ruin of the night,
The wreck of life, so sudden, wild, and great:
When youth and age together took their flight,
And, in a moment, met their final fate
Beyond Time's barriers, in the Eternal state:
While over us, and us alone, was held
Heaven's guardian shield, as if to vindicate
Its power and goodness; safely thus upheld
By some good angel, on Mercy's bright wing impelled.

LXIII.

"Distrust not Providence: when raged the storm,
And other danger stooped upon the sea,
Strength from on high sustained thy trembling form,
Subdued thy fears, unbound thy spirit free,
And, in the impending hour, thyself taught me:
Trust as thou trusted then—resign once more,
And my best courage shall gain strength from thee:
And let us kneel together, and implore
His mercy, who can bid the waves bear us to shore."

LXIV.

The maiden heard her lover, and a smile—
A mournful smile crept o'er her pallid cheek,
Bedewed with tears, and calmly did beguile
Of dark despair, that had o'erpowered her meek
And gentle spirit; shocked, and faintly weak,
And horror-struck, at the rude tramp of Death,
That startled drowsy Night: "Yes, let us seek
The ear of our Creator, in full faith,
Whose mercy, *felt this night*, may still prolong our breath."

LXV.

And there they knelt beneath the midnight sky,
The temple of their God! To Him they bent,
Whose throne is founded in eternity,
Holy, omniscient, and omnipotent!
"Lord of the earth and ocean's vast extent,
To us, thy suffering creatures, bend thine ear;
And in this hour of terror and lament,
Of death and wo! look down in mercy here,
And calm our trembling hearts, that own thy presence near.

LXVI.

"Thou, who didst spare us in the fearful shock,
That buried others in a watery grave;
Oh, may thy guardian power still prove a rock
Of safety—still protect us on the wave,
Who are but impotent ourselves to save!
The billows hear thy voice, they cease to rage,
And with soft murmurs the green islands lave:
The threatening clouds retire, the winds assuage,
And subject elements own them thy heritage.

LXVII.

"Behold us desolate! and with an eye
Of pity, look upon our deep distress!
Thy mercy is the brightest boon on high,
And God's supreme delight: O do thou bless,
And heal the sorrowing hearts that thee confess:
Forgive our sins, so may we err no more,
And warm our spirits with thine own impress:
From danger guard, guide our frail bark to shore,
And our all grateful hearts for ever shall adore!"

LXVIII.

So prayed this Pair—benignant Heaven did hear,
And peace commissioned to each sorrowing breast:
Sweet Mercy smiled from her eternal sphere,
Each trembling feeling of despair repressed,
And gently calmed each bosom, grace had blessed:
They rose, in cheerfulness of heart renewed,
Resigned to Him who ordereth all things best:
To Heaven's high will each humbled sense subdued,
And strengthened with new hope, still breathing gratitude.

PART III.

LXIX.

FRESHENED the breeze into a gentle gale,
That from Cape Hatteras came flying free,
Curled the blue wave, and filled the snowy sail
Of many a tall ship, steering o'er the sea:
The billows rolling onward down the lee,
Across the Gulf Stream bore this Pair forlorn,
Obliquely from the East, and Southwardly,
Toward the bright isles that ocean's breast adorn,
Where Cancer's ardent ray glows on the tropic morn.

LXX.

Reclined upon the wreck, they held discourse
Of present peril—of the vessel lost,
And those that perished in the stern divorce
Of fiery-winged Death: but spoke they most
Of future prospects, on the wide sea tossed,
Impelled they knew not where:—the present hour
Was clad in wo, though hope was not exhaust:
But the dark future gloomily did lower,
Impenetrably veiled from human ken, or power.

LXXI.

They might be saved—the winds might waft them o'er
The turgid Gulf, to some fair tropic land;
Some green clad Isle, whose coral-circled shore
Was touched by ocean with a gentle hand:
Some vessel might observe them, and command
The joyful rescue, from the perilous deep:
The thought revived each sorrowing bosom, and
Dried up Hyperia's tears, scarce held to weep,
As some rude-crested wave o'er their light craft did sweep.

LXXII.

Thus they, with wakeful eyes, through the long night,
Mused on the sad catastrophe, that fell
More fatal than the swift vindictive flight
Of fiery rocket, or death-loaded shell:
Each cheers the other, while the seas impel
The impennous bark, that slowly moves along,
And needs Dædalus' wings, to ride the swell
In steady course: thus, while the hours prolong,
They drift the surges o'er, toward the Bahama throng.

LXXIII.

The eternal waves, that reared the snowy crest,
Hoarse murmuring, broke in sparkling foam around,
Startling the floating sea-gull from her rest,
Upon the bosom of the deep profound;
While, ever and anon, the raft was drowned,
And drenched in briny seas, the Lovers lay:
But, in the mild warm temperature, still found
Small inconvenience from the dashing spray,
And cheerfully they wait the dawning of the day.

LXXIV.

The morning broke upon their longing eyes,
And tipped the billows with ethereal gold;
The fleecy clouds, tinged with acanthian dyes,
Up the blue zenith their light volumes rolled,
And sat supine in airy fields of cold:
Old ocean smiled—the snow-white tropic bird
Light skimmed the wave, that ever onward rolled
Its undulating train, and gently stirred
The flowers that bloom below, where breeze was never heard.

LXXV.

Sea-weed, of many a light fantastic form,
Varied in tint, purple, and green, and blue;
From the Caribean sea borne by some storm,
That rent it from the shores where erst it grew;
Drove on the surge, and a light brilliance threw
Over the deep: the albercole did glide
Beneath the violet wave, while round them flew
Flocks of small sea-birds, or, lit on the tide,
Fed on the floating weed—the food the seas provide.

LXXVI.

Far o'er the billows to the horizon's verge,
The broad circumference round they bent their eyes,
With eager glance; if, on the swelling surge,
Some ship's white sail might loom beneath the skies,
Perceive their peril, and relief devise:
But hope in disappointment ebbed away—
Nor hull, nor canvas o'er the waters rise:
Hyperia weeps again, and well she may:
For this is but the first—not the last wretched day.

LXXVII.

Sad was the sight, to see this gentle maid,
So young, so beautiful, so purely fair,
Upon the floating wreck, in sorrow laid,
With pallid cheek, and wild disheveled hair,
And swelling bosom, struggling with despair:
Without a screen to shade her burning brow
From the fierce tropic ray, that heat the air
Like to a furnace—with a feverish glow,
Forcing life's purple stream, in boiling floods to flow.

LXXVIII.

The manly sailor wept:—who could refrain,
When Beauty languished in such wretchedness?
Famished and faint upon the thirsty main,
And naught to alleviate her deep distress:
Oh, hapless Pair! There is no power to bless
On this unstable waste, save Him who made
The ocean and the land: He shall possess
Each spirit in his will; and, silent, aid
This brave youth, to revive this sinking suffering maid.

LXXIX.

Orlando knelt beside the sorrowing girl,
Who moaned in utter wo:—for water, she
In plaintive accents calls, as round them curl
The briny billows of the thirsty sea:
Oh, for a cooling draught—one cup would be
Worth all the world beside! as, from on high,
The king of day, in burning majesty,
Pours down his fiercest beams; and hot and dry,
His *flaming chariot wheels* along the brazen sky!

LXXX.

He raised his eyes to heaven: "Thou, who dost rule
Creation, with an eye of pity, bend
From thy bright heavens, and command the cool
Refreshing shower upon us to descend;
Or in some other form the mercy send,
To bless this suffering maid, who lies so low,
With none but thee, her Maker, to befriend:
Unlimited thy love,—Oh, let it flow
Potent and unrestrained, to mitigate her wo!"

LXXXI.

He turned, and bent the fading lily o'er,
And bathed her burning brow in ocean's stream;
Unconscious she her sorrows to deplore,
Slumbering, and starting in a feverish dream:
To shield her from the fiery-winged beam,
He rigged an oar upright, and to the mast
Bent her light cachmere shawl: the broad extreme
Then steadied, to the leeward spar made fast,
That o'er the fainting girl a grateful shadow cast.

LXXXII.

And now, as glided the swift dolphins by,
And flying-fish, quick darting from the wave,
Their moistened wings upon the zephyrs ply,
And skim the deep, in vain attempts to save
From the pursuing foe—a thought he gave
To the arm-chest, that might perchance contain
The various weapons, which most vessels have
On board; as harpoons, and the barbed grain,
To gather fresh supplies, from out the well stocked main.

LXXXIII.

Unless relief all gracious Heaven bestow,
From sea or air, or vessel passing by,
Hyperia is lost—for even now.
She droops, and fades, beneath the tropic sky:
Pale and delirious the maid doth lie,
Weak as a helpless child: but, could he find
The means that might that nourishment supply,
Unsavory though the food—yet, haply, kind
Strength to revive, and cheer the wan dejected mind.

LXXXIV.

When the red-rovers—red with human gore,
Their light feluccas armed along the Main,
Launched from the wild unsettled Texan shore,
Or deep indented bays—a lengthened train,
On Cuba's western line, where it were vain
To force pursuit; and held unmastered sway
From Florida to Occidental Spain;
Ships bound that course prepared for bloody fray,
And, armed for mortal strife, steered on their dangerous way.

LXXXV.

But now, no more, these scourges of the deep:
Chased from the sea, and hunted from the land,
In ignominious death the monsters sleep,
And their white bones bleach on the sea-washed strand:
Sweet innocence, and worth, and beauty bland,
Tremble no more—as when the pirate barge,
With fierce and bloody-handed miscreants manned,
Boarded the ship in sanguinary charge!
Secure from danger now, the vessels sail at large.

LXXXVI.

The chest—an oblong box of seasoned oak—
Was locked:—but what are locks against despair?
With stern and conquering strength the bolts he broke,
And hurled the shivered lid aloft in air:
Nor sword, nor pike, nor barbed harpoon was there;
But in their stead, a vision burst to light,
More welcome to this wretched, suffering Pair,
Than ever was the rosiest pleasure bright,
Erst found in blooming vale, or arbor of delight.

LXXXVII.

A cry of joy that from Orlando burst,
Aroused the sinking girl: "Despair no more;
Heaven sends relief, water to quench thy thirst,
Revive my fair one, and her strength restore:"
Within the arm-chest had been placed a store
Of cordials, bread, and water; to sustain
Life, in the event of wreck, we here deplore;
And secret held, where erst the arms had lain,
Prepared for self-defence, when pirates roved the main.

LXXXVIII.

A grateful cordial soon revived the maid,
Braced her weak nerves, and woke the latent fire;
A cup of water then her thirst allayed—
That painful thirst, that knows but one desire,
To drink—drink deep—and in the bliss expire!
With streaming eyes, yet cheerful, did she kneel,
And offered up her thanks to earth's great Sire:
Her's was the bosom gratitude to feel,
The noblest sentiment the heart did e'er reveal.

LXXXIX.

The charming girl restored to cheerfulness,
The sailor coolly overhauled his prize;
Now tasted that, and now examined this,
Till the rich nectar sparkled in his eyes:
The last flask of the dozen, I surmise,
Pleased him as much—or more—than all the rest;
It being an old acquaintance in disguise:
Pure Cogniac brandy—to which he addressed
Himself as to a known, and not unwelcome guest.

XC.

His thirst assuaged, his faltering strength renewed,
His hopes revived, his courage fortified,
Like Agenor, upon the wreck he stood,
Harpalyce reclining at his side—
Firm, thankful, humble, and yet dignified:
He gazed alternate on the desert sea,
And the sweet girl, whose thoughts to home had hied:
His, all unite in her; and rapturously
Anticipate the hour, that shall from danger free.

XCI.

Now gentle feelings in each bosom glow,
And warm the pulse of life, that beats again,
In ruddy harmony: the overflow
Of gratitude to Heaven, supreme doth reign,
That interposed when human aid were vain:
Who feeds the ravens, doth for them provide,
And spreads a table on the desert main:
Beneath his eye securely they abide,
Whose arm shall bear them safe o'er ocean's foaming tide.

CXII.

As day declines, the breeze comes rippling o'er
The pathless sea; and fills their slender sail—
The maiden's shawl, bent to the flexile oar—
That swells before the ethereal pinioned gale:
From the northeast the welcome airs prevail,
And ere retiring Sol the sea doth lave
With his last ray, they cross the Gulf's rough trail,
And, rising on the broad Atlantic wave,
O'er the long rolling swells, toward the Bahamas drave.

XCIII.

The grateful cup to either lip is prest,
They drink by turns—by turns, they drink again;
Hyperia smiles, as Mercy calms her breast,
And tears of gratitude, that not retain,
Flow down her cheek, and mingle with the main:
They sup on bread and water—simple fare,
Nor of the homely viands do complain:
For ne'er did luxury, from earth or air,
Spread such a grateful feast as Heaven provides this Pair.

XCIV.

Delicious beverage! drawn from the spring,
Sweet bubbling forth beneath th' umbrageous wood,
When Summer's sun the fervid beam doth fling,
And parches earth, and dries the sluggish flood:—
Thy priceless worth is little understood,
In verdant vales, where limpid rivulets glide,
And pearly dews upon the sward are strewed—
Where the cool streams gush from the mountain side,
And down the craggy cliffs in foaming cascades ride.

XCV.

The Arab, wandering on the arid seas—
That like a broad unbounded ocean, lie;
Where hot siroccos fire the passing breeze,
Before whose wing the sandy billows fly:
Stretched on the waste, beneath the burning sky,
For one cool draught of water from the spring,
His being would resign, and joyful die!
This is the thirst that bears the bitter sting,
Against whose sufferance, *life* were a worthless thing!

XCVI.

So the wrecked mariner, through the long day,
Floats on the wave, beneath the burning line;
Or pants, where'er the fervid tropic ray
With subtle tongue, licks up the salt-sea brine:
From day to day—from morn till eve's decline,
The sluggish billows roll—the hot skies glare:
He thirsts, but cannot drink: then doth recline,
And dreams of home, and gushing fountains there:
He sleeps and dreams by fits—he wakes in mad despair!

XCVII.

Should Heaven, in mercy send the blest relief,
And guide to verdant oasis, or isle,
Where cooling fountains shall assuage their grief,
And shadowy bowers awake the sleeping smile:—
Will these forget their suffering exile,
On parched Saharah, or the Indian wave?
Ah, no! Its memory shall attend them, while
This being last—grateful to Him, who gave
The life-restoring draught, when yawned a thirsty grave!

XCVIII.

Day folds his golden wings, and sinks to rest
Behind the distant wave; yet parting, throws
A rosy smile o'er the light-silvered West,
That with soft tinge on the blue billow glows:
Around the fading king, the clouds dispose
Their lengthened trains of variegated hues;
While pale-eyed Evening, at the twilight's close,
Leads on dull ebon Night, wet with the dews,
And Silence walks the earth, in light ethereal shoes.

XCIX.

The lengthening swells no longer wash the raft,
That, like a sea-bird glides the waters o'er;
Strong built, of sturdy plank, and light of draught,
It bids right fair to reach the wished-for shore:
Hyperia sweetly sleeps—for now, no more
The rough Gulf Stream grates harshly on the ear,
Tumbling and breaking in a ceaseless roar:
That through the gloomy night, disturbed and drear,
Oft filled her eyes with tears, and chilled her heart with fear

C.

lo keeps love's watch—trims the light sail,
iarks their course by the bright stars of night;
slowly drives the wreck before the gale,
ans the sultry air, in cooling flight:
'ynthia, smiling in ethereal light,
ising in the East, spreads o'er the sea
lvery tissue of her mantle bright,
hines in mild and softened brilliancy,
ıg the curling swells with liquid jewelry.

CI.

aiden sleeps, watched by the eye of Love,
:easeless guards her through the night and day;
o'er the sea refreshing zephyrs rove,
er flushed cheek, and with her ringlets play:
ımbers peacefully, beneath the ray
ın, peerless goddess of the air;
ever and anon a smile doth stray,
ınshine, o'er her face; so calm, so fair,
; of home's delights, and all the loved ones there.

CII.

olten sky is canopied with pearl,
ep below, with liquid sapphires spread;
stless billows, as their white crests curl,
e upon a jewel-sprinkled bed,
h the silver radiance downward shed:
Love's brilliant—not his rosy—bower,
Beauty rests her feverish, aching head,
:eps, from weariness: it is the hour,
ıe spot, to hold fond dalliance with the flower.

CNI.

dnight on the sea! Far down the West,
Hesperus hath sunk in splendor there:
from the wave emerging, in the East,
nd Æthra's virgin daughters fair—
ıncing Hyades, tread the fields of air,
/eep their glittering trains along the sky:
:he billows my two Lovers bear,
breasts have ceased to heave the weary sigh,
by side, shall soon in peaceful slumber lie.

CIV.

The sailor looked abroad o'er the abyss,
That softly murmured to the sighing breeze;
Then, turning toward Hyperia, bent in bliss
O'er this fair slumberer on the rolling seas:
He wished to slumber, too, but could not ease
His conscience, to commit such treason there;
So rubbed his eyes, and with some bread and cheese,
And that stout flask, which I have sung elsewhere,
He bravely kept awake, and bade adieu to care.

CV.

All he possessed—prize money, and so forth,
Had gone to endow the mermaids, down below:
A cool hard twenty-thousand, he was worth
In golden coin, some forty hours ago:
But now—the truth my readers all must know—
He was as poor as Job, when Satan came
With fire and sword, and stripped him at a blow,
Leaving him nothing but an honest name:
So has Orlando quit all but his well-earned fame.

CVI.

Awhile he ruminated on his loss,
And then he gazed upon the sleeping maid;
And then reflected he had not a cross,
To keep the Devil off—as it is said:
And then he thought he had been well repaid,
In this warm Houri, slumbering at his feet:
And, well content with the exchange thus made,
He filled a flowing can, with love replete,
Drank the blind goddess' health, and hoped again to meet.

CVII.

I trust that none will be offended, here—
Not e'en the most fastidious Grahamite,
Who lives on water-gruel, eschews beer,
And dreams of roast beef and champagne at night—
That my young sailor hero took delight
In the enlivening glass: at such an hour,
When danger rocked beneath the veil of night,
I doubt if Temperance herself would sour,
To fortify the soul against the impending power.

CVIII.

oes no wrong who takes a cheerful cup—
wrong is his who doubles on the first,
drinks another—still another up,
eason reels, fooled, maddened, and accurst,
of all brutes, the human is the worst:
ıperance is only in excess,
not the simple quenching of the thirst:
generous draught invigorates not less,
he abuse involves disease and wretchedness.

PART IV.

CIX.

Now dawned the second morn, and heaven did lave
In rose impearled light, that brighter glowed,
As fair Aurora, bursting from the wave,
In burnished gold, up the blue concave rode,
Above the Olympian hill, great Jove's abode,
And drew the sable curtains of the night:
The tribes of ocean wake beneath the flood,
Sea-gull and albatross resume their flight,
And ponderous whales disport, rejoicing in the light.

CX.

Hyperia woke from her few hours' repose,
Cheerful as morning, lovely as the May;
Upon her cheek there blooms again the rose,
And on her ruby lip a smile doth lay:
Joy, hope, and love, in one concentrate ray,
Beam from her eyes, that toward Orlando bend,
With that impassioned glance, which doth betray
Love's silent language, eyes may comprehend:
And well had he approved himself her dearest friend.

CXI.

"And hast thou watched," she said, "all night for me?
Two nights and burning days thou hast not wooed
The balmy pillow: I'll keep watch for thee,
While slumber waits in gentle quietude,
And nature is refreshed: our sail, bedewed
With ocean's spray, a grateful shade doth shed,
And love's own hand shall fan thee, nothing rude:
Upon my lap rest thou thy wearied head,
Mine honor is thine own, and this affection's bed."

CXII.

He heard, and fondly to his bosom pressed
All beauty, and all grace; a faultless form,
Fair as the fairest; naught within her breast,
That might reproach, or sully, or deform,
But, shrined within, a virgin heart as warm
And pure, as ever beat to touch of Love:
Where the soul thinks no wrong, there is no harm,
As the first Pair in naked truth did prove,
And walked in innocence, pure as the gods above.

CXIII.

"Beloved Hyperia, life's charmer thou,
Oft have I watched upon the midnight sea,
When broke the surges high above the bow,
And o'er the deep the loosened winds raged free:
Then, days and nights, no resting hour for me,
For duty called, and danger rode the main:
And shall I now fatigue, while watching thee,
When Love commands? or murmur, or complain,
When helpless woman claims the firmness of the man?

CXIV.

"Far be such weakness from Orlando's heart,
Far be dishonor to his father's name!
And, while I live, so let me act my part,
As to fulfil all truth and honor claim,
And leave no stain upon a mother's fame!
My hopes of happiness are knit with thine,
And life, without thee, were a cheerless game:
I feel no hardship, if thou not repine,
But guard a pearl, thou mayest one day surrender mine.

CXV.

"I heed not loss of sleep: hope bears me up—
The bright, the blissful hope, that we shall tread
The blooming fields again, and drink the cup
Of rosy pleasure there; range through the mead,
And walk the grove, sweet waving overhead
Its branching honors to the sighing wind:
Together rove, where the cool rivulets lead
Their mazy courses—happy, unconfined,
And muse of by-gone hours, on mossy couch reclined.

CXVI.

"Rest thou, my love, while yet the hour is free,
And mildly blows the soft propitious gale;
Fair and foul weather both attend the sea,
And in a moment danger may assail,
And the hoarse fury of the deep unveil:
Yet be not soon alarmed, nor at the thought,
Thine eye drop sorrow, nor thy cheek turn pale:
Thy virtue needs no monitor—Heaven taught;
Then leave all fear to vice, where it belongs, and ought.

CXVII.

"Calm was the night, and sweet the western breeze,
Diana riding beneath heaven's blue dome;
Bright rose the morn upon the azure seas,
And tipped with amethyst the briny foam:
I saw thee smile, and heard thee whisper 'home,'
As thou wert dreaming in a rosy bower:
The Gulf is passed, the wind blows fair—we boom
Slowly, but steadily, from hour to hour,
And near the shore, secure in Heaven's protecting power.

CXVIII.

"We are not left in utter hopelessness,
To perish on the deep: an unseen hand
Guides our frail bark, tossed on the dark abyss,
And yields the blessings of the favored land:
Naught less than Heaven, did from the wreck, command
The sustenance our fainting hearts renewed;
When strength and life were ebbing, as the sand,
And hope lay listless, in despair subdued:
His angels brought relief—water, and wine, and food.

CXIX.

"Long hast thou suffered, with but slight repast,
And nature courts a gentle anodyne;
'Tis time we break the long-protracted fast,
With the cool beverage for which we pine,
The strengthening bread—the exhilerating wine."
The grateful viands on the wreck are spread,
And in the orient manner both recline:
There feast with thankful hearts, and feel no dread,
Though floating wide upon ocean's unfathomed bed.

CXX.

is the homeliest fare, when hunger gives
elish keen, presiding at the feast;
weet the flowing stream to all that lives,
ı thirst—long suffering—at length is blest:
s fond Pair, as on the wreck they rest,
:e with joy, the water and the food;
in the rosy wine that cheers the breast,
varms the heart, each spirit is renewed,
Iope triumphant smiles, and sorrow is subdued.

CXXI.

ı the sky the horses of the sun,
:l Phœbus' golden car, the winds prevail,
ere the monarch of the day hath run
:d part of his course, the slender sail
ɜ to the pressure of the winged gale:
ʌtlantic rises in his majesty,
noves in giant billows o'er the vale
:rlasting waters, driving free
, and its rich freight, over the boundless sea.

CXXII.

;ale increased, dark clouds obscured the sky,
langer sported on the crested wave:
ria saw the sad change with a sigh,
threatened still again a watery grave;
alf submerged, before the wind they drave,
:ode the ponderous swells: but now no more
ıired of Heaven's ability to save:
m unseen had interposed before,
ıe contending waves, and hushed the tempest's roar.

CXXIII.

ıow, a thought from Heaven woke in each breast,
if stern Death should overwhelm them there,
might at least sink down to their long rest,
:d in love's holiest bands, e'en in despair,
wake in other worlds, a wedded pair:
ıallowed wish proved their affection true,
: in weal or wo, resigned they were,
ted not; or on the cold, dark blue
er, to sleep in death, or where the falling dew,—

CXXIV.

Trembles upon the petals of the rose,
That by the casement lifts its blushing head,
Or purple morning-glory, as it throws
Its fragrant shadow o'er the nuptial bed;
Or scarlet trumpeter, whose tendrills spread
Above the tressilled bower—to breathe the air
Of joyous being, where the myrtles shed
Their sweetest odors round that gentle pair,
The tender turtle-doves, that coo and nestle there.

CXXV.

The eye soft languishing, the wish displays,
That beams with all the tenderness of love;
A purer feeling here, than in the blaze
Of ardent youth, when youth and beauty rove,
The Venus and Adonis of the grove:
Their spirits loved—and mantled on each cheek
The glow of virtue, such as rose above
The new created world, when, mild and meek,
The bright empurpled morn awoke upon the deep.

CXXVI.

This is the love that charms the sons of morn,
Wove in their essences—the sweetest flower
That blooms in Paradise: formed to adorn
Intelligence, or e'er the angelic power
Awoke to consciousness, in that bright hour
That bathed the heavens in light: so loved this Pair,
Without a sensual thought that might deflower:
So shall they wed, and their pure bridal wear,
Like the immortal ones, beyond the fields of air.

CXXVII.

Then, as the wind increased, and rose the sea
With countless crests that nodded on each wave,
Breaking around them hoarse and sullenly,
And darkly threatening with a watery grave;
Orlando thus, to fair Hyperia gave
His wishes utterance—nor his alone:
As when the genial Spring the earth doth pave
With verdure and sweet flowers, the lark makes known
To his selected mate, desires not all his own.

CXXVIII.

"Thou dearest one, whose fate appears to be
Allied to mine; be it for joy or pain,—
For life or death:—in dark uncertainty,
The rescue, or the grave beneath the main:—
A sympathy my heart cannot restrain,
Prompts it to breathe its fondest wish to thee:
To wear, with thee, that amaranthine chain,
Which binds the hands in temporal destiny,
And hands and hearts unites in heaven's eternity!

CXXIX.

"Again, the boisterous winds impel the deep,
Again, the billows curl their hoary hair:
Wide as our vision, threatening dangers sweep,
Surround our bark, and hover on the air:
And, though we may not yield to dark despair,
Contracted—heart and hand—for life, or death;
All lone, and desolate, as here we are,
In love's betrothal, we may pledge love's faith,
While yet our pulses beat responsive to our breath.

CXXX.

"With all devotedness of heart, and truth,
I love thee! With all grace that can adorn
Chaste woman, in the lustre of her youth,
I ween thou lovest me! Thus, love is borne
In either breast—or joyous, or forlorn:
I know and feel thy worth—thou bearest mine:
Loth, from each other ever to be torn,
In life or death!—far happier, to resign
To what unites thy fate to mine, or mine to thine."

CXXXI.

She heard her lover, while her downcast eyes
In watery radiance bent upon the wave:
Upon her cheek the modest blossom lies
In damask beauty, soft as tints that lave
The pearly brow of morn—as, toward the brave
Companion of her grief, those eyes did hold,
Suffused with drops of love: so smiling, gave
Her hand in silence—but with looks, which told
More than her lips could utter, or her heart unfold!

CXXXII.

In silence, each upon the other gazed—
In mournful silence, and in mournful love!
That love, which in despair its truth hath praised,
Since its first advent from the fields above!
Oh, hallowed spirit! wherefore shouldst thou rove
From thy Elysian bowers, o'er Time's domain,
And find so few—save the lone turtle dove,
To bear thy silken yoke without complain,
And bloom, from youth to age, beneath thy blissful reign!

CXXXIII.

Their desolation rushed on either soul,
And choked all utterance! The sobbing tear
Mingles with ocean's billows, as they roll,
Hoarse, sullen, dark, and o'er the boundless drear
Murmur despair! Yet not the Lovers fear
To sink, and perish in each other's arms:
Each, for the other mourns—so loved, so dear!
And other terror in that look disarms:
While Heaven, benignant bends over the Pair it warms.

CXXXIV.

Hyperia wept and smiled—mild glowed her cheek,
As when the morn shines through the humid air,
And gilds the sweet primrose, blooming so meek
Beneath soft April's shower: her head was bare,
And, curling on her neck her unbound hair,
She sat like Venus—not in Paphian bowers,
But as the sea-born goddess, floating there,
Or e'er encircled by the rosy Hours:—
And to her lover, thus her sweet acceptance pours.

CXXXV.

"Dear partner of the dangers we have passed,
And those which still encircle us—toward thee,
I may not here false diffidence forecast,
That still detracts from maiden modesty,
The native lustre of her truth: For me,
Free as thine offer is, free I accept,
All confident in thy integrity,
Whate'er befal us: Thou hast this respect—
Thy courage, truth, and love, my heart could ne'er reject.

CXXXVI.

"Here, then, I yield myself a willing bride,
On the rough bosom of the stormy main;
Free to assure thee I love none beside,
In that fair world, whose memory we retain,
Save, with such feeling as may gently reign,
To friendship and the ties of nature, due:
Partner in bliss or wo—in joy or pain,
Receive the plighted hand I offer true,
Where Heaven, sole witness is, this nuptial rite to view."

CXXXVII.

They rose, and stooping to the violet wave,
That now, in gentler murmurs seemed to glide;
Unclasped their hands—their unclasped hands they lave
In the blue bosom of the mighty tide:
With hands reclasped, on bended knee they bide,
And pledge their truth before the Eternal King!
Angels ne'er saw such bridegroom and such bride,
Since Love came down from heaven, on rosy wing,
And lit his glowing torch at Hymen's blissful spring.

CXXXVIII.

And Angels gazed unseen, on this fond Pair,
So pure and lovely in their wretchedness:
The winds are lulled upon the ambient air,
The waves subside, and gently round them press;
Heaven smiles upon the ritual, to bless,
And bids the elements be still! No more,
Nor winds, nor waves, the Lovers shall distress:
Their truth is tried—pure as the virgin ore,
And morn's delightful smile shall meet them on the shore.

CXXXIX.

They are united—the fond kiss imprest,
On lips that sexual love ne'er pressed before:
The bride reclines upon her groom's warm breast,
Whose arms encircle her—whose eye bends o'er,
And manly voice upon her ear doth pour
Affection's fondest notes: No other rite
Shall they consummate—or on sea or shore,
Till curtains o'er the earth that blissful night,
When Youths' and Maidens' eyes shall wait on their delight.

CXL.

Full happy they, bound in that tender tie,
Which weds earth's manly sons and daughters fair:
Doubly endeared, within his arms doth lie
The charming girl, who sweet reclining there,
Blushes return, while Heaven surveys the Pair:
Hope hovers, on her gayest pinions borne,
And showers sweet odors on the smiling air:—
No more, their bosoms by pale terror torn,
Peace sits on either brow, and they forget to mourn.

CXLI.

"My own betrothed, to whom, my heart shall never
Inconstant prove, while truth and love remain;
Thus to be bound to thee, and bound for ever,
Come weal, come wo—whate'er it may obtain;
My fond—my grateful heart, shall e'er retain
The fragrance of this hour, that binds a wreath
Less than celestial only, to enchain
My soul to all of bliss the heavens beneath—
The bliss to call thee mine, and thy dear name to breathe

CXLII.

"With that of wife: No selfish thought is mine
In this transporting hour; but all I feel,
Devoted hence to thee, would all resign,
Thy safety to ensure, though mine repeal:
A brighter thought, hope from despair doth steal,
That I shall witness on thy cheek the glow
Of rosy happiness, when time shall heal
Our wounded fortunes; and affection grow
Through years of mutual bliss, kind Heaven may yet bestow."

CXLIII.

To him, the fair Hyperia responds:
"My husband, to whom my best love is due,
United heart and hand, in those pure bonds
Approved of Heaven: my lips can answer true,
On this dread sea—that, separate from you,
Nor wish, nor thought have I of earthly bliss:
Still, I can hope and trust, with thee to view
Again a blooming world, where fears dismiss,
And we shall thank our God, in wedded happiness.

CXLIV.

"Fond memory e'er shall hallow this blest day,
That gives a loved companion to my heart,
Whose sympathies are mine: though tempests sway,
And from the billow sable terrors start,
I will not fear—nor winds nor waves can part
The love that Heaven hath consecrated ours:
And I will trust kind Heaven will yet impart
To us, the bliss that crowns life's youthful hours—
The blessing erst bestowed in Eden's happy bowers."

CXLV.

So this fond Pair, tossed on the vast abyss,
Drank at the ambrosial fountain of delight:
In either heart expands the flower of bliss,
And blooms as warm, as fragrant, and as bright,
As on the coronals of the sons of light:
Benignant Heaven was pleased—sweet zephyrs bide
On fragrant wings, the ocean's fearful might
Sleeps on the glassy bosom of the tide,
And o'er soft murmuring swells, the youthful Lovers glide.

CXLVI.

Thus, as I trod the verdant face of earth,
Buoyant with hope, in life's young vigor borne;
I marked a shrub, where Spring had given birth
To two twin roses, blushing on the morn,
With sweets and beauty, Nature to adorn:
As zephyr waved, they kissed each other ever,
And only trembled lest one might be torn
From the green stem—fearful alone, to sever;
And happy, side by side, to bloom or fade together.

CXLVII.

Then, as these lonely wanderers of the sea
Basked in the silent rapture of the hour,
Winged from some isle, I ween, beneath their lee,
Of grove and lawn, hill, vale, and verdant bower;
Came there a weesome bird, bearing a flower
In his light beak, as did the dove of old
The olive leaf; when held the torrent shower,
And down the universal waters rolled,
ought their deep caverns, and upon the mountains shoaled.

CXLVIII.

Perched on their slender mast this little bird,
And warbled forth his notes upon the breeze;
With tremulous wonder, the young Lovers heard
The unknown songster, on the distant seas:
Gaily he chirruped, as intent to please
The smiling Pair, who gazed with hope and joy
On this sweet traveller from his forest trees:
Hailed the fair messenger, come to convoy
Their bark to some green isle, where dangers cease to annoy.

CXLIX.

With wheaten crumbs upon her lily hand,
Hyperia wooes the tenant of the air;
And, with a voice all musical and bland,
Calls the sweet bird—around the maiden there,
He flutters pleased, plays with her flowing hair,
Echoes her voice, and settles on her breast:
Say, was it HOPE, in form of warbler fair,
Winged from the skies at rosy Love's behest,
To wipe their tears away, and lull each fear to rest?

CL.

And now, assured the wished-for land was nigh,
Not many leagues a-lee—those clustered isles
Called the Bahamas, where the tropic sky
Showers beauty on the land, and Nature smiles
O'er many a verdant spot, and sweetly tiles
The sloping hills with grove and shrubbery,
Palm, tamarind, fig and date, and lengthened files
Through blooming vales, of fragrant orange tree;
And odorous flowers, whose breath perfumes the circling sea:—

CLI.

An arm of each encircling either's neck,
Upon the raft the wedded Pair recline,
In love's sweet dalliance forget the wreck,
And pledge each other in the rosy wine:
Hyperia rests her blushing cheek, supine
Upon Orlando's breast—impassive they,
Revelling in bliss; warm, innocent, divine,
While down the west declines the radiant day,
And, gilds the rolling swells with many a brilliant ray.

CLII.

iands watchful Providence prepares—
ɜ never waved the golden fields of corn,
ɜ never blushed to kiss of summer air,
ıby-tinted fruit; nor dewy morn
ɜ on vineyards, nature did adorn
purple clusters—these fond Lovers taste;
from each bosom, in this hour new-born,
ds the incense of the heart so chaste:
rifice to Heaven, which never went to waste.

CLIII.

ıding day has touched the western verge
ɜ horizon, and from golden eye,
ı his last parting on the white-crowned surge,
ilvers half the azure dome on high,
e falling curtains on the waters lie,
ple drapery: soft airs prevail,
ɔd from the west, and gaily as they fly,
r sweet odors, kissed from blooming vale,
.overs breathe their vows upon the listening gale.

CLIV.

ght comes stealing over the blue billow,
. descending veil, and o'er the sea
ls night's dark mantle—nature seeks her pillow
e dark waters moving sullenly,
the grove, or on the blooming lea:
ea-bird rocks upon the glassy wave—
nded in mid ocean, silently
ɜr her tribes; while, from each coral cave,
maids rise, and in the breeze their tresses lave.

CLV.

do owns the influence of the hour,
ısted nature bows, and courts repose:
y he struggles with the drowsy power,
weighs the eyelids down, and sweetly throws
ion's mantle o'er lifes many woes:
ea is calm, serene the unclouded sky,
:ool the breath of zephyr, as it blows:
.overs kneel, ere down to rest they lie,
sing *to invoke, who hears* the suppliant's cry.

CLVI.

"Father supreme, great King of heaven, we
Thy children, here implore our Maker's ear;
Oh, deign to bend upon this dreary sea,
Look on our wo, and our petition hear!
Let thy good presence through the night be near,
And guard us from the dangers that surround:
Yield us repose, strengthen, confirm, and cheer
Our trembling hearts, with desolation bound,
And in the way thou lovest, may we be ever found.

CLVII.

"Rebuke the winds—bid the hoarse waves be still,
So may our bark glide o'er the billows light:
The elements are servants of thy will,
Thine to unloose, and thine to chain their might,
While all creation trembles in thy sight!
Peace be our pillow, smoothed from thee above,
Till morn awake upon the waters bright:
Accept our thanks, our homage poor approve,
And may we wake with her, rejoicing in thy love."

CLVIII.

Thus they, their aspirations breathe to Heaven,
Sorrowing, yet happy—theirs' the fervid bliss,
Eternal Love, since Time began, hath given,
To crown our youth with rosy happiness,
And light our years with hope: with one fond kiss
Of chaste affection, bathed in eyes that weep
The drops of joy; reclined in peacefulness,
On the night-curtained bosom of the deep,
Locked in each others arms, the Lovers sunk to sleep.

CLIX.

Thou hollow murmuring sea, on thy dark bosom,
Such nuptial couch sure never rocked before;
Pressed by a bride, wreathless of nature's blossom,
And groom, whose finger no bright jewel wore:
But there is music in the distant roar
Of ocean, wafted on the sighing breeze,
Pregnant with sweets kissed from the flowery shore,
To cheer the night, with balmy fragrance please,
And charm with melody this bridal of the seas.

CLX.

Sleep, gentle Pair, in your own innocence,
Nor fear the swelling billows, as they roll!
The guardian sceptre of Omnipotence,
Stretched o'er the deep, its surges shall control,
And shed soft influences on either soul,
That slumbers sweetly in forgetfulness:
While smiling visions, memory hath stole,
To cheer pale sorrow in her deep distress,
Pass through each tranquil mind, in fancy's fondest dress.

CANTO IV.

PART I.

I.

Rose the third morn on wings of orient light,
And heaven suffused with purple radiancy;
The ethereal essence, showering down so bright,
Fell on the billows, and all gorgeously
Wreathed with bright amethyst the curling sea:
The surf-crowned Monarch smiled through all his realm,
And shook his hoary locks, that royally
Swept o'er a thousand shores: while many a helm
Steers through subsiding swells, that rise no more to o'erwhelm.

II.

Gently the wreck has neared the wished-for shore,—
A flowery Isle beneath the tropic sky;
And on a sea-green wave as gently bore,
Upon the snowy beach doth safely lie:
With soothing note the billows murmur by,
As they were fearful to awake the Pair,
Who slumber still; rocked in the lulaby
Of ocean, *to forgetfulness of* care,
And fanned to sleep profound by spirits of the air.

III.

Fair was the Isle, mantled in verdant green,
And all diversified with hill and dale;
Grove, glen and sylvan dell adorned the scene,
And tumbling cascades misting to the gale,
In silver streams wound through each blooming vale:
A thousand flowers their painted cups expand,
While Zephyr stoops the sweetness to inhale,
And bears away at Morning's bright command,
To winnow fragrance round this seeming fairy land.

IV.

Unnumbered birds in brilliant plumage dressed,
Carmine, and purple, azure, green and gold;
Some on the wing, some on the flowers at rest,
Or in the grove disporting uncontrolled,
Made vocal all the Isle, with notes that rolled
From living pipes of sweetest melody,
And carolled to the morn: while Echo told
The music in a softer euphony,
And sent the dulcet strain to die upon the sea.

V.

Umbrageous groves of the tall spreading palm,
Rose from the vales; the sloping hills were crowned
With lofty cocoa-nut, and flowering balm,
While the sweet-scented orange scattered round,
Perfumed the flying winds: shadowed the ground,
The lemon-tree, pomegranate, fig, and vine,
Whose fibrous arms the blushing date tree bound,
Pendant with purple clusters: Proserpine
Blooms with Vertumnus here, and arm in arm they twine.

VI.

Arbor and grotto shaped by Nature's hand,
In grove, in glen, or base of verdant hills,—
Where crystal springs, whose waters sweet and bland,
Serenely flowed, or fell in murmuring rills—
Formed cool retreats, where humid air distils
The unconscious shower, and blooming shrubbery
Invites with honeyed cups, the slender bills
Of tuneful humming-birds; whose plumery
Glitters upon the light, and sparkles o'er the lea.

VII.

Such was the Isle, in blissful beauty dressed,
On which the Heavens my shipwrecked Lovers threw;
Where Hope sat throned upon the morning's crest,
And smiled beneath the veil that evening drew:
O'er hill, through vale, Delight for ever flew,
Now kissed the flowers, now rustled through the grove,
Where winged pairs their callow nestlings view,
And warble melody through the alcove;
While Zephyr fans the air, and all is peace and love.

VIII.

Awake, fond Pair! The charming tropic dawn
Has kissed the islands of the hoary deep,
Lit up the pearly drops that strew the lawn,
And the unfolding flowers no longer sleep:
Aurora wakes the Morn—wake ye, and weep
With her the tears of joy, safe from the roar
Of the dread billows: where the mild winds sweep
Their crystal trains along the verdant shore,
That smiles within the reefs, at ocean's rude uproar.

IX.

Awake! and view the blooming fairy land,
The fragrant bowers of safety and delight,—
The ardent wished-for shore: where, hand in hand,
Full happy, ye may tread the hills so bright,
Secure from danger, suffering and affright:
Where radiant flowers o'er verdant valleys glow,
And pendant fruits allure the ravished sight,
From clustering vine, and branches bending low,
Beneath whose shadows bland the limpid fountains flow.

X.

Loose from their senses slumber's silken bands,
While native songsters breathe upon the ear,
The matins of the morn:—Upon the sands
They list the music: "What is this we hear?"
"Orlando, love?"—"Hyperia, my dear?"
"Look up—look up!" They start! with wild surprise
They gaze around—Hyperia cannot bear
The shock of joy! Her fainting spirit dies,
And, in her lover's arms, the unconscious maiden lies.

XI.

The transit from the helplessness of wo,
And hopelessness of sorrow—where the sea,
The eternal sea rocked ceaseless to and fro,
Around their bark, dark tossing drearily—
To safety and sweet joy so suddenly,
Upon the blooming shore, o'erwhelmed her soul;
Whose spirits, drooping with debility,
Had lost the elastic vigor to control,
And better could have met the angry billows' roll.

XII.

'Tis but a moment that she swoons supine,
Her swelling heart finds vent in bursting tears;
While round her form affection's arms entwine,
That trembles not, as erst, with pallid fears:
Again the rosy-tinctured smile appears,
Dimples her cheek, and lights her humid eye:
Love whispers safety to delighted ears,
And, rising from the wreck whereon they lie,
The Lovers bend toward a grove of palms near by.

XIII.

It was a narrow dell, enclosed between
Two gently rising hills; interior wrought
With copse, and fragrant flowers, and shrubbery green,
And from the deep recess, a rivulet sought
Its way toward the sea: its banks were fraught
With myrtle, citron, and the orange tree,
That bending o'er the stream, reflection caught
Of its bright golden fruit, and smiled to see
Its image glassed below, in limpid purity.

XIV.

Nor wanting verdant seat of velvet moss,
Was there, to welcome to the grateful shade,
And cool delicious spring; that flowed across
The violet-sprinkled lawn before it laid:
In this sequestered spot, so fair arrayed
By Nature's hand, the Lovers take their rest,
Recline on the green couch within the glade,
And with each other, in each other blest,
Quaff the pure gelid stream, and cool each thirsty breast.

XV.

Delicious draught! wept from the evening dew,
And poured again from earth through all her plains,
Not the rich nectar blooming Hebe drew,
And Ganymede presented Jove, retains
That life-restoring spirit, which sustains
With sweetest influence the fainting form:
The grateful beverage mantles through the veins,
Feverish and hot, and with a magic charm,
Inspires the heart with pride, and nerves with strength the arm.

XVI.

Here, in this living temple of the Lord,
Where Heaven's beneficence shone all around,
The Lovers knelt, and gratefully adored
The King Omnipotent: to Him, profound
They lowly bend in homage to the ground,
And offer up the sacrifice of bliss:
Thanks for preserving goodness, more than crowned
In this Elysium of loveliness,
Where every want supplied, left naught but happiness.

XVII.

The sea-breeze comes to cheer the blooming land,
And kiss the flowers that blush upon the vale:
Fresh from the ocean, it blows cool and bland,
And rocks the trees, and sweeps along the dale;
Ripples the stream where airy bubbles sail,
And wings delight through all the glowing Isle:
Rejoicing life drinks in the welcome gale,
And warbles all its bliss: the Lovers smile,
And, in sweet promenade, the cheerful hours beguile.

XVIII.

None but the wretched shipwrecked one may tell,
And feel the stern extremity of wo:
Tossed on the surface of a boundless well,
Whose deep, unfathomed waters vainly flow
To cool the boiling blood! None else may know
Such joy as his, whom Heaven restores again,
To verdant groves, that shade from the hot glow
Of burning Sol upon the thirsty main,
To quaff at springs, secure from danger, want and pain.

XIX.

So, while the Lovers held sweet converse here,
As, hand in hand, they trode the dewy earth;
Of suffering on the deep, when pallid fear
With trembling touch did paralyse all mirth,
And hope subdued—they felt the joyous worth
Of preservation from the angry wave;
And, from the wide and solitary dearth
Of ocean, thrown where fertile Nature gave
Her various largess, poured to cheer, refresh, and save:—

XX.

Drank from the happy contrast sweet delight,
And, with a rapture never felt before,
Enjoyed the scene—the face of Nature bright,
Whate'er she yields from her all varied store,
To charm the eye, to please the taste, restore
The fainting spirit:—flower, and fruit, and stream,
Unnumbered beauties, and ten thousand more
Of balmy blessings in the morning's beam:
While love and gratitude are their delightful theme.

XXI.

Upon the isle no human being dwelt,
And man's dominion—wanton cruelty,
In its sweet blooming vales had ne'er been felt:
Around the happy Pair, from tree to tree,
From flower to flower, confiding, gentle, free,
Sported the birds; and o'er the dewy lawn,
Fearless approached, the stranger guests to see,
The slender antelope and spotted fawn:
And licked the extended hand, and followed when withdrawn.

XXII.

Sweet-smelling viands, pendant from the trees,
Courted their taste: the juicy orange hung
In tempting beauty, and waved to the breeze
The clustered vine, that purpled all among
Fruit-bending branches, where the vocal tongue
Of happy warblers cheered the fragrant shade:
At every step some new delight upsprung,
To charm the eye and ear of this fair Maid,
And noble Youth, themselves in every grace arrayed.

XXIII.

Ended the gorge in a romantic glen
Of sea-green rock, whence sprung the limpid stream,
And poured its crystal waters to impregn
The blooming valley: here, the solar beam
Pierced not the sombre shade; a pearly gleam,
Moonlike, alone lit up the drapery,
That fell on all sides, darkling, like a dream,—
Sweet woodbine, trumpet flower, gay shrubbery,
And running ivy green, and broad-leafed plantain tree.

XXIV.

There, on a moss-clad couch, the Pair recline,
The lover's arm around his mistress' waist:
The beauteous girl toward him did incline,
And, on his bosom, with no thought unchaste,
Reposed her glowing cheek: Who would not haste
To face the dangers of the stormy main,
And hold his life well risked, to win and taste
Such rosy bliss—so free from care and pain,
Where Beauty charmed the hours, and Pan led all his train!

XXV.

This is a bower to shelter from the storm,
Day's burning beam, and the damp dews of night:
Cool, fragrant, safe from all intrusive harm,
Furnished with fruit, and gushing fountains bright:
Here fix they their abode, while e'er they might
Be tenants of the Isle; and, side by side,
Happy and grateful, circled with delight,—
A noble bridegroom, and a lovely bride,
Gently sink down to rest, and in sweet slumbers bide.

XXVI.

So slumbered in the vale of Paradise,
The first created Pair; while Heaven distilled
Sweet influences from the new-born skies,
And with pure rapture either bosom filled:
Robed in white innocence, Oh, had they willed
To wear their naked honors in her bowers;
Love still had been a plant by Angels tilled,
Warmed from on high, wet with ambrosial showers,
Bearing immortal fruit, and never fading flowers!

XXVII.

Rest, gentle Pair—from all your sorrows rest,
Stretched on the bed of peace; and, from on high,
Love guard your slumbers; while each cheek is prest
By balmy breathing Zephyr, passing by
On fragrant wing; sweet be your lulaby,
Warbled from dulcet throat of tuneful bird;
Pleasant your dreams, that may not wake a sigh,
And not a sound but that of joy be heard,
Song, tinkling waterfall, and wing of humming-bird.

XXVIII.

Long suffering on the fearful stormy deep,
With scarce a hope the fainting soul to cheer;
Drenched by the billows in the hours of sleep—
Wearied with watchings—death for ever near:
Through the long day on ocean's waste so drear,
Parched in the hot and thirsty tropic ray,
Dejected, wan, and weak:—rest sweetly here,
On the green sward, where the deep shadows lay;
Till nature's listless powers resume their wonted play.

PART II.

XXIX.

Oh, Art divine! Immortal Poesy!
Urania bends in sorrow from the skies,
And mourns o'er thy dishonor! Unto thee,
Genius was wont to offer sacrifice,
Nor with base minds contest the noble prize:
But now, presumptuous Folly ekes to wake
The heaven-strung lyre, and all its music dies!
The strain sublime, Dulness would undertake,
But with discordant touch, the chords of sweetness break.

XXX.

Let shallow rhymesters heed the truth I pen:
From Tempe's Vale, the Muses first impart
Just sense of beauty: By that standard, then,
Measure thy strength—weigh well each various part,
Nor strive, in vain, to 'climb the heighth of art:'
Lest, backward thou recoil, and fall undone,
From the ascent where Folly loses heart:
Or, like Icarus, soaring toward the sun,
Thy waxen pinions melt, ere half the flight be won.

XXXI.

Much of my song is tinctured with that thing,
Termed egotism: where the pronoun, I,
Stands out in bold relief: But I am king
In my domain—equal with those that ply
The fluent quill in theirs; and—live, or die,
Will no false delicacy have to blame,
That, when the beaten track did open lie;
I faltered, to inscribe my humble name,
On the proud portico of time-enduring Fame.

XXXII.

What shall deter—when borne on fiery wing,
Fancy-crowned genius dares the inspiring ray;
Leaves earth behind, with all its glorying,
To range beyond the visual orbs of day,
And move, an essence, where immortals stray:
I am no debtor to fair Learning's schools,
Fortune did ne'er the classic page display:
I follow impulse, and my simple rules
Nature, alike presents, to wise men and to fools.

XXXIII.

The while my Lovers lie in sleep's embrace,
And lose themselves in sweet forgetfulness,
The Muse attempts another strain, to grace
The Western forest-sprung Metropolis;
Where first she ventures on the stateliness
Of Epic song, and dares the heavenly flight,
To wing her way to that sublime recess,
Where Pallas sits, in intellectual light,
And triumphs o'er the dark incomprehensive night.

XXXIV.

Thrice has bright Phœbus coursed his annual round,
And winter, spring, summer and autumn drest;
Since, treading heavily o'er the unequal ground,
Seeking a home, food, covering and rest,—
There crossed the mountains, bending toward the West,
A VAGABOND: upon his brow sat care,
And sorrow dimmed his eye, as on he pressed
His weary steps, to reach that City, where
Hope spreads her pinions bright, and soars above despair.

XXXV.

I am that vagabond, that roving boy,
The unstable youth whom no fond ties could bind;
Averse to industry, he failed to employ
The royal hours of time to form the mind:
To thoughtless indolence alone inclined,
His morn of life in visions passed away,
And left no monuments of worth behind,
To cheer his manhood's retrospective day,
Or guide him in that path, where Virtue points the way.

XXXVI.

The nobler principles, that bind the soul
To stern integrity and moral worth,
And give the mind full vigor to control
The action of the will, from reason's birth;
Which make a paradise of various earth—
Which yield a charm where sterile mountains rise;
Which bid the desert smile in joyous mirth,
And call down blessings from the distant skies,—
He treasured not, but spurned the counsels of the wise.

XXXVII.

Taught the pure precepts of the noblest school
That graced the Augustan age, in Palestine;
Each moral sentiment, each golden rule,
The charm of truth, the force of light divine;
And all the array wisdom and grace combine,
Were lost on him: he threw that pearl away,
Richer than all the gems Golconda's mine,
Or Abait's bed e'er blazoned to the day:
The soul's bright talisman, and her immortal stay.

XXXVIII.

From the fair walks of virgin innocence,
Where sweet content and placid peace unite;
Where contemplation spreads the feast of sense,
And ever smiling hope leads on delight;
Far—far he strayed beyond her realms of light,
As from the centre to the utmost verge;
Pursued the wrong, nor turned to view the right,
Till the seared conscience ceased the will to urge,
And left him to his fate, floating on ruin's surge.

XXXIX.

Twice ten times round the central orb of heaven,
Wheeled in quaternion the circling years,
And still beheld the outcast onward driven,
O'er the dark billows sinful passion rears:
Tossed to and fro, his wretched spirit veers
As pain or infamy preponderate;
Till hovers wild despair—hope disappears,
And retribution, stooping to his fate,
Prepares to execute the long-delayed mandate.

XL.

The thunders roll—the clouds of wrath ascend,
The fiery bolt waits but the dread command!
When He, whose nod the hierarchs attend,
Bares his pierced side, extends his bleeding hand—
Justice beholds, and stays the uplifted brand,
As plead the merits of his sacrifice:
The fearful clouds dispel—the heavens are bland;
And smiling Mercy bending from the skies,
Bids the worn vagabond from sorrow's bed arise.

XLI.

O Thou, the Omnipotent, eternal King!
Whose fiat all the heavenly hosts obey—
Myriads of planets ever on the wing,
In pathless orbits wheeling their bright way
Around their stedfast centre's burning ray,
In harmony sublime; as did adorn
Heaven's minstrelsy upon that hallowed day,
When, with a shout of joy, the sons of morn
Hymned their Creator's praise, and sang the worlds new bo

XLII.

Who sitt'st enthroned above the heavens most high;
Above all principalities and powers,
Thrones and dominions of eternity—
Thyself Eternity, which ever showers
Light, life, and joy, to charm the circling hours,
Winged from the skies to course creation's bound—
If bound there be, where the Almighty dowers
Illimitable space, vast and profound,
With systems, and their kings, that gyre Jehovah round:—

XLIII.

At whose rebuke the astonished heavens recede,
Dismayed, and trembling, totter to their base!
While flying seraphs rest in midway speed,
And veil with purple wing each radiant face:—
Who makest darkness thy pavilioned place,
Thy mantle Truth, Omnipotence thy throne,
Thine empire boundless as unbounded space,
Thy being endless, and thyself unknown—
The One wise God, who reigns eternal and alone:—

XLIV.

Oh, what is man, that thou rememberest him,
Among the unnumbered myriads of space!
Archangel, cherubim, and seraphim,
In thy beneficence find less of grace:
For those who fell, of heaven's immortal race,
Or e'er the starred creation sprung to light;
Doomed to despair, no more behold thy face,
But bound in chains of adamant, the night
Of darkness closes round their legions, once so bright.

XLV.

Oh, what is man, so powerless and so poor—
Man, whose existence trembles on a breath!
Impatient, mean, implacable, impure,
The very slave of sin—victim of death;
That on this lower world, so far beneath,
Thy goodness sends the gentle blessing down,
Forgetful not: but binds the halo wreath
Of honor on his brow, and glory's crown:
Him who forgets thy mercy, and defies thy frown.

XLVI.

It is, that thy beneficence extends
Wide as the heavens, vast as infinity;
Above, below, and through creation sends
The rapture of immortal ecstasy;
That wills the lowliest of thy creatures see
Part of thy glory, and thy bounty taste,
Showered with unsparing hand, plenteous and free;
As on the fertile field, so on the waste,
In verdure clothing earth, bright, beautiful, and chaste.

XLVII.

It is, that for thy glory—thine alone,
Herb, flower and tree, mountain and vale were made:
The mighty deep, where awe hath set her throne,
The howling wilderness, the grove, the glade,
The blooming valley, and the verdant shade:
Where he, reclined in contemplative mood,
May list creation's hymn, as vocal made
By animated life,—and all subdued,
Lift his wrapt soul to thee, in blissful gratitude.

XLVIII.

It is that thou art God—the Source of all,
And man, the helpless creature of thy power:
Doomed to mortality from Eden's fall,
Dependent on thy will from hour to hour:
And though the clouds of time awhile may lower,
A darkened canopy above his head;
Thy Truth's effulgence lights the fearful bower,
Shows him the path of duty he must tread,
And points to that bright world where his reward is laid.

XLIX.

The verdant earth—his blooming dwelling place,
Albeit of her pristine splendors shorn,
Hath left enough of beauty and of grace,
To charm the bright eye of the peerless Morn:
When, from the blushing east, Sol's rays adorn
Hill, grove, and valley, with unclouded light;
And thousand sweets on lucid zephyrs borne,
Impregn the tremulous air; while gay Delight
Warbles her melody, echoed from every height.

L.

The Prince of Peace hath interposed between
Justice, and earth's contaminated spot:
The valleys bloom, the mantling hills are green,
The heavens drop manna, and the curse is not—
Mercy on the decree hath set a blot:
And, though the tree of life man tastes no more,
But bows to death, his once-appointed lot;
Heaven shall again the vital spark restore,
And all his youth renew on an unfading shore.

LI.

Within the reach of every being lies
A modicum of good—of happiness:
And he alone, in life, is truly wise,
Who gratefully accepts the proffered bliss,
Content to enjoy the placid loveliness—
The calm serenity of social life:
And, unambitious, save to compass this,
Pursues his even way, avoiding strife,
Blest in a tranquil mind, a home, and smiling wife.

LII.

Fond of variety, youth will not bide
Where nature, clad in verdure, knows no change;
His mountain streams in the same channels glide,
His flocks and herds o'er the same valleys range:
Tornado, fire and flood, fail to derange
The verdant beauty of his native plains;
Home still invites to tread the blooming grange,
His granaries o'erflow, his health retains,
Peace guards his bounds as erst, and comfort round him reigns.

LIII.

Oh, thankless he, for whom creation spreads
Her scenes and stores of every varied kind!
The foliaged forests and the flowery meads,
The hills, whose base the silver rivers wind—
Autumnal fruits by Summer suns refined,
The grateful berry and the luscious grape;
Whatever charms the ear, or wraps the mind—
Nature's sweet melody, by stream and brake,
Soft falling eve, or rosy morn when skies awake.

LIV.

Let him, who would forsake a happy home,
For the uncertain chance of fortune's prize;
Or tired of industry, or fond to roam,
Would leave his fair fields and his genial skies,
To mingle with a world wrapt in disguise,
Whose lips drop honey, and whose cheek wears smiles,
But whose true feature is deceit and lies:—
Attend the Muse, as she an hour beguiles,
Skims o'er the verdant plains, or skirts the sea-girt isles.

LV.

Inspired by Truth—smit with the love of song,
She wakes her simple, but prophetic lyre;
And while the notes in measured strains prolong,
Now rough, now smooth, now wrapt in wild attire,
Or in deep thought, or fancy's living fire—
She sings his fate, the son of discontent,
Who spurns the counsels of his hoary sire,
Perverts the choicest blessings Heaven hath sent,
And falls, an early victim, to the hours misspent.

LVI.

Far eastward, lies the spot that gave me birth,
Its name scarce heard beyond its narrow bounds;
A barren soil, where the diminished earth
Is lightly spread upon the rocky mounds:
A chain of serried hills the vale surrounds
East, north and west; upon whose summits drear,
The cold bleak blast full often whistling sounds,
Blighting the hopeful product of the year,
And shrouding winter's self in terrors more severe.

LVII.

There, toil hath set his seat amid the rocks,
There, earth's primeval curse the hills o'erspread;
The hills upreared a mass of rugged blocks,
And loosened stones compose the valley's bed:
From such a spot harmonious Nature fled,
Where faintly bloomed the roses of the Spring;
Where the tall forest reared its foliaged head,
And, like a dark and solitary king,
Its boughs of evergreen waved to the winter's wing.

LVIII.

Rough as their hills, and sturdy as their oaks,
The early rangers of this wilderness;
Above the forest rose their scattered smokes,
From many a deep and many a wild recess,
Themselves as wild, in nature's rudest dress:
No plough they followed—drove no team a-field,
But like the tawny hunter of the *West*,
Pursued the game o'er stream and lake congealed,
And made the shaggy bear and bounding panther yield.

LIX.

Years rolled around—on untired pinions borne,
Time winged his course, and found them still unchanged;
Like as their sires, the sons awoke the morn
With bugle blast, and through the forest ranged:
Prom gay parterres and verdant vales estranged,
They knew no fairer land—no richer spoil,
Than, for their rifle bullets they exchanged,
And Health, the handmaid of their roving toil:—
Offspring of temperance, and hardy as their soil.

LX.

The fearful war of Independence came,
And Freedom calls her sons—her sons obey;
Forth from their forests rush the souls of flame,
And mingle in the hot and bloody fray:
These hardy woodmen fought on that proud day,
That rose on Saratoga's bannered height;
Where, to the Eagle crouched, the Lion lay,
And quailed beneath his glance—shorn of his might,
Vanquished, and captive led in triumph from the fight.

LXI.

When—after years of battle, toil, and drills,
The flag of Freedom waved to victory;
With sloping arms, back to their native hills,
The war-worn veterans, scarred, poor, but free;
Retraced their weary steps, and joyfully
Assumed the garb and implements of peace:
Improved by travel wide, and company,
From their rude way of life they learned to cease,
And court the social arts that all our bliss increase.

LXII.

Beneath their lusty strokes the forest fell,
And the chilled soil, to Heaven's reviving ray,
Unmasked its bosom: Now no more, they dwell
In rough log tenements, or savage stray
O'er the wild hills, and in the forest lay:
Fair dwellings rear their roofs to cheer the sight,
And unknown comforts round their plots display—
The uncovered landscape drinks the morning light,
And, back to the blue skies, reflects the radiance bright.

LXIII.

Warmed by the solar ray, the silver streams
Teem with new life, that through the waters glide,
And bathe their scaly forms in the mild beams
That kiss the wave, and dance upon the tide:
The warblers of the air no longer bide
In the dark wood, but to the open plain,
Wing their light course in airy circles wide,
And breathe their raptures in a sweeter strain:
While social life around extends her smiling reign.

LXIV.

Slowly they turn from their half savage state,
And smooth the rugged aspect of their soil:
They fence the field, the furrow cultivate,
And cheer existence with a happier toil—
Plant the fair orchard for Pomona's spoil,
Apple and apricot, peach, plum and grape,
And reap the golden corn:—with wine and oil
The barren desert flows, and pleasures wake
On hill and lowly vale, by stream and placid lake.

LXV.

The vernal blossom of the blushing Spring,
That showers its odors on the breath of morn—
The rose of Summer, and the flowers that spring
Beneath Autumnal heavens, to adorn
The face of earth; and all the blessings born
Of industry, impregn my native hills,
And cheer the vale with fruit, with milk and corn:
With plenty, Heaven its humble tenants fills,
Secure in poverty, and guarded from life's ills.

LXVI.

Unknown to luxury, their wants are few,
And these sufficed, the calm of life is theirs;
That happy calm the wealthy never knew,
Damped by no fears, surrounded with no cares:
Where seldom vice th' unwary youth ensnares—
Remote from where 'tis seen, he hardly knows
That it exists: So pass their lives in Pairs,
Faithful and true; till weary time dispose
Their heads beneath the sod where their own sires repose.

LXVII.

Dear native spot, where peace for ever reigns—
The gift of Heaven to innocence and worth;
Oh, that I ne'er had left thy rugged plains,
To tread the velvet greenswards of the earth!
But, on that rocky mount that saw my birth,
Had been content to dwell, where dwelt my sires,
Industrious, temperate—yet with harmless mirth,
While the full soul had all her best desires,
Cheered, and enlivened their long winter-evening fires.

LXVIII.

Then had I 'scaped the ruin, that has hung
Disease and want upon my pallid brow;
Disrobed my soul of innocence, and wrung
My heart with sorrows, that full often flow
From eyes whose orbs have long since ceased to glow
With youthful fire; and in the wane of years,
Looked o'er the retrospect, without a wo
To cast a shadow o'er the view, which cheers
The entrance to that vale, where memory disappears.

LXIX.

Came the Saturnian change, or e'er my eyes
Saw fields or flowers: my childhood found them all,
Blooming beneath the ardent summer skies,
As risen at enchantment's magic call:
E'en the eternal barriers' rocky wall
Glowed with wild honeysuckles, from which hung
The nests of humming-birds, those visions small;
While, from the o'erarching branches, gaily sung
Thrush, blue-bird, and sweet robin, till the forest rung.

LXX.

Here passed the boy's young morn—here youth began
In innocence—had it but ended here,
I might have been what I am not; nor can
All fortune now yield one bright ray to cheer
The mournful recollection! Memory drear,
For aye intrudes the "wormwood and the gall,"
And conscience, linked with the pale demon, fear,
Presents the chalice at the eternal call,
Forcing my soul to drink it up—the dregs and all!

LXXI.

Oh! for a draught of Lethe's fabled stream,
Whose waters gave oblivion to the past!
The soul, new sprung to life, as from a dream,
Or recollection dim that cannot last,
Might reassume her dignity of caste,
Unconscious of its loss: and robed again
In innocence, upon the wings of haste,
Pursue fair virtue, nor pursue in vain,
And that sweet inward voice of self-applause regain.

LXXII.

But—is it not enough that I have felt
The softening influence of the circling hours,
While on my native hills I cheerful dwelt,
In childhood's happy prime; and gathered flowers
Beneath the waving arches of the bowers
Of nature; and reposed on mossy bed,
Fragrant and fresh from morning's gentle showers;
Or rambled through the dell, where fancy led,
Or o'er the hoary hills, where the light spirit sped:—

LXXIII.

Enough, that when in thoughtless youth I roved,
Among the wild, the vicious and the gay,
Whirled in the circles virtue ne'er approved,
And e'en to haunts of infamy did stray,
Where wanton Beauty, with a siren's sway,
Lures man to ruin:—ever near to me,
Some hovering angel marked my devious way,
With eyes of light controlled my destiny,
And led me safely through, where death and hell roved free:—

LXXIV.

That, when from home, with careless step I strayed,
Far from the scenes beloved, and still full dear;
Where childhood frolicked, and where boyhood played,
And buoyant youth glowed on the circling year:
Where'er I roamed—or far, or wide, or near,
O'er blooming lands, or through the wilderness;
I still found friends my wayward path to cheer,
And, in the hour of suffering and distress,
Some mild and gentle one, appeared to soothe and bless:—

LXXV.

That, when upon the wide and sullen deep,
Where treacherous billows roll their sluggish forms—
Where swift-winged tempests o'er the ocean sweep,
And while each element to battle warms,
Wrap heaven in clouds, and the deep sea in storms:
The Omnicient eye that never sleeps, watched o'er
The fortunes of the ship; and through the alarms
Of dashing surges, and the wind's wild roar,
Guided the trembling bark, and brought me safe to shore:—

LXXVI.

Enough, that after many a weary day
And sleepless night, upon the tented field:
Called by the drum to form the close array,
When the fierce squadrons of the foemen wheeled
To the dread trumpet's blast—where none might yield,
But, firmly braced before the bended knee,
Present the glittering bayonet, to shield
Against the heady charge of cavalry:
I saw sweet home again, from war and danger free:—

LXXVII.

That, while in pain and sorrow I have lived,
Still courting ruin on forbidden ground:
One spark of virtue has for aye survived—
One ray of light my brow for ever crowned,
That e'er dispelled the darkness hovering round,
While, ever and anon, as wo prevailed,
Mercy bent from on high—the chains unbound,
Unloosed the spirit, by despair impaled,
And swept the clouds away, that hope's bright beacon veiled:—

LXXVIII.

Enough, that I have tasted earthly bliss—
Not constant, but as Spring adorns the year;
Friendship and love, domestic happiness,
And all the tender bonds that make life dear:
That, wheresoe'er I turn, there doth appear
A blooming world, in thousand charms arrayed,
Where pleasure waits upon the fruitful year,
And hoary age, bright youth, and graceful maid,
Enjoy the bliss of life, in sunshine or in shade:—

LXXIX.

It is enough! and I will not repine
That self-reproach presents the bitter cup!
Fond recollection's gentler spells combine,
And give the scathed soul power to drink it up:
So, on the Alpine's bleak and glaciered top,
The goatherd labors through the drifting snow,
Hopeless, and while bleak hurricanes disrupt
The falling rocks—he casts his eyes below,
Sees his *loved valley smile*—resigns, and meets the wo

LXXX.

Warned by the Muse, let youth the path pursue,
Where Virtue leads the way; nor turn aside,
Though passion urge, though flowery pleasure woo,
And wanton bliss in tempting beauty glide:
In life's young morn, the vagabond allied
Himself to Vice, and in an evil hour,
Discarded Virtue for the unworthy bride;
That brought him sin and sorrow for her dower,
Robbed him of honor bright, and chilled each nobler power.

PART III.

LXXXI.

EXALT thyself in graceful majesty,
Queen of the mighty Valley of the West:
The starred tiara hovers over thee,
Ere long to settle on thy brow imprest:
Throned on a blooming vale, in beauty drest,
Beneath the bending hills of verdure bright:
Not less in excellence than power, be blest,
Not more in wealth than beauty: and thy flight
e on the eagle's wing—still upward in thy might.

LXXXII.

Let States encircle thee, as planets roll
Their vivid orbs around the king of day;
While, thine to guide, protect, defend, control
The glorious destinies that mark their way:
A chain of nations moving in array,
Linked hand in hand: while Freedom's flag unfurled
Upon thy Capitol—till Time grows gray,
Shall proudly float, on western breezes curled,
'he scarf of Liberty, and banner of a world!

LXXXIII.

City of gardens, verdant parks, sweet bowers;
Blooming upon thy bosom, bright and fair,
Wet with the dews of Spring, and Summer's showers,
And fanned by every breath of wandering air;
Rustling the foliage of thy green groves, where
The blue-bird's matin wakes the smiling morn,
And sparkling humming-birds of plumage rare,
With tuneful pinions on the zephyrs borne,
'isport the flowers among, and glitter and adorn:

LXXXIV.

Fair is thy seat, in soft recumbent rest
Beneath the grove-clad hills; whence morning wings
The gentle breezes of the fragrant west,
That kiss the surface of a thousand springs:
Nature, her many-colored mantle flings
Around thee, and adorns thee as a bride;
While polished Art his gorgeous tribute brings,
And dome and spire ascending far and wide,
Their pointed shadows dip in thy Ohio's tide.

LXXXV.

So fair in infancy,—O what shall be
Thy blooming prime, expanding like the rose
In fragrant beauty; when a century
Hath passed upon thy birth, and time bestows
The largess of a world, that freely throws
Her various tribute from remotest shores,
To enrich the Western Rome: Here shall repose
Science and art; and from time's subtile ores—
Nature's unfolded page—knowledge enrich her stores.

LXXXVI.

Talent and Genius to thy feet shall bring
Their brilliant offerings of immortal birth:
Display the secrets of Pieria's spring,
Castalia's fount of melody and mirth:
Beauty, and grace, and chivalry, and worth,
Wait on the Queen of Arts, in her own bowers,
Perfumed with all the fragrance of the earth,
From blooming shrubbery, and radiant flowers;
And hope with rapture wed life's calm and peaceful hours.

LXXXVII.

Oft as the Spring wakes on the verdant year,
And nature glows in fervid beauty drest,
The loves and graces shall commingle here,
To charm the queenly City of the West;
Her stately youth, with noble warmth imprest,
Her graceful daughters, smiling as the May—
Apollos these, and Hebes those confest;
Bloom in her warm and fertilizing ray,
While round their happy sires, the cherub infants play.

LXXXVIII.

So sings the Muse, as she with fancy's eye,
Scans, from imagination's lofty height,
Thy radiant beaming day—where it doth lie
In the deep future; glowing on the night
From whose dark womb, empires unveil to light:
Mantled, and diademed, and sceptred there,
Thou waitest but the advent of thy flight,
When, like a royal Queen, stately and fair,
The City of the West ascends the regal chair.

LXXXIX.

But beautiful and lovely as thou art,
So much of excellence with all inwrought;
Though like a vestal was thy early start,
Thou hast not grown untainted: men have sought
To introduce, with foul dishonor fraught,
The baser arts of life—the tricks of trade:
The venal wretches, to thy shores have brought
Corruption; and the power of wealth has made
The gambler company for the unsullied maid.

XC.

The renovator, Time, shall wipe from thee
What soils and what disfigures; as men prune
The rude and barren branches from the tree,
And wasting suckers: None shall then impugn
The motives of thy sons; but thy commune
Shall flourish in all honor, truth, and grace,
As walks in purity the vestal moon:
Virtue exalt the dignity of place,
And Heaven regard, well pleased, a worthy, happy race.

XCI.

Thy noble charities, where the opprest
Of want and sorrow, lose the sting of grief;
And, in sweet sympathy and comfort blest,
Find more than simple shelter and relief:
Thy institutions, where the instructive leaf
Is opened to the child of poverty:
Thy colleges of science—and, in brief,
A thousand efforts of philanthropy,
Shall cast a veil o'er all that ever sullied thee.

XCII.

Full many a year tossed on life's rudest billow,
My weather-beaten prow has made the land:
Here, would my aching head might find a pillow,
My fading form a bed upon the strand,
Smoothed by affection's warm and gentle hand:
So may I cease to roam with feet unblest,
Life's weary way upon the sterile sand:
And, in the queenly City of the West,
Find the lost home once more, where love and friendship rest.

XCIII.

Here would I pass life's few remaining years,
Beneath the shadow of these western trees:
Tread the green parks—the flower-dressed parterres,
And breathe the fragrant and elastic breeze:
In social freedom roam where fancy please,
Or o'er the hills, or through the blooming meads,
And court that happy calm—laborious ease,
As age's twilight manhood's day succeeds,
And down the hill of life my weary nature leads.

XCIV.

Oh, Richard! Oh, mon Roy! So sung the bard,
In homage to his liege; in death to cling
To his soul's loyalty, though fate had marred
The princely fortunes of the fallen king:
Inspired by gratitude, I too would sing,
Oh, Richard! Oh, my friend!—as memory's eye
Looks wistful, toward the past; sweetly to bring
Those recollections back that cannot die,
While consciousness remains, to welcome smile or sigh.

XCV.

Friend of more years than one! This tribute warm
The spirit offers at the shrine of worth,
One humbled soul—one grateful heart shall charm,
And light a placid glow, where smiling mirth
Hath long since faded in the blighting dearth
That brought me wo! Where Hope sits desolate,
Beside the cradle of her offspring's birth,
And rocks the sleeping dead! Then welcome, Fate,
While friendship soothes the past, and cheers the present stat

XCVI.

Child of misfortune—BEAUTY OF THE WEST—
Thy youth, thy sorrows, won my soul to thee!
I saw thee friendless, cheerless, and unblest,
And my scathed spirit wept in sympathy:
Sorrow hath shed her mildew over me—
A heart too warm to flourish in the blight:
And my eye dwells upon thee mournfully—
So young, so beautiful—to feel the bright
And genial morn of life, thus early fade in night!

XCVII.

Thrice have I sung this blooming, charming girl,
By her own name—the dearest name to me;
Whose tresses float in that bewitching curl,
That wooes the winds to kiss Love's drapery:
To grace another strain of poesy,
I'll call her Eglantine, and touch the lyre
To Beauty's chrysolite of purity:
Her rosy presence shall my heart inspire,
And eyes of brightness light my fancy's fervid fire.

XCVIII.

Fair is the blushing rose, that richly blooms
Upon the damask lip of smiling May;
And fair the snow-white lily, that assumes,
With the Lancastrian flower, the regal sway:
Sweet is the violet, in wanton play,
And sweet the ruby-drest carnation glows;
But fairer, sweeter, lovelier than they,
My Eglantine; whose fragrant beauty throws
A veil o'er violet—o'er lily, pink and rose.

XCIX.

Oh, would broad lands, or glittering hoards were mine!
I'd weave around this maid a woof of bliss:
Pleasure should wait upon my Eglantine,
And her pure spirit beam with happiness:
Her gentle breast should every care dismiss,
And beat responsive to its innocence;
While I, full happy in the consciousness
Of soothing pain—the nervous violence,
Should find in that sweet thought my grateful recompense.

C.

'Twould soothe my restless spirit to a calm,
My bosom lighten of the weary sigh,
To pour into her own the healing balm,
And dry the tear that glistens in her eye;
Smooth the affliction which I know doth lie,
Like a dark cloud upon her budding youth
Lead her beneath the vernal-dropping sky,
Through nature's vistas with a gentle ruth,
And guide her, by sweet paths, to the pure fount of truth.

CI.

It may not be, sweet child of love and sorrow!
For penury, and pain, and wo are mine:
Albeit I would, I cannot even borrow
The happiness of adding unto thine:
Then fare thee well, my charming Eglantine,
The loveliest flower that blooms upon the West:
Christ strengthen thee, to bear the ills that twine
Their ivy arms around thy gentle breast,
And if not here on earth, in Heaven above, be blest.

CII.

Full many a charming flower, of brightest hue,
Blooms on the verdant prairies of the West;
Reflects the morning light from drops of dew,
That lie impearled upon its glowing breast,
On which no mortal eye did ever rest:
But He who taught their beauties to expand,
Surveys each blushing charm from heaven imprest:
Smiles in each rosy cup, that, sweet and bland,
Breathes fragrance on the gale, to cheer a desert land.

CIII.

Though humble be thy birth—thy budding morn
Cheerless, and clouded oft with painful gloom;
He smiles upon thee, who did thee adorn
With living beauty, nature to illume:
Offering to Heaven that ever rich perfume,
With which God is well pleased:—the heart's delight,
Intent, all innocent, upon the bloom
Of rosy-mantled Spring—Thine eye so bright,
Drinks in the morning's beam, and shames the lamps of night.

CII.

Childhood and innocence are my delight,
And as time steals the lessening years away,
I soothe the moments in their rapid flight,
And fondly gaze on infancy at play:
Like them, was I once happy, thoughtless, gay,
Without a care to wrap the brow in gloom;
And now, as I descend the downward way,
My spirit smiles to see them bud and bloom,
Whose hands may plant a flower upon a Druid's tomb.

CV.

Sweet is the morn of life, when the bright eye
Sparkles in gladness; and the warm life blood,
Coursing through azure veins its purple dye,
Mantles upon the cheek the rosy flood
Of blooming health: Young cherub, fair and good
As the pure spirit on celestial wing,
Oft have I viewed thee by the verdant wood,
When Pan unlocks the emerald gates of Spring,
Listening with wild delight, to hear the blue-bird sing.

CVI.

Emblem of white-robed Innocence, whose ray
Smiles on thy virgin brow, unknit by care;
Sporting in joyous glee the live-long day,
Or by the rivulet, gathering posies, where
The wild rose flings its fragrance on the air,
And violet beds invite to bland repose;
Peace rest upon thy gentle slumbers there,
While round thy couch the radiant flowers dispose,
And Heaven its guardian ægis o'er the sleeper throws.

CVII.

Inhale ambrosial air—and be thy bed
Soft as the Sybarite's: music awake;
Her sweetest symphony around thee shed,
Tuned by the warblers of the deep green brake:
Thy dreams be calm as the unruffled lake,
Sweet as the spicy groves of Araby,
Bright as thy ruby lip—till the charm break,
Subverted by its own rich melody,
And the enraptured boy awake to ecstasy.

CVIII.

Arise, refreshed, all beautiful as Morn,
When Day bends over her with eyes of bliss;
With smiles the Graces shall thy cheeks adorn,
And on thy lips dissolve the rosy kiss:
Hie to the lawn, beneath yon precipice,
Charming as Love, gay as the laughing Hours:
No scene more beautiful or bright than this—
Adown the cliff the foaming cascade pours,
Whose base the ivy binds—midway, the clustering flowers.

CIX.

The peerless water-lily blooms below,
In stately elegance—the meadow's queen:
Tall as thyself, white as thy brow of snow,
The vestal of her tribe—with graceful mien
Bending in gentle triumph o'er the scene:
Pluck the pure flower to grace a fillet fair,
Twined from the laurel, or the ivy green,
And weave the tinted buds of morning there,
To bind the rich luxuriance of thy flowing hair.

CX.

Then, where the willow tresses o'er the stream,
Curving, like Dian's crescent in the west;
Floating supine beneath the solar beam,
By mossy banks in yellow cowslips drest,—
Stoop o'er the crystal waters, as they rest
Calm as May's eve, and in the mirror view
Thy counterpart, with hope and joy imprest:
Crowned with the evergreen—so fair, so new,
Thy soul beams from thine eyes, and wonders if 'tis true.

CXI.

Gaze on: the happy hours of childhood fly,
As evanescent as the morning dew:
Thy full-blown youth will ne'er behold a sky
As calm, as clear, of such cerulean blue,
As in the limpid waters meets thy view:
And Nature, in her gayest mantle dressed,
Reflected in that fountain's bosom too;
Ne'er raise such glowing rapture in thy breast,
As infant innocence enjoys—thoughtless and blest.

CXII.

Gaze on: enamored of the lovely scene,
With such delight thou never canst define;
Too soon, the clouds of care shall roll between,
Dispel the charm, and veil the glittering shrine,
Where all thy hopes—all thy desires incline:
When memory shall revert with fond regret,
To that sweet spot where childhood did recline,
Fast by the foaming cascade's lofty jet,
Stretched on the lilied bank, above the rivulet.

CXIII.

But present joy is radiant on thy brow;
Thine eye drinks in an ever-varying charm,
From all of earth that buds or blossoms now,
And naught within thy bosom wakes alarm:
Childhood is pleased—nor fears, nor knows of harm,
Whate'er the days, the weeks, or months unfold:
Surveys with equal eye the calm or storm,
Smiles at the pestilence, and uncontrolled,
Sports where the brave are daunt, and timorous the bold.

CXIV.

Then still be gay—the hours are blest to thee,
And life is chequered only with delight:
Still roam the verdant grove and valley free,
Still hail with rapture morning's blanched light:
Climb the green hill, and, from its sloping height
Survey the landscape stretching far and wide:
Whence music charms the ear, beauty the sight,
Rills murmur, cascades tumble, rivers glide,
And health, and hope, and joy, on the bland zephyrs ride.

CXV.

Still smile, in happy innocence arrayed,
Pleased with all nature—Heaven pleased with thee;
And when by mossy bank or sylvan glade,
Prone on the grass beneath the umbered tree,
Sleep hovers o'er thee, and the melody
Of airy songsters, lulls thee into rest:
Curtained around with heaven's blue canopy,
Still be thy slumbers sweet—serenely blest,
And not a sigh disturb the quiet of thy breast.

CXVI.

And when the charm breaks on the ambient air,
And whispering zephyrs call thee from repose;
Awake in smiles, like Hebe ever fair,
Clad in perennial youth, where fadeless glows
The oleanthus, and the damask rose:
Still buoyant rise, and vigorous to pursue
The harmless chase that no oppression knows:
That leads o'er hills, and blooming valleys through,
Where thou mayest course delight, over the morning dew.

CXVII.

All passionless, as Eden's pristine pair,
In heavenly grace and innocence arrayed—
Or e'er the accursed spirit of despair
Rose on death's clammy wing, from hell's dark shade;
Despoiled the fairest work the Eternal made,
And stripped it of its robe of purity:
Thou hast no guile, but in thy heart inlaid,
One sentiment alone is felt by thee—
That grateful filial love, which Heaven delights to see.

CXVIII.

Oh, that thy spirit might be ever bland,
As in the vernal hours of infancy!
Oh, that the ray of reason might expand
In simple lustre, and be ever free
From the dread knowledge of that fatal tree,
Whose bifold fruit mingles both weal and wo!
And virtue, crowned with immortality,
Throned in thy breast, light up the enduring glow
That radiates round the heart, and brightens all below.

CXIX.

The king of day declines in western skies,
And laves the purple heavens in molten gold:
While evening's shadows from the depths arise,
And o'er the valleys and the mountains rolled,
Divided empire with the morning hold:
With burning orbs the empyrean glows,
Wrought in celestial blue: the flowers infold,
The dews refresh, the streams their founts disclose,
And clasped in sleep's embrace, all nature seeks repose.

CXX.

Silence her solitary vigil keeps,
Throned on the frozen glaciers of the air;
Save where the tempest o'er the ocean sweeps,
And crests the troubled billows with despair:
The raging spirits of the storm are there,
Hurling destruction through the welkin's roar,
Lit by the forked lightning's lurid glare,
While deep-toned thunders on the rent air pour,
And shake the hoary mountains, and the sea-beat shore.

CXXI.

The howling winds, the darkened clouds of night,
The foaming wave, the spirits of dismay;
The subtle flash piercing upon the sight,
The bellowing peals along the ethereal way—
Disturb thee not, whom guilt ne'er led astray,
Pillowed on peace, and wrapped in innocence;
But visions of delight around thee play,
In refluent beauty, breathing redolence,
And watchful angels guard thee from all violence.

CXXII.

Till Morn unbar the portals of the east,
And lead the fiery steeds of Phœbus through;
Still rest from weariness, and pleasure's feast,
And balmy sleep thy infant strength renew,
To meet Aurora on the pearly dew,
Light as the silver dawn: then bound away,
And o'er the valleys pleasure still pursue;
Nor cease the chase, till circling years display
The full-arched brow of youth, when reason claims her sway.

CXXIII.

Farewell: the rosy hours are flying fast,
And Time, on sleepless pinion, never tires;
Spring's vernal blossom will not always last,
Nor day fulfil the assurance morn inspires:
Youth covets more than infancy desires,
And manhood more than youth: then be thy aim,
As years mature the intellectual fires,
Fair Virtue to pursue; and her white fame
Shall give thee grace in heaven—on earth, a noble name.

CXXIV.

Ah, me! Now desolate and all forlorn,
Alone, to tread the flowery fields of earth!
For me, no more, the vestal eye of morn
Wakes in the heavens, and lights creation's birth:
All—all is dark! and on my heart the dearth
Of blighted happiness so heavy lies!
That beams no more at the gay sound of mirth—
Nor ever shall—till weary nature dies,
And the freed spirit meets a child in yonder skies.

CXXV.

Sweet boy! whose advent o'er my being threw
A ray of Heaven's own bliss, as I beheld
A scion of mine own unfold to view
In infant loveliness: my bosom swelled
With rapture, by paternal love impelled,
That marked thy cherub form, thy sparkling eye,
Thy glossy brow, where Hope dominion held,
And smiled like morning in the vernal sky:
He faded in the bud—reserved to bloom on high.

CXXVI.

I mourn, for it is nature: but there is
A soothing thought for grief, which tempers mine:
His spirit rests within the bowers of bliss,
On Beulah's fields—there all his hopes resign,
Blest in fruition of the King Divine:
Where beams unclouded, one eternal day,
On ever-blooming vales, and groves benign;
Where streams of living waters gently stray,
And God contemplates pleased, his children's perfect way.

PART IV.

CXXVII.

O NYMPH, so fair, who woke sweet melody,
In other days, beneath the verdant hill;
While I, with mellow flute, accompanied thee,
Whose voice seraphic on my ear did thrill,
And chained the listening gallant at thy will—
Enchantress of the scene; canst thou forego
The memory of those hours, that did distil
A calm as placid as the silvery glow
Of her that walks in heaven, to cheer the vales below?

CXXVIII.

When, on his vernal pinions, Zephyr flew,
And touched to music the Æolian lyre,
That shook from leaf and flower the trembling dew,
And charmed the silent night—the heart's desire
Was there fulfilled, as virtue did inspire
Each warm, each tender feeling of the soul,
While ravished hope still fed the hallowed fire,
And heavenly raptures through each bosom stole,
That coyness would suppress, yet could not all control.

CXXIX.

What years of happiness, or years of wo,
Have wheeled their circles round, and passed away;
Since, in youth's buoyant, bright and fervid glow,
Beneath those green hills we were wont to stray,
When twilight drew the curtains of the day,
And Love awoke to watches of the night:
Hast thou been blest beneath life's placid ray,
Trod the smooth path of time serenely bright,
And quaffed at streams of bliss, and fountains of delight?

CXXX.

My fondest wish the sequel shall believe,
That wills all happiness to thee and thine;
For me, the rough and desert path conceive—
The cloud, the storm, the whirlwind have been mine:
Domestic bliss the canker did entwine,
And withered all the flower! For me, no more
The genial sun of happiness may shine,
'Till Heaven, appeased, the wanderer shall restore
Back to the scenes of youth, by Shiphan's verdant shore.

CXXXI.

My song shall reach thee in the joyous hour,
When Spring unfolds her beauties to the morn,
And robes again the winter-withered bower,
With creeping vine, and Flora's crimson horn:
Through flowery paths, fringed with the sweet hawthorn,
The Niles pure lily, and the damask rose,
With thee—whom Heaven and nature do adorn,
I'll tread the hills once more, while memory throws
Our thoughts back to those days of music and repose.

CXXXII.

The Muse returns to that sweet flower-dressed Isle,
Kissed by the gentlest billows of the deep,
Where left she, in a silent green defile,
The happy Lovers in the arms of sleep:
Bright Sol had gained the zenith's arched sweep,
From whose blue dome he pours his warmest beam,
And, peering brightly o'er the craggy steep,
Illumined all the glen—rock, shrub, and stream,
While the fond Pair awake from their long morning dream.

CXXXIII.

They wake to rapture, on the greensward lying,
Shaded by spreading palm, and holly tree:
Above them, gay rejoicing birds were flying,
Around, the spotted fawns and kids roved free,
Bounding and gamboling o'er the flowery lea:
Oh, happy they! to know themselves secure,
Safe from the tempest, and the raging sea:
No more to faint, to suffer, to endure,
But, in sweet Nature's bowers, tasting each pleasure pure.

CXXXIV.

Fond memory reverts to that dear home,
Far off in other lands, yet ne'er forgot:
Where childhood budded, and where youth did bloom,
And hope and love, from many a verdant spot,
That crowns the hill, or cheers the lowly grot,
Culled flowery bliss—which the enraptured soul
Reflected back in rosy smiles, that shot
From sparkling eyes, and ruby lips, that stole
Their sweetness and their tints from nature's glowing scroll.

CXXXV.

Sweet recollections to each heart return,
And love and joy in either bosom glow,
As to the other, each narrates in turn
Those little histories that lovers owe
To candor, and that lovers ought to know:
Those who have wooed, consented, and so forth,
Know what I mean; and how the parties grow
Into a knowledge of each other's worth,
By mingling sympathies, of sorrow or of mirth.

CXXXVI.

My ocean Lovers nothing did unfold—
They were unwilling Heaven itself might hear:
Of kindred or themselves, they briefly told;
But every flowery spot to memory dear,
Where their young pleasures grew from year to year,
They rambled o'er; feelings and thoughts pourtrayed,
Hopes and desires—till all the view was clear,
And the rich landscape of the heart displayed
A gallant, brave and true—a pure and spotless maid.

CXXXVII.

Hyperia, though shipwrecked on the sea,
Had suffered little loss, save trunk and purse;
In point of fortune, she was happily—
If none the better, at least none the worse:
Broad lands were hers—I find it in my verse,
And ample funds secured her maiden dower:
'Twas a mere trifle, too, to re-imburse
Her lover's loss; and in that happy hour,
She had the *will to do it*, that subject held the power.

CXXXVIII.

Orlando—as I've said or sung before,
Had lost his all, and was not worth a groat;
No fertile glebes for him adorned the shore,
And all his funds in bank were less than naught;
But nobly he concluded, that he ought
From her dear pledge the maiden to release,
And leave her free to act her better thought:
Free to annul, if it should mar her peace,
As welcome to confirm the contract of the seas.

CXXXIX.

So, gently he unburthened all his soul—
He told his love, touched on his poverty;
But would not fetter her—would not control,
Gave back her pledge, and bade her still be free:
"I could be well content to live for thee,
Had fortune left us equal, and bestow
All that hath sunk down in the unfathomed sea,
To bless thee through all life, in weal or wo:
But if thou ruest, dear girl, that claim I here forego."

CXL.

The sailor had not scanned his mistress' heart,
He did not know the depth of woman's love;
Or he had never pierced it with a dart
That paled the spirit of the meek-eyed dove:
If riches—as I oft have read—do prove
Sometimes a curse, they fall not less a shower
Of balmy blessing from the heavens above,
When Beauty hoards them for the trysting hour,
And woman's hallowed love pays down the princely dower.

CXLI.

She gazed upon him, as in doubt and fear
What he could mean; while, from her humid eye,
Fell on her mantling cheek the burning tear,
That from her gentle bosom woke a sigh:
"And canst thou think, companion dear, that I
Gave thee my virgin troth for aught but thine?
Or wo betide us in life's destiny,
Worse than we struggled with on ocean's brine?
Love holds thee to thy pledge, though all the wealth be mine."

CXLII.

"Forgive, my fair, I cannot doubt thy truth;
But it were base—ungenerous in me,
To wed thy beauty, gentleness and youth,
To my rough way of life and poverty:
My fortune is my sword—my home the sea;
If such a boon be worthy of thy hand,
Take it—my troth I will redeem to thee:
In peace, in war, on ocean or on land,
Henceforth my love and pride are all at thy command."

CXLIII.

The danger past, the blissful calm succeeds
To days of suffering and nights of wo;
While down the west the burning day recedes,
To meet the twilight's soft and mellow glow:
From pendant fruit, and streams that glide below,
Nature, refreshed, resumes her wonted bloom:
And, in their grateful spirits' happy glow,
The Lovers rise, and leave the dell's deep gloom,
To rove the verdant hills and valleys of perfume.

CXLIV.

Thus, arm in arm, the island they explore,
And mark the boundaries of their domain;
Where sea-green billows wash the flowery shore,
Drink the rich fragrance, winged from hill and plain,
And, ebbing, bear it to the azure main:
Pleased at each step, where Nature, ever mild,
Her rosy sceptre swayed in peaceful reign;
They wandered through her bowers, lovely, though wild,
And in sweet converse, Time of all his hours beguiled.

CXLV.

Thus, happy in the interchange of soul,
Through groves and vales, whose beauties never fade,
They roved together; sovereigns of the whole,
Or, wearied with delight, sought the green glade,
And rested sweetly in the fragrant shade:
To their cool dell at evening they retired,
And slumbered undisturbed, till Morning laid
Her torch upon the sky—the orient fired,
And heaven, and earth, and sea, with rosy light inspired.

CXLVI.

And here, in this terrestrial paradise,
Where beauty, with delight recumbent lay,
Beneath mild heavens, fair as Italian skies,
That glowed with fervor in the tropic ray;
Four blissful weeks the Lovers passed away,
And knew no discontent: Peace hovered there,
And smiled on happy Innocence at play:
Joy woke the morn, Hope fluttered on the air,
And Plenty offered all her tribute to this Pair.

CXLVII.

But one regret did trouble them the while—
Down in the deep abyss their wardrobes lay:
And the light dress in which they reached the isle,
Soaked in the brine, began to show decay,
Corroding hourly in the tropic ray:
If no deliverance came, what should they do,
When time had worn their garments quite away?
This was a question easy asked, 'tis true;
But which, to answer, would puzzle both me and you.

CXLVIII.

And much it puzzled them: with anxious face
They scanned the matter o'er, fain to devise
Some certain means, by which they might replace
The uncertain texture of their frail disguise;
But where to seek—whence draw the wished supplies,
Not e'en necessity, invention's mother,
In this emergency could aught advise:
They were in a dilemma, or a pother;
And, "wearied with conjectures," gazed at one another.

CXLIX.

Ingenious girl: At length Hyperia thought,
That, from the long sea-grass upon the shore,
A quite convenient mantle might be wrought,
And not ungraceful, loosely to throw o'er
The shoulders, fastened with a tie before:
To which Orlando gave his glad assent—
Adding, that he could plat a fathom or more
Of sinnate in a trice—and so they went
To slumber in a bower, quite happy and content.

CL.

But fate did not reduce them to this shift;
For Love and Fortune had them in their care:
A stately ship toward the Isle did drift,
To get a fresh supply of water there;
And furling sail, she dropt her anchor, where
That crystal stream which headed in the glen,
And wound its course along the valley fair,
Flowed to the sea: The boats were launched, and then
They gaily pulled for shore—the Captain and his men.

CLI.

The fragrant beauty Nature round him threw,
The golden fruit, that from the branches hung,
The cool refreshing breeze, that gently blew,
And murmuring, roved the trees and flowers among—
The gentle birds, that ever gaily sung,
And vocal made the dell with melody—
Tempted the Chief, a gallant gay and young;
And up the glen he wandered merrily,
To while away an hour, ere he put off to sea.

CLII.

He passed the grove of Palms, and wound his way
Beneath the orange trees' delightful shade,
Plucking the fruit, and forming a nosegay
From the sweet flowers that all the path arrayed:
And little dreaming, as he onward strayed,
Of an adventure in these peaceful bowers,
He stumbled on the lover and the maid,
Slumbering away the fervid noontide hours,
Stretched on a fragrant bed of verdant moss and flowers.

CLIII.

Could such a sight but greet my longing eyes,
In some fair isle spring from the azure sea,
I would not seek, in fancy's gorgeous skies,
For objects to adorn my poesy:—
The song of bird, the living scenery,
The verdant couch, the Lovers in repose,
The balmy shade, the ever blooming lea,
The stream, the glen—where fadeless nature glows—
These should inspire the strain, as morning paints the rose.

CXIV.

With wonder and delight, the gallant gazed
On the recumbent Lovers, sleeping there;
Around them antelopes and roe-bucks grazed,
And birds on gaudy pinions fanned the air:
Such manly grace—such maiden beauty rare,
In Nature's temple ne'er had met his eye;
And he did look upon them, as a Pair
Of bright Immortals, from the fields on high,
Upon a tour of pleasure from their native sky.

CLV.

And still he gazed, as angels gazed before,
Upon the twain that roved in Paradise,
Naked and not ashamed: but how much more
Was he enchanted, as her starry eyes
The maid uncurtained; and, with wild surprise,
Hid in her lover's breast her glowing face:
The truth flashed on his soul—not from the skies
Had they descended; but, of mortal race,
He saw the Hyperion and Hebe of the place.

CLVI.

A shriek—or something like it; it might be
An exclamation of surprise alone,
That from the maiden burst so suddenly,
And rather in a sharp and piercing tone,
Awoke her lover; who—I needs must own,
Slept rather sounder than a lover should;
But, starting up, confronted the unknown,—
At first sight, in no very pleasant mood:
Maidens, less fair than she, have caused a bloody feud.

CLVII.

But this was destined as a friendly meeting—
Benignant Providence the rescue sent:
The stranger bowed, and to his friendly greeting,
Orlando proffered the same compliment;
And, to his queries of a like intent,
Rehearsed their gloomy tale of wreck at sea,
And rescue from the boisterous element,
On this fair Isle; whose blooming drapery
Had tempted him thus far—haply, to set them free.

CLVIII.

I need not lengthen out my story here,
By quoting all the converse that ensued
Between the parties: how the joyful tear
Fell from Hyperia's eyes, and e'en subdued
The hardy seamen to the "melting mood:"
With sweet regret they bade the Isle farewell,
Where dwelt Delight in flowery solitude:
The ship unmoored—from off the land she fell,
And, spreading her white sails, ploughed through the briny swell.

CLIX.

There were two female passengers on board,
The Captain's sister one—a sweet rosette:
The other, a fair maid whom he adored,
For sailors worship, where their hearts are set:
Her raven tresses, glossy as the jet,
Curled round a bust of Parian purity:—
In short, she was as pretty a brunette
As ever stole a heart; or went to sea,
To plague the gallant tar who wooed her company.

CLX.

To these, the fair Hyperia was consigned—
The Captain undertook Orlando's case:
And, what with free ablutions, and the kind
Attentions of their hosts, in a brief space
They both appeared with renovated grace:
Hyperia, in a robe of lilac hue,
And turban, *a la Francais*, trimmed with lace;
Orlando, shaved by one of the ship's crew,
And very much at ease, in a full suit of blue.

CLXI.

Oft have I, in my wayward course of life,
When lowered the dark clouds of adversity—
Ere I had won, and since I've lost a wife—
Tasted of that delicious luxury,
A change of linen: but, alas, for me,
An almshouse beggar, now, upon the shore,
Misfortune, or a callous destiny,
Hath brought me to the "annals of the poor:"
The sport of *little men*—my wardrobe I deplore.

CLXII.

Descend from heaven, enchantress of my soul,
And look, and see—consider all my grief:
Break the rude bondage I cannot control,
And give this aching head and heart relief!
Remember I, thy votary, am but brief,
And cannot last for aye: smile on the flower,
And wake a glow upon the fading leaf,
Or e'er it wither from the living bower,
Unblest by morning's beam, or evening's dewy shower.

CLXIII.

The breeze was fair, and steering toward the west,
Light o'er the wave the gallant vessel flew:
Crossed the Gulf stream, in swelling canvas drest,
And near the shores of Carolina drew:
On the fifth morning she was lying to,
Waiting a pilot; and with the flood tide,
Before meridian passed the narrows through,
And bearing up in naval grace and pride,
Furled her white pinions, and at anchor safe did ride.

CLXIV.

Heaven doth the maid to her dear home restore,
And lays the lost one in her Parent's arms!
The cry of joy—the fond embrace is o'er,
And heart-felt gratitude each bosom warms:
The smile of peace succeeds to fear's alarms,
And all is happiness, where all was wo:
Hyperia hath lost nothing of her charms,
Her spirits reassume their wonted flow,
And on her cheek the rose blushes a richer glow.

CLXV.

The brave companion of her long distress,
Is welcomed as a guardian angel there:
Maidens, and youths, and friends around him press,
And thank him for his courage in despair:
His manly look, his firm, but modest air,
Win every heart: the blessing of the Sire,
And grateful Mother, are the Hero's share:
Virtue applauds, while Beauty doth admire,
And rich in this reward, man hath his full desire.

CLXVI.

Again Hyperia beheld her flowers,
And breathed the dewy fragrance each distils:
Again she slumbered in her myrtle bowers,
To the soft tinkling of the crystal rills:
Again she rambled o'er her native hills,
And trod the well-known dell where childhood strayed;
Again she saw their humble domicils,
Whose destiny she smoothed in light and shade—
Or she was kind to them, and they adored the maid.

CLXVII.

But now, no more, she rambles all alone,
Like a wood-nymph in solitary gloom;
A dear companion clasps her slender zone,
While her cheek mantles with a rosier bloom:
With him she wanders o'er the fields of broome,
Through the palmetto brakes, and china groves;
With him inhales the morning's sweet perfume,
And breath of eve—with him admires and loves,
And Heaven itself is pleased, and its fair work approves.

CLXVIII.

Fair rose the Morn that crowned their hopes with bliss,
And beamed celestial radiance from her eyes;
Saluted Orion with her rosiest kiss,
And laid her blushing cheek upon the skies:
From the bright landscape grateful odors rise,
And float around upon aerial wings:
"Rejoicing Pan," with sweetest melodies
Wakes all the sylvan train, and Nature flings
A mantle o'er the earth richer than worn by kings.

CLXIX.

Four graceful Nymphs attend on the fair Bride,
Four stately Gallants wait upon the Groom;
He moves all radiant in manly pride,
And she all beautiful in maiden bloom:
Circling her brow, a chaplet breathes perfume
From the white rose—emblem of purity;
And mantling o'er her cheek in bright illume,
That glowed beneath her light veil floating free,
Its damask sister burns on her virginity.

CLXX.

In airy folds descending from her waist,
A snow-white robe of virgin drapery,
Fell on the ground—a train of tissue chaste,
That swept the flowery sward full gracefully:
Around her neck her tresses floated free,
Kissed by fond Zephyr; while her starry eyes,—
Bright as bright Hesperus, shot radiancy
From Beauty's heaven, where rosy rapture lies,
And tempts the adoring Youth to Love's idolatries.

CLXXI.

Before the altar of high Heaven they stand,
Where youth and beauty wait in rich array:
The hoary Sire receives her lily hand,
And, with his blessing, gives the Bride away:
On bended knee, hand clasping hand, do they
Redeem love's pledge given on the dreary sea,
And they are wed as Holy Church doth say:
While, to the organ's deep-toned melody,
The blooming train respond in sweetest harmony.

CLXXII.

I wot that day Time moved in tardy flight,
And seemed a sluggard; till the ardent king
Resigned his sceptre to the queen of night,
And slumbered in the west: The revelling,
The song, the dance are o'er: the bridemaids bring
The trembling Virgin to the chamber, where
Love spreads the couch, hovers on rosy wing,
Celestial odors breathes upon the air,
And showers hymeneal bliss upon the wedded Pair.

CLXXIII.

Eros and Anteros the rites befriend,
And watch the nuptial couch on either side:
Eros, the burning Bridegroom doth attend,
And Anteros waits on the blushing Bride:
Recumbent Hymen there is deified,
In that sweet sacrifice the Heavens approve:
Till morn awake on them beatified,
The exulting Muse retires from the alcove,
And draws the curtain round the couch of wedded love.

CLXXIV.

My song is ended: Those who list the strain,
May read the moral in the numbers wrought:
Youth, starting upon life's untravelled plain,
With pure integrity of purpose fraught;
Pursuing Truth where'er she may be sought,
And when the bright reality is found,
Embracing her, with singleness of thought—
Though, for a brief space, trials may abound;
Virtue with happiness shall soon or late be crowned.

CLXXV.

That hallowed tie which binds with silken bands,
And charms with mutual love life's changeful way;
Unites the spirits, while it joins the hands,
Of those alone, that in youth's brilliant day,
Seek Truth, prepared her counsels to obey:
Those sweet attachments in each breast arise,
That glow the warmer as their years decay;
And, like the bow of promise in the skies,
Smile through the storms of life, and cheer its parting sighs.

CXXVI.

I've drawn a Maid possessed of every grace,
That can adorn the woman: at her side,
A noble-minded Youth exalts the place
Heaven destined man to fill: his, is the pride
Of virtue; hers, the heavenly charm allied
To purity of thought; and such shall bloom
From youth to age, while nature doth abide:
There lives diffuse around a sweet perfume,
That memory delights to hallow from the tomb.

CLXXVII.

All are not such as these my Lovers are,
Modest, and virtuous, and nobly good;
Alas! that beings formed by Heaven so fair,
Cannot, or will not flourish as they should—
Vice and dishonor sully Youth's warm blood,
Beauty is stained with infamy and shame:
Less real grace with woman is imbued,
Than gallantry associates with her name:
And viler man despoils her of her fairest fame.

CLXXVIII.

Virtue 's a base commodity in life,
And he's a fool at forty years of age,
Who hath not found it out: Wealth gains a wife,
Where poor, but honest worth, can seldom wage
Successful rivalry: There is a rage
For luxury abroad, that soils the robe
Of female purity; and I'll engage,
That the first question asked o'er half the globe,
Is, "Are his prospects good?" The answer ends the probe.

CLXXIX.

The flying teacher, Time, hath taught me this—
That woman is no angel, man no god;
That earth is not a paradise of bliss,
And peace is only found beneath the sod:
His feet with rarest sandals have been shod,
Who, in the lapse of years, can life review,
From youth to age, and feel that he has trod
A flowery path, for this, at least, is true—
Unmingled wedded bliss is tasted but by few.

CLXXX.

Since I have been deceived in woman's truth,
I have looked deeper in the female heart:
I've scanned her in the morning of her youth,
Wedded and single: but may not impart
All that I know: suffice it, that her art
Keeps pace with her simplicity; and though
In Beauty's lovely ranks, for the most part
Virtue predominates—vice is not slow:
I think, but dare not tell, all that I chance to know.

CLXXXI.

The infant girl coquettes, scarce three feet high;
The ripened maiden of sixteen knows more
Than her grandmother did, when girls were shy,
And blushed to think of love:—when maidens wore
The priceless jewel, modesty, and bore
Their honors with all grace: now, changed the scene,
And loss of delicacy we deplore:
The bush is still luxuriant and green,
But of its damask flowers, how very few are seen!

CLXXXI.

While passion burns in the hot veins of youth,
And purple hope leads up life's glowing morn,
Experience to the lover tells this truth—
There never bloomed a rose without a thorn;
And many a wretch, that wanders now forlorn,
Once fondly thought the flower would never fade,
Nor breathe an air less fragrant: Man is born
To disappointment, and has ever paid
More for his toys, than they are fairly worth in trade.

CLXXXII.

Think not thy mistress is a being pure
As the wrapt seraph of immortal fame;
But ever as thy fond desire would woo her,
Remember she is frail—thyself the same;
And if she fall, thou hast no cause for blame:
Though Heaven gave love for mutual happiness,
In sin it budded, and it blooms in shame;
And if thou wed, content thyself with this—
"For better or for worse," to take the proffered bliss.

CLXXXIII.

So to the blooming girl, graceful and fair,
All lovely in her maiden modesty;
I, for her sake, the self-same truth declare,
While yet her hand, if not her heart, be free:
Examine well the youth who sues to be
The happy man, nor trust him without thought—
Fair is the appearance of the Upas tree,
But with a subtle juice its core is fraught:
Beauty are not always MEN,—and girls should thus be taught.

CLXXXIV.

Thousands that bear the form, of noble mien,
Genteel in person, manners and address;
In Beauty's hallowed presence ever seen
Modest and moral: yet—with arts not less
Subtle than Lucifer erst used to press
Fair Eve to ruin—win her confidence,
And, as the serpent charms, tempt loveliness
With sweet and all resistless violence,
To wed a VAMPYRE—or yield up her innocence.

CLXXXVI.

The warning is well meant, toward youth and maid,
For our First Parents' graces are but scarce;
Courtship's a cheat—an overreaching trade,
And wedlock little better than a farce;
Or rather, it is often something worse—
Ending in tragedy! God make us better,
And purify the UNION of its curse:
Beauty wed WORTH e'en to the very letter,
And bless, through life, the day Love bound the rosy fetter.

CLXXXVII.

Fragrant and fair, the Garden of my Muse,
Where blooms the Amaranth—immortal flower;
Where hallowed Love dissolves ambrosial dews,
And heavenly Beauty blossoms on the bower:
Here bend of earth, the pride, the pomp, the power,
The rich, the poor, the bondman and the free;
The heart's best homage offer woman's dower:
Incense, and gold, and gems, and jewelry—
A tribute wide as earth, and deep as is the sea.

CLXXXVIII.

Here bow I too; and hopelessly admire
The picture fair my fervid fancy draws;
But where the object of its warm desire,
Unknown to me as Nature's secret laws:
Or, is it that I doubt HER just applause,
Whom Heaven bestows to charm the lease of life?
It is not so—but I'm not what I was:
The head and heart are evermore at strife,
One mourns the spotless bride—one mourns the sullied wife.

CLXXXIX.

So loved Prometheus the statue fair,
His hands had wrought; and prayed all powerful Jove,
To animate the marble with the air
Of vital being from the skies above:
The Sire of gods the suppliant did approve,
And sent the winged herald, Mercury,
To warm the image with the breath of love;
That woke to life, like Venus from the sea,
To bless the Artist's arms with maiden purity.

CXC.

Oh, happy Pair! that in youth's purple morn,
Have known the extremity of wo and sorrow;
Life's various trials now may well be borne,
Prepared for smiles to-day, or tears to-morrow:
From apprehension, grief no more shall borrow,
But, taught in that stern school, adversity,
Resign your way, or be it broad or narrow,
To Him, whose eye is on the land and sea,
And not a sparrow falls, unknown to Deity.

CXCI.

Live and be blest: benignant Heaven send down
Its brightest influence to charm your way;
Love, with delight your youthful morning crown,
And solace age in its declining day;
And as Time bears the circling years away,
In virtue rear a blooming progeny,
As good and lovely as yourselves: so may
The evening of your lives unclouded be,
And duty all performed, ripe for eternity.

CXCII.

Haply, when Time hath silvered o'er my head,
And life's last scene is drawing to a close—
To what sequestered spot I may be led
By Heaven's kind hand, to find that last repose,
Where fade earth's pleasures, and resolve its woes:
I may not then regret, nor vainly weep,
That, when to tune the Doric reed, I rose;
A Vagabond awoke from slothful sleep,
And sang, O Delphian Muse, "THE LOVERS OF THE DEEP."

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

ISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

"FORGET ME NOT."

INSCRIBED TO PEYTON S. SYMMES, ESQ.

As erst I wandered, lone, in sadness,
  Still bending toward the glowing West,
And smiling Nature, breathing gladness,
  In Summer's verdant robe was drest;
While thought reverted back to childhood,
  And memory traced each well-known spot;
I paused a-sudden, in the wildwood,
  Struck by that flower—"Forget me not."

'Twas strange, within the forest shadows,
  To meet a pink of so much fame;
Whose place, methought, should be the meadows,
  Where first the Nymphs gave it a name:
But I had seen up wild Missouri,
  Where I bore arms and little got,
In her dark woods a dark eyed Houri,
  Sweet as this flower—"Forget me not."

It bloomed alone among the heather,
  And wooed, beneath the umbrageous glade,
The balmy kiss of cooling zephyr,
  And dew-drop on its bosom laid;
And looked as it might have been planted,
  To catch some Wanderer's eye, I wot,
As on its petals slept enchanted,
  The hallowed wish—"Forget me not."

I gazed, while each fond recollection
  Rushed on the pained and startled mind,
That mirrored there, the dear reflection
  Of many a one now left behind:
I turned with agony of feeling,
  Toward the East—my native cot;
I stretched my hands, my senses reeling—
  I wept, and sighed—"Forget me not."

O, friends, beloved in life's young morning—
  The fair, the virtuous, whom I knew;
When Hope, the rosy hours adorning,
  Upon her brightest pinions flew:
Here, in the lonely wilderness,
  Where Fate suborns I know not what;
My heart turns back for one caress,
  And asks this boon—"Forget me not."

O, ever dear, indulgent Father,
  Where roams your wandering wayward child!
'Tis bitter fruit he finds to gather,
  Within the dark and stormy wild:
Forgive—I ask it with submission,
  Him, who thy counsels set at naught,
And, while I weep tears of contrition,
  O, Sire beloved—"Forget me not."

There is a love that burns in sorrow,
  And glows the warmer in regret;
That nothing hath from hope to borrow,
  Till life's declining sun hath set:
The memory of the dear departed—
  For ever hovering in the thought,
Still smiling on the broken-hearted,
  And whispering still—"Forget me not."

A burst of agony the strongest,
  O'erwhelmed my spirit drowned in tears;
Regrets, that aye will last the longest,
  Through days, and weeks, and months and years:

Child of my hopes, so early taken,
Just budding like a rose—forgot
By her, who has thy Sire forsaken,—
She cannot say—"Forget me not."

The little prattler Heaven transplanted—
"Kiss me," I said, or ere he went;
He heard, for it was all he wanted,
And toward my lips his own he bent:
He could not speak, for he was dying,
But with a look that love begot,
His eye imploringly replying,
Did seem to say—"Forget me not."

Forget thee, William? Ah, no, never!
My heart shall bear thy memory,
Until the breaking strings dissever,
And flies my spirit up to thee:
And while I mourn in sorrow driven,
With penury and pain my lot,
Look down on thy lone Sire from Heaven,
And child beloved—"Forget me not."

Years have rolled round, and many a morrow
Has dawned upon me, since the hour,
I met, in very want and sorrow,
That sweet, but solitary flower:
Yet ofttimes since, with pain and pleasure,
My heart reverts to that wild spot,
Where virtue wept her fullest measure,
At sight of the—"Forget me not."

The storm of life will soon be over,
Disease is preying at my heart:
As I have lived I die, a lover,
The priest of nature—not of art:
But let me once more see repluming,
The hill, the valley, grove, and grot,
And Spring o'er all the landscape blooming,
And that sweet flower—"Forget me not."

But whether I may bloom or wither,
When Pan unlocks her emerald gates,
One thought shall still console me, whither
I go, to meet the triple Fates:
I have gained friends, not a few in number,
Who will my errors kindly blot,
And when I rest in life's last slumber,
Remember, and "Forget me not."

But ah, how lonely is the present—
The future must be lonelier still;
For ever yearning toward the absent,
That cometh not, nor ever will!
'Tis not so hard life to surrender,
When that DEAR ONE attends the cot,
To whom, the passing soul may render—
Friend of my heart—"Forget me not."

I would my bed might be as lonely,
As I have been for many years;
One mourner bending o'er it only,
To drop one tear, but never tears;
That when sweet Zephyrus is sighing
Among the trees that shade the spot;
That flower may meet the gaze undying,
And whisper there—"Forget me not."

When my last moments Time is stealing,
And death's dark film is on my eyes,
And that dread change about revealing,
From which to bliss or wo I rise:
Oh, then, for hope of my salvation,
THOU, who my being didst allot,
Look on this form of thy creation,
And, KING OF KINGS—"Forget me not!"

Cincinnati, Dec., 1839.

ADDRESS TO SPRING.

INSCRIBED TO M. M. NOAH, ESQ.

QUEEN of the verdant hill and flowery vale,
The leaf-clad forest and the balmy gale,
  Where dost thou stray so long?
Queen of the sylvan bower, where jasmine twines,
When dewy morn in soft-eyed splendor shines,
  Where is thy Pan—and hark, where is his song!

Oh, 't is not heard within this forest glade,
He tunes his rural pipe beneath the shade,
  Where woodbine wreathes along:
Where branching boughs with graceful foliage bend,
And plumaged quires in varied chorus blend
  Strains of wild melody, to mock his song.

Hope whispers wistfully—'not far away;'
Yet trembles, fearful of a long delay,
  Or e'er thy train is seen;
For frowning Winter shows him loth to go,
And ever and anon, with sleety snow
  Obscures thy favorite carpet's teeming green.

Haste, charming Queen, in Eden's pristine bloom;
Sweet harbinger of love and beauty, come,
  On the mild west winds borne:
'T is time the early lark essays his wings,
And from his yellow plumes the dew-drop flings,
  To mount the azure sky, and wake the morn.

'T is time the embryo blossom decked the trees
With honeyed cups, that tempt the humble bees
  Forth to the fragrant vale:
Languish the humming-birds at early hour,
To sip the dewy sweets from flower to flower,
  And sport their tuneful pinions on the gale.

O'er hill and dale, from morn till noon I stray;
From noon till eve, still wend the mazy way,
The leafless trees between:
No purple violet meets my searching eye,
And where the moss-crowned rivulet murmurs by,
The cowslip, fairy flower, is not seen.

Nature, for shame! is naked, charming Queen;
She blushes for her robe of living green,
And tints of heavenly hue:
Then cast thy mantle round the fair forlorn,
Let vernal blooms the trembling Nymph adorn,
And wreathe her bosom with the pearly dew.

Let tuneful Pan the sylvan boys advance,
"Knit with the Graces and the Hours in dance,"
To lead their Queen's bright way:
Again the halcyon days of joy shall be,
Loved rural walks, and rural minstrelsy,
And blooming Spring reward her poet's lay.

New-York, April, 1818.

SUNSET IN AUTUMN.

Bright Sol declines in western skies,
And sets in glory there;
His last ray on the circle lies,
And streams along the air:
The golden beam refracted bright,
Gleams upward from the west,
And in a flood of rosy light
The azure heavens are drest.

The vivid hues descend below,
With beauty paint the earth,
Till hills, and vales, and forests glow
As at their primal birth.

The hills, in radiant splendor drest,
  The vales, in gilded green,
The trees, with crimson tints imprest,
  The flowers, with sparkling sheen.

With softest touch, the lights and shades
  Through the long vistas gleam,
And mellow in the everglades,
  And kiss the flowing stream:
And soft the blended colors lie
  On rock, on tree, and flower,
Like rainbows fallen from the sky,
  Beneath an April shower.

The birds, from forest, hill and plain,
  All upward take their flight,
And warble in a richer strain
  Their anthems of delight:
Their varied plumage, as they fly,
  A thousand tints unfold,
That flash beneath the rosy sky,
  In purple, green, and gold.

Nature herself is charmed, and feels
  The magic of the hour,
As bland and bright the radiance steals
  Upon each waving bower:
The pearly eye of waking morn,
  The blaze of risen day,
Nor earth, nor sky, did e'er adorn
  With such a rich array.

Not all the beauty of the Spring,
  Her soft delicious dawn,
When shrub and tree are blossoming,
  And flowers bloom o'er the lawn:
Not May's blue sky, her evening fair—
  Not all conjoined in one,
Nor Summer's twilight, can compare
  With Autumn's setting sun.

What language can the scene portray,
Where beauty all pervades!
What verse can paint declining day,
That triumphs while it fades!
The artist throws his pallet by
In utter hopelessness,
And gazes on the glorious sky,
With rapture and distress.

When Nature fails—when strength decays,
And Time's last glass has run;
Oh, may my life's declining rays
Be like this setting sun!
In faith, behold that happy shore—
Or e'er my latest breath—
Where sin and pain are known no more,
And, ravished—smile in death!

Cincinnati, Oct., 1839.

SONG.

THE wretch who toils beneath the line,
To catch the diamond's sparkling ray,
May bear that bright gem from the mine,
Which frees him to the upper day:
His head is crowned
With garlands round,
Soft music wakes its melody,
In tears he smiles,
Forgets his toils,
And lives, redeemed from slavery.

But me no ray of hope attends,
To light the abyss of dark despair;
The jewel that MY fate unbends,
Lies hid in deeper darkness there:
Nor wealth, nor fame,
Nor gallant name,
My radiant morn of manhood greet;
The slave of love,
Love's slave I rove,
Or sigh, enchained at Beauty's feet.

SATURDAY NIGHT AT SEA.

WRITTEN ON BOARD THE LA PLATA FRIGATE.

WHILE the shores of our country recede from our view,
And the breeze wafts the tall ship the blue billows through,
As oft as the sun dips the circle we see,
We 'll remember the land of the brave and the free.

Where'er we are wafted, the wide waters o'er,
Fond memory turns to our own native shore;
There is life on her mountain tops, health in her gales,
And plenty luxuriates over her vales.

The flowers of her Vernal months ne'er were excelled,
And the fruits of her Autumn the south cannot yield;
Their beauty, their fragrance, their freshness outvie
What ripens or blooms 'neath a tropical sky.

The Graces, so famed by the poets of old,
Here bloom like the Houris, in Paradise told,
As clasped in chaste Dian's, the huntress's vest,
With Columbus they passed from the East to the West.

While Time changes all things, as constant he flies,
And new lands are peopled, new empires arise;
Round the Maids of the West the bright mantle they furled,
And grace, love, and beauty adorned the New World.

We will love them while mounting the billows afar,
And more, when the tempests and waters make war;
Though we fly them awhile, on the wings of the wind,
Our hearts, as a pledge, we have left them behind.

Then pass round the can, and re-echo the strain;
This night we will pledge them again and again:
With our hearts warm with truth, send the sentiment round,
To our Sweethearts and Wives on our own native ground.

STANZAS.

TO EVELINE.

When absent from thee, all is lonely,
And happiness is lost in pain;
Or, if it cheers my heart, 'tis only,
The hope of meeting thee again:
The balmy grove, the crystal fountain,
The bright parterre, with Flora gay,
The lilied vale, the laurelled mountain,
Lose every charm if thou 'rt away.

But when, beneath the lamps of heaven,
I meet thee in love's thrilling power,
To night's dark scenery is given
The charm of morning's rosy hour;
And when the silver queen of even,
Tells parting in the western skies,
'Good night'—is like from Eden driven,
And Eve, too, lost with Paradise.

THE DAWNING OF THE DAY.

Light's silver ray o'ertakes dun night,
Receding from the eye of morn;
The eastern hills are looming bright,
And purple clouds the heavens adorn:
Aurora's bird, the lark, is heard
To warble up his airy way;
In spiral flight, mounts over night,
To hail the Dawning of the Day.

The songsters of the grove awake,
As swells on high the matin strain,
On airy wing glide from the brake,
To verdant hill or flowery plain:

Soft pæans swell, from vale and dell,
  Fond Echo answers to the lay,
While Zephyr flies, from western skies,
  To meet the Dawning of the Day.

The timid hare and hart are seen
  To leave the secret lair of night,
And crop the tender blades of green,
  Or ere the heavens are streaked with light:
While, bathed in dew, the flowers renew,
  And Nature smiles, serene and gay,
With humble voice, they too rejoice,
  And hail the Dawning of the Day.

The flocks and herds that browse the vale,
  The welcome ray of light behold,
Snuff with delight the fragrant gale,
  And seek the well-known verdant wold:
There, lowing, rove, beside the grove,
  Or o'er the verdant meadows stray:
Crop the young grass, a rich repast,
  And hail the Dawning of the Day.

Gay chanticleer, the wakeful bird,
  His shrill-toned clarion sounds afar,
And oft throughout the night is heard,
  This herald of the morning star:
Till, when the sheen arrays the scene,
  With dusky rose, and silver gray,
He strains his throat, with one wild note,
  To hail the Dawning of the Day.

Sweet Dawn of Day, the Muses' friend,
  The fount of hope and cheerfulness,
How calmly—how serenely blend
  The beauties of thy morning dress:
The brightening east, the deep blue west,
  The trees and flowers in rich array,
The verdant vale, the freshening gale,
  That cheer the Dawning of the Day.

Then, let the sluggard lie supine
  On beds of down, the gift of wealth;
The rosy hour of morn be mine,
  Whose benison is joy and health:
Thus, let me tread earth's dewy bed,
  As fades the star-lit night away;
Breathe the pure gale, nor ever fail
  To meet the Dawning of the Day.

Cincinnati, Sept., 1836.

TO HELOISE.

WRITTEN ON BOARD THE LA PLATA FRIGATE.

From thee, Heloise, I go,
  By fortune forced away,
Where the rude tempests fiercely blow,
  And clouds obscure the day:
On the false billow borne,
  No joy remains to me;
My bosom swells, with anguish torn,
  And pants for only thee.

While now my sorrows weep,
  The ship, with swelling sails,
Glides to the bosom of the deep,
  And courts the western gales:
I turn to view the shore,
  And strain mine eyes to see
The land that holds all I adore—
  Heloise; 'tis only thee.

But though we part awhile,
  Divided by the main,
Our kinder fortunes yet may smile,
  And re-unite again:
This hope 's the blissful cup
  That cheers me on the sea,
The tide that bears life's spirits up,
  While I am far from thee.

Let elements engage,
  And winds and waters war,
I will not fear their utmost rage—
  Thou art my polar star;
And true, as to the pole,
  The needle points at sea;
So true, so constant is my soul,
  It turns to only thee.

Heaven guard thee from above,
  And strew thy couch with flowers;
The rosy flowers of hope and love,
  And yield the golden hours:
Then fearless shall I rest,
  Though on the midnight sea;
That thought alone will calm my breast—
  That Heaven is blessing thee.

HARRIET REDDING.

Bright Phœbus in the west descending,
  Laves the far heavens in molten gold,
With rosy hues the brightness blending,
  So softly to the zenith rolled:
Night hovers o'er the verdant wold,
  The flowers infold, the dews are shedding,
And memory seeks her silent hold,
  To dream of love and Harriet Redding.

O innocence, thou blissful treasure,
  The priceless jewel of the heart,
Thy presence adds a charm to pleasure,
  And purifies each grosser part:
This noblest grace the Heavens impart
  To maids in virtue's pathway treading,
Where, unadorned by gaudy art,
  In beauty wanders Harriet Redding.

She moves among the bowers of roses,
And gathers pinks of every hue,
To decorate with fragrant posies,
The mirror where her smiles renew:
Her lip is sweeter than the dew
Calm evening on the flowers is shedding,
And brighter than cerulean blue,
The sparkling eye of Harriet Redding.

She turns, and her light step retraces
To where her humble boudoir stands,
Where, with the woodbine interlaces
The jasmine, wove by Beauty's hands:
She sleeps—benignant heaven commands
Its balmy peace her couch o'erspreading,
While elfin sylphs, in airy bands,
Watch the repose of Harriet Redding.

Dull night, thy coronet is burning
With gems as cold as those of earth;
But morning, at her bright returning,
Shall warm the cradle of her birth;
And pearl-eyed hope, and smiling mirth,
Their heaven-bespangled pinions spreading,
Fly to the bower that curtains worth,
And wake to rapture Harriet Redding.

The rosy flush is mantling over
Her cheek of virgin purity,
Kissed by the light inconstant rover,
Whose breath perfumes the azure sea:
And would that I might live to see
This western houri's joyous wedding;
For sure no bride, where'er she be,
Could grace the rite like HARRIET REDDING.

Cincinnati, Sep., 1840.

THE WIFE.

INSCRIBED TO MRS. R. S. NICHOLS.

How sweet is the charm, when two fond hearts have met,
In the morning of life brightly glowing,
Enchained in that feeling no time may regret,
Which warms while the life-blood is flowing:
The beauty of nature shall fade,
And winter her kingdom invade,
But the heart in affection arrayed,
Shall smile in life's evening shade.

Fond woman! 'Tis thine to add treasures to life,
When the faith of thy warm heart is plighted;
And dear as the Bride was, still dearer the Wife,
The loves and the graces united:
All of tenderness beams from her eyes,
All of beauty her dimpled cheek dyes,
All of truth in her warm bosom lies,
And love is her language of sighs.

Should sorrow, misfortune, or sickness invade,
And the breast heave in troubled commotion,
How dear is the Wife then, how grateful her aid,
How pure and how deep her devotion:
So gently she glides round the bed,
Her arm pillows under his head,
And the love on her glowing cheek spread,
Burns brighter when hope hath all fled.

There are hearts, manly hearts, in this wide world of ours,
That feel and that own her perfection;
The dark path of life she has planted with flowers,
And lit up with woman's affection:
And while Time on his circle doth ride,
The partner who steps at her side,
Shall own, to her heart's fondest pride,
That the Wife is more dear than the Bride.

Cincinnati, Feb., 1836.

THE MOURNER.

PALE Melancholy flies away
  From all the willing charms of love;
With downcast eyelids veils the day,
  And seeks the mournful cypress grove:
Or, in some dell, whose silver streams
  Reflect the violet's purple hue,
She strays beneath the moon's pale beams,
  And bathes her tresses in the dew.

Is there no beauty in the morn—
  No radiance in meridian day?
No sweets, on winged zephyrs borne,
  Kissed from the damask lip of May?
Why does she fly from scenes so fair—
  With saddened step, why does she rove
From where the gales breathe balmy air,
  And rosy hours invite to love?

The music of her soul is dead—
  Oh! who shall re-attune the string!
The harmony of love is fled,
  And discord jars though Angels sing:
There was but ONE, whose magic power
  Might kindle her blue eye again:
For him she wakes the midnight hour,
  And breathes her low, scarce echoed plain.

His country named him for her own—
  Among her honored, favored ones,
To rally round her rising throne,
  And in the battle lead her sons:
His heart beat high with generous pride,
  In honor's wake he aye pursued,
And with his manhood, still allied
  A prime of spotless rectitude.

Oh Fate! where is the distant height
  That bears thy feared, yet unknown form!
Thou mantlest in eternal night,
  And ridest on the sable storm!

Thou hast no pity:—cold and drear,
  Thy heart was frozen at the birth;
Thine eagle eye scans all that's dear,
  And blasts the fairest buds of earth!

He fell upon the billowy wave,
  Far from the shores his heart approved—
Far from the ties which nature gave,—
  Far from the Maiden whom he loved:
No flowery wreaths adorn his head,
  Nor at his feet the willow waves,
But, sinking down to ocean's bed,
  He pillows in the coral caves.

On the blue sea-flower low he lies,
  Where mermaids rove, and gold-fish play,
And morn reflects her purple dyes
  In sparkling gems and sea-shells gay:
For him she mourns—for him, the string,—
  The tuneful string, the Fates dissever;
She gazes on his hair-wove ring,
  And silent, tearless, fades for ever!

Portsmouth, Va., 1825.

LINES,

WRITTEN IN THE ALBUM OF A YOUNG MARRIED LADY.

To grace this page of purity,
  Fain would I pluck a flower of truth;
Pencil its colors here, for thee
  To scan in the bright morn of youth:
In human life, distinctly shown,
  Three eras mark the course of time;
And these, considered each alone,
  Are worthy of a thought sublime.

The first—and wonderful the hour,
Is our first entrance into life—
Our birth: what wisdom and what power
Formed us, and made this being rife!
This era thou hast safely passed,
Borne on time's gay but rapid flood,
From infancy, until at last,
The germe blooms into womanhood.

The second era—happy day,
Is that sweet interchange of soul,
When hearts and hands are pledged away,
Till Time shall break the silver bowl:
This thou hast passed for bliss or wo;
And may kind Heaven grant to thee,
Domestic bliss alone to know,
And thou thyself all purity.

The last—to which time hurries on
The young, the old, the grave, the gay;
For thee and thine, may it be won
By virtue to the latest day:
'Tis DEATH! the final era here!
So may thy life all truth engage,
That thou the summons mayst not fear,
Come when Heaven wills—in youth or age.

Columbus, 1838.

NATURE.

SOFT Nature, emerging from Winter's embrace,
Renews all her splendor around;
O'er earth's verdant bosom she moves in all grace,
And decks with bright colors the ground.

The lily, the rose, and each flower of the vale,
Her green-mantled bosom adorn,
Unfold to the kiss of the murmuring gale,
And breathe their sweet incense to morn.

In the train of the maiden Refinement appears,
  Arrayed in a mantle of light;
Encircling his brow is a wreath of bright stars,
  His footsteps are marked with delight.

Here rational Pleasure, with him doth preside,
  In the council which Nature convenes;
From the regions above he received her, a bride,
  To enliven these new painted scenes.

Creation's high King, for the virgin's relief,
  Ordains, as the wanderer flies,
Refinement and Pleasure to soften her grief
  For the loss of her own native skies.

Thus Nature, Refinement, and Pleasure combine
  To form an Elysium here;
While Friendship and Love in her arbors recline,
  And sorrow and care disappear.

Hope springs in the rapture and fulness of joy,
  When Nature her beauty displays,
While wrapt contemplation immortals employ,
  And the world is a temple of praise.

FAR FROM MY NATIVE HILLS.

TO MARY ANN.

Far from my native hills,
  Cheerless I roam:
Far from the vales, the glens, and mountain rills,
  Where erst was happy home:
  Far from the silent dell,
  Where solitude her vigils kept;
Far from the ancient oaks, whose shadows fell
So grateful over me, the while I slept.

Far from the beechen grove,
Joyless I ream;
Where boyhood smiled in innocence and love,
Beside a peaceful home:
Far from the mossy beds,
Where sprung the violets of blue,
Far from the vine-clad rocks and verdant meads,
Where lilies bloomed, and purple clusters grew.

Far from the scenes of youth,
Hapless I roam;
Far from the bowers I pledged to ONE my truth,
Who gave new charms to home:
Far from her gentle breast,
Where ever throbs a faithful heart—
Far from the music of her voice, unblest
I rove, and vainly seek relief to impart.

Fond memory whispers yet,
Why sadly roam?
The scenes ef early youth, canst thou forget—
The wedded bliss of home?
Retrace thy steps again,
Where morning wakes in orient light,
And home awaits thee with her smiling train,
Contentment, peace, affection and delight.

The monitor I list,
And cease to roam;
A few more circling moons here to exist,
And turn I then toward home:
No more to stray from thee,
Thou charmer of the pulse of life:
Home shall inspire a richer melody,
While rapture bends in homage to the WIFE.

Cincinnati, Jan., 1838.

SEEK NOT GOLD FOR LOVE OF GOLD.

INSCRIBED TO RICHARD F. L'HOMMEDIEU, ESQ.

I SEEK not gold for love of gold,
To sully reason's worth;
Nor have I this proud spirit sold
For the poor dross of earth:
I stand alone—my mind my own,
Though circumscribed it be,
And nature yields her glowing fields,
Where all the world is free.

I seek not gold for love of gold,
The base and yellow slave
Of venal hearts, to mammon sold
The scoundrel and the knave:
But Heaven dispense a competence,
A few short years prolong,
And let my mind, range unconfined,
The flowery fields of song.

When inspiration, from above,
Fires me with visions bright,
Fancy in vivid power doth move,
And reason sheds her light;
Then every flower, in field or bower,
Hath softer charms for me—
The hill, the vale, the stream, the gale,
And all earth's scenery.

Poor and yet rich—for though the while
The wants of life may fail;
When I reflect, a balmy smile
Lights up the visage pale;
For well I know, Heaven's prismed bow
Was bent to bless mankind,
And though life's pains our vigor drains,
Bright hope is left behind.

Thou richest balm kind Heaven gives,
  Excepting truth divine;
Of animation, all that lives,
  Bow to thy rosy shrine:
The maiden fair, the youthful heir,
  The wretch, with ills distrest,
Pride, power and wealth, sickness and health,
  Bend to thy bright behest.

And shall not I the gentle charm
  Woo in meridian day?
My morn of life Fate cannot harm—
  That morn has passed away:
But still with thee and poesy,
  The landscape I may roam,
With rapture tread earth's flowery bed,
  And find, at least, a home.

Give me the mild—the silver dawn,
  When light first breaks to view,
When trees are budding o'er the lawn,
  Sprinkled with pearly dew:
From flower to flower, from bower to bower,
  The humming-birds are seen;
The winds inspire Æolus' lyre,
  And beauty decks the scene.

Bright Venus in the orient sky,
  Glitters in splendor bright,
In all her beauty throned on high,
  Above the vanquished night:
The fragrant gales waft o'er the vales,
  Rejoicing Pan awakes,
And leads the train, while Dian's reign
  Retires within the brakes.

By the green hills and vales below,
  The honeysuckles bloom,
The rocks partake the vivid glow,
  And vines around them plume:
With murmuring tide the rivulets glide,
  Fresh as the dews of morn,
And velvet spread, the mossy bed
  The violet's tints adorn.

O Happiness! for which we blend
  Our glory and our shame:
Couldst thou not prove a constant friend,
  Not an inconstant dame?
Her answer is, that all of bliss
  Contentment yields with health,
Content to live, as Heaven shall give,
  Or poverty, or wealth.

I seek not gold for gold alone—
  But there's a lovely one,
Whose fortune, wedded to mine own,
  With mine is lost or won:
For her in pride, I stemmed the tide
  That rolled in black despair:
Sought in the West a place of rest,
  If found—to bring her there.

Thou charm of life, which ruin dread
  Cannot despoil of all—
Thou flower from Eden's nuptial bed,
  Which has survived the fall:
Still shall repay my fondest lay,
  Relume my spirit's fire,
Gently assuage declining age,
  And cheer when I expire.

I seek not gold for gold alone—
  I seek a noble name,
Built on the base of reason's throne,
  Posterity may claim;
And bow I then only to MEN,
  The noble and the brave,
And talent rare, and virtue fair,
  On earth, or in the grave.

Pride! pride! of what may man be proud,
  But intellectual worth;
A gentle being truth endowed,
  And sons' and daughters' birth:
The sons of pride are those who died,
  Or fought for freedom's meed,
And tilled the soil with honest toil,
  Which their best blood had freed.

God shield me from the love of gain,
  But grant ere I grow old,
That one loved being in my train,
  May have HER share of gold:
And then to me the rolling sea,
  Or desert, is the same:
Let her be blest, and I'm at rest—
  Hers be the fortune, mine the fame.

Cincinnati, Aug., 1836.

THE BOWER OF ROSES.

Down in the vale is a sylvan bower,
Adorned with nature's fairest flower—
That flower the rose, whose colors vie
With morn and evening's damask sky;
And odors, such as angels breathe,
Circle that bower, and float beneath.

When morn in heaven's tints arrayed,
Dispels night's gloomy sable shade,
And through the orient portals bright,
Leads forth Aurora crowned with light,
Ethereal rays invest that bower,
And liquid pearls drop from the flower.

Then fair Hebe from heaven descends,
And to the Bower of Roses wends:
A humming-bird the goddess veils,
Soft music floats on fragrant gales,
The flower bends its blushing head,
Like maiden when to her bridal led,
While Hebe, with her lips of love,
Sips nectar for Olympian Jove.

Down in the vale is a sylvan bower,
Adorned with nature's fairest flower—
That flower, the rose, whose colors vie
With morn and evening's damask sky;
And odors, such as angels breathe,
Circle that bower, and float beneath.

New-York.

MORNING WALK IN SPRING.

TO EGLANTINE.

WHEN Spring arrays the earth in green,
  The trees in living bloom,
And sprinkles o'er the verdant scene
  Her flowers of rich perfume;
The violet and the gay primrose,
  The lily of the vale,
The sweet hawthorn, that wildly throws
  Its fragrance on the gale:
O, then, 'tis my delight to rove
  O'er verdant hill, and flowery mead,
Thread the deep mazes of the grove,
  And tune to joy the oaten reed.

A silver rivulet flows along
  Where my fond footsteps stray,
Upon whose banks the son of song
  His weary form may lay:
Narcissus stoops his glowing lip,
  To kiss the lovely dream,
While yellow cowslips fondly dip
  Their tresses in the stream:
I drink the balmy breath of morn,
  Kissed from a thousand fragrant flowers,
And taste the pleasures freshly born
  From nature's green and blooming bowers.

The bluebird wakes the morning hymn
  In soft melodious strain,
While echo sweetly answers him,
  And sends it back again:
Fond listner! hid in tangled dell,
  Or in the craggy rock,
By what unknown, mysterious spell
  Dost thou our senses mock?
Thy form was never seen on earth,
  But oft thy whispering voice is heard,
Responding to the notes of mirth,
  From joyous youth and tuneful bird.

Upon the moss-crowned bank I lie,
  And every care dismiss,
While winged nature flutters by,
  And warbles all its bliss:
Let not my heart be cold and stern,
  While these their anthems raise,
But glow with love, and fervid burn
  To my Creator's praise:
O thou who dressest all so fair,
  To charm the eye, and love impart,
Teach me to breathe upon the air
  The strains that warm and melt the heart.

Inspire the song, while every note
  Is with thy love imbued,
Upon bland zephyr's wing to float,
  In strains of gratitude
To thee, who dost a world renew
  In robes of living green,
Where beauty bathes in orient dew,
  And hope lights up the scene:
With music thou hast touched my soul—
  To thee its noblest strains belong;
Then sweetly may the anthem roll,
  And thou, O God, accept the song.

Fond shepherdess! whom I have sung
  By thy own name so dear,
Come, wend with me the groves among,
  And view the blooming year;
The vernal air doth breathe delight,
  And waking all in bloom,
The flowers drink in the morning light,
  And scatter rich perfume:
Where'er the stream its course pursues,
  Upon whose flowery banks we rove,
In each new vista, brighter views
  Shall charm the heart to joy and love.

Here nature wantons in her prime,
  Yet never less than chaste;
Fragrant and beautiful, sublime—
  True pleasure here we taste;

List to the song of tuneful bird,
  That wakes the slumbering wood,
And murmuring sound in distance heard,
  From rapid pouring flood:
I'll teach thee all the flowers by name,
  Each tree and blooming shrubbery;
And every bird, whose sweet acclaim
  Is nature's untaught melody.

I'll lead thee where thy glowing cheek
  Shall shame the damask rose,
And where, when thy young steps grow weak,
  Thou mayest in peace repose:
Those mossy banks, sweet sprinkled o'er
  With blue-eyed violets, were
Ne'er pressed by such as thou, before,
  So innocent and fair:
Above, the fragrant woodbines creep,
  And canopy thy verdant bed:
Sleep, fairest maiden—sweetly sleep,
  While love sits watching at thy head.

Awake, and lift thy starred eyes
  Above the glowing earth,
To Him whose throne is in the skies,
  Who gave all nature birth:
From Him the blooming Spring descends,
  Her verdure and her flowers;
To Him the rich perfume ascends,
  And music of the hours:
Then let thy heart, fair shepherdess,
  Warm to the great Creator's praise,
Whose goodness crowns thy youth with bliss,
  And watches over all thy ways.

The plumaged tribes of nature are
  Sweet monitors to thee,
Warbling upon the morning air
  Their grateful minstrelsy;
Their song is praise: at dewy dawn,
  The anthems upward rise,
From hill, and grove, and flowery lawn,
  And pean to the skies:

All nature sings, and naught is mute;
  Then join the rapturous hymn of love,
For thanks is that immortal fruit,
  Which man may offer—Heaven approve.

The flowers shall teach thy artless youth,
  Who painted them so bright;
And on thy gentle spirit, Truth
  Shed her soft hallowed light:
Forget not, then, my Eglantine,
  The lesson taught to own;
The poet and the song are thine,
  But thou art Heaven's alone:
Heaven spreads the page, so rich and fair,
  Which thou and I this morn have viewed;
O mayest thou find instruction there,
  And learn the source of gratitude.

Cincinnati, April, 1839.

TO MY BIRTHDAY.

The ever changing seasons move
  Around earth's orbit with delight,
From Spring's sweet flowery months of love,
  To Winter's months of dreary blight:
The morn returns—my bosom burns
  To meet again the living ray,
Whose magic power illumed the hour,
  Which met me on my natal day.

Stay, charming morn, awhile with me,
  And whisper all of by-gone days;
Or listen, while I wake for thee,
  Hamonious numbers tuned to praise:
Time hurries through the vaults of blue,
  Nor stops for aught his rapid way;
And, as he flies, our vigor dies—
  We may not meet again, birth-day.

Then will I fondly gaze on thee,
  As up the heavens Aurora moves:
The gates of life flew back for me,
  And showed the hills, the vales, and groves:
Warmed into life, my being rife
  In infancy and childhood gay,
Smiled with the hours, in pleasure's bowers,
  And thoughtless met thee oft, birth-day.

But when my blooming youth began,
  And reason claimed her primal sway,
Time, as he led me up to man,
  Taught me the gratitude to pay
To Him, who gives to all that lives,
  Light, life, and joy, in one bright ray;
Bade me rejoice with grateful voice,
  At each return of thee, birth-day.

The sorrows and the joys of life,
  Hopes, disappointments, have been mine;
But more of want and sickly strife,
  Less of the placid ray benign:
Yet still my heart wills not to part,
  Albeit suffering marks my way;
But in distress would Heaven bless,
  Whose goodness gave me thee, birth-day.

And should we meet on earth again,
  Buoyant with health, and spirits light,
Sweet gratitude shall aye retain,
  And robe thy advent with delight:
My bended knee shall bow to Thee,
  Whose mercy is the wanderer's stay,—
Whose goodness fills, whose grace distils,
  And blesses each renewed birth-day.

Thou hallowed day that gave me rank
  Among the undying sons of morn;
This being shall not fade a blank,
  Which Heaven might pity—earth would scorn:

But I will still, despite of will,
  Whose iron grasp would lead astray,
Fair virtue woo, her path pursue,
  And truth present on each birth-day.

My nobler faculties, bestowed
  For excellence, at God's behest,
Teach me to tread that narrow road,
  Which leads to realms for ever blest;
And while I scan life's wondrous plan,
  From infancy to man's decay,
In Time prepared for Heaven's reward—
  I hail with transport, thee, birth-day.

O for a seraph's living lyre,
  A seraph's hand to touch the strings,
A seraph's fervor to inspire,
  The thought that in my bosom springs!
What though my breath, when claimed by death,
  Shall yield to earth this mortal clay;
My soul shall rise, above the skies,
  Immortal, on her first birth-day.

Cincinnati, Aug., 1836.

MORNING IN SPRING.

TO EGLANTINE.

Crowned with her coronet of pearl,
  Awakes the blushing Morn,
And like a rosy bright-eyed girl,
  Smiles on the flowers new born:
Those vernal flowers that breathe delight,
  And chain the ravished view,
As pendant from their petals bright,
  Trembles the orient dew:
Aurora lights the fields of space—
  The beam reflects to earth,
And every charm, and every grace,
  Wake with the morning's birth:
Sing to the blushing dawn,
  Rosy and blue-eyed Maid;

The fleecy lambs and the spotted fawn,
Are sporting upon the verdant lawn,
  And the birds have left the shade:
O then begin, they are waiting for thee,
  Maid of the bright and soft blue eye;
Wake—wake the song, and the minstrelsy
  Shall echo along the azure sky.

What heavenly strains are these I hear,
  That charm the listening hours?
Reviving Nature bends her ear,
  And smiles through all her bowers:
'T is the sweet melody of Spring,
  The rapturous notes of love,
From plumaged birds on airy wing,
  Or resting in the grove:
I'll sit, and list the sylvan strain
  Fond Zephyr bears along,
From hill, and grove, and flowery plain,
  The universal song:
Sing to the rising day,
  Beautiful blue-eyed girl;
With showers of blossoms the trees are gay,
The rose is blushing in heaven's ray,
  And the earth is strewed with pearl:
The birds of the forest respond to thee,
  Ever blooming and ever fair,
While the sweetly mingled harmony
  Is floating on every breath of air.

The notes of joy and gratitude,
  My swelling heart inspire;
And wrapt in sweet beatitude,
  I wake the living lyre
To Him, who bows the crystal sky,
  And showers on rosy wing,
The verdure, beauty, varied dye,
  And fragrance of the Spring:
The soul-reviving vernal gale,
  Surcharged with odors sweet,
Kissed from the violet-sprinkled vale,
  And trees in bloom replete:

Sing to the KING OF KINGS,
  Artless blue-eyed Fair;
Who robes the earth in beauty, and flings
A thousand joys from a thousand springs,
  To lighten all our care:
I'll join the hymn of praise with thee,
  Beautiful charmer of the hours,
While the sweet and hallowed symphony,
  Shall ascend with the incense of the flowers.

Cincinnati, May, 1840.

PRIZE ADDRESS.

WRITTEN FOR THE FRANKLIN THEATRE, N. Y., AND SPOKEN BY MR. CHARLES WEBB, SEPT. 1835.

WHEN Saturn from Olympus' height was driven,
Dethroned by Jove, who grasped the bolts of heaven;
The exiled monarch left his realms subdued,
And o'er the Italian plains his course pursued—
Taught the first arts of life, and gave to man
The plough, the sickle, pruning hook, and fan.
Crowned on the hills, his stores Vertumnus yields—
Beneath, the valleys wave in golden fields;
While cluster, panoplied within the brake,
The deep blue berry and the purple grape.

Wide o'er the earth the blooming scenes diverge,
And from chaotic gloom the Arts emerge:
Commerce expands her white sail to the breeze,
Ploughs the rough billows of the briny seas,
And, pregnant with the fertile valleys' growth,
Bears back the treasures of the East and South:
Then Architecture rears his massy piles,
Or on the main, or on the sea-girt isles;
Temples, and towers, and palaces sublime,
And Science stoops from heaven to fly with Time.

So, from the skies the Golden Age descends,
And man with man in social union blends;

Refinement yields her ever gentle sway,
The untamed spirits of the world obey,
And on Parnassus' Mount—that mount divine,
Apollo led, descend the sacred Nine:
In mystic dance the Sisters glide along,
To measured numbers of immortal song;
While Memory calls bright Genius to her train,
And the Dramatic Queen begins her reign.

Then came the Augustan age—the age of peace,
Adorned with all the literature of Greece;
And while chaste Thalia rears the magic dome,
In classic Athens, and imperial Rome;
She sways her sceptre o'er the generous mind,
By worth ennobled, and by art refined:
From Ida's flowery top the Graces bend,
And in fond Woman all their beauties blend;
The sterner sex relax their haughty mein,
And yield the heart's dominion to its Queen.

Sleeps the fair Drama, through the lengthened night
Of Gothic darkness, and of Learning's blight;
When Shakspeare rose—revived the vivid scene,
And gave its honors to the Virgin Queen:
O master spirit of the sea-born Isle,
May Genius grace this monumental pile,
Sacred to HIM* whose fame a world admires,
Borne on the clouds, and wrapt in forked fires!—
Whose memory dear, a grateful country owns,
Embalmed within the bosom of her sons.

Here Virtue shall reflect her fairest forms,
In peace, in war, in sunshine, and in storms;
Vice—hateful vice, in glaring colors shown,
Warn the young heart where dangers lurk unknown:
The inspired Muse, each manly bosom fire,
To rise with honor, and to fame aspire;
While Beauty, veiled in modesty and grace,
Shall feel no blush of shame suffuse her face:—
So may we flourish, as each welcome Guest
Approves our varied intellectual feast.

 * Franklin.

ADDRESS,

WRITTEN FOR THE NATIONAL THEATRE, CINCINNATI, BUT NOT PRESENTED.

INSCRIBED TO THOMAS A. COOPER, ESQ.

The doors unbar—the silken draperies rise,
What manly forms—what beauteous, meet our eyes;
All that gives being bliss, or life a glow,
Adorns the circle, bright as Iris' bow:
Beauty with grace, and elegance with worth,
Virtue with youth, and innocence with mirth,
In one bright galaxy of living light,
Cheer and irradiate this festive night:—
The Muse shall welcome all the brilliant train,
Here, met to consecrate Apollo's fane.

Hail! pure Intelligence, from heaven that came,
And warmed the spirit with celestial flame;
Tamed the wild, rough, and untaught sons of earth,
With magic strains of more than mortal birth;
And, as they heard with transport and delight,
Unveiled bright Genius to the wondering sight:
Crowned with immortal bays he moves along,
While Echo answers to the mellow song—
The wood-nymphs list, the sylvan satyrs peep,
And blue-eyed Nereids hush the bellowing deep.

The Muses saw, and loved the gifted youth,
And gently led him to the fount of Truth;
While to all lands—to every distant clime,
Fame bore his name upon the wings of Time:
Long in the Eastern Hemisphere he strayed,
And wooed the Sisters in the sylvan shade;
Till once—as in prophetic mood he lay,
Admiring Pallas caught the youth away;
On crystal wings o'er the Atlantic whirled,
And laid the slumberer in the Western World.

Beneath a cluster of magnolian bowers,
Entranced he lay, unconscious of the hours;
Till came Refinement o'er the blooming land,
And touched the sleeper with her magic wand:
He starts to light and life! with starred eyes
Beholds new realms diverge—new states arise:
Fair flowing streams the fertile vales divide,
The clustering branches kiss the silver tide:
And Art and Science rear the stately dome,
Where the young stranger finds another home.

Cheered by your smiles—by your approval warmed,
Here Truth shall triumph, Falsehood be disarmed;
Virtue and Vice in the same mirror viewed,
Vice be avoided, Virtue be pursued:
Honor and baseness balanced side by side,
That kick the beam, integrity subside:
The foam-sprung Queen, led by the rosy hours,
Shall linger here, as erst in Paphian bowers:
The attendant Graces round the Goddess move,
And Beauty's presence charm the soul to love.

No more, the gaunt wolf prowls the wintry wood,—
No more, the panther scents the vale for blood;
No more, the savage warwhoops's fearful yell
Wakes sleeping innocence with death's last knell!
The arts of Peace a smiling land renew,
Which yields its blossoms and its fruits for you:
So blooming Thalia spreads HER festive board,
With Fancy's flowers and Reason's vintage stored;
And, while the Muse invites you to the feast,
O may the viands please each welcome Guest.

Cincinnati, 1836.

HARRIET REDDING.

When Spring—delightful Spring,
  Mantles in green earth's bosom,
Around her she doth fling
  Her bright unsullied blossom:
Her vernal air, around this Fair,
  She breathes from budding roses,
And in each bright blue eye of light,
  Her violet encloses:
In homage to that Flower,
  Upon her greensward treading,
The Houri of her bower—
  The blooming Harriet Redding.

O I can ne'er forget
  The many—many places,
Where I 've so often met
  This charmer of the graces:
Her morning air, around this Fair,
  Spring breathes from dewy roses,
And in each bright blue eye of light,
  Her violet uncloses:
When opening on the morn,
  Those eyes of dewy brightness,
Nature's fair brow adorn
  With Beauty's living likeness.

She 's like the early flower,
  That blossoms in the wildwood,
Beneath young April's shower,
  Pure as her virgin childhood:
Her noontide air, around this Fair,
  Spring breathes from blushing roses,
And in each bright blue eye of light,
  Her violet discloses:
While Nature, on her cheek,
  Her crimson tint is spreading,
And tulip lips bespeak
  The blooming Harriet Redding.

O I remember well,
  The flowery dell romantic,
Where Love met this young Belle,
  And in the gaze grew frantic:
Her evening air, around this Fair,
  Spring breathes from sleeping roses,
And in each bright blue eye of light,
  Her violet reposes:
Love, trembling, bent his bow,
  But ere the shaft was flying,
A glance had laid him low,
  And conquered—Love was dying.

Sweet blossom of the earth,
  O be thou happy ever,
And with thy beauty, worth
  Go hand in hand together:
Life's vernal air, around this Fair,
  A smiling Heaven disposes,
Her only dower, fair Virtue's flower—
  The whitest of her roses:
And when five summers more
  Have ripened all the woman,
Should Love again implore,
  Forget not he is human.

FINALE.

Then should a MAN OF MIEN
  Seek one to grace his wedding,
Be thou the Bridal Queen,—
  The blooming HARRIET REDDING.

Cincinnati, Ap., 1839.

STANZAS.

INSCRIBED TO MISS CAROLINE TAYLOR.

SWEET is the rose in the smile of the morning,
All pendant and dripping with pearls of the night,
And fair are the blushes the gay flower adorning,
That mantle it over when kissed by the light:
But mine is a pink of far richer delight
Than the fair rose of Summer, in Flora's gay vest;
Whose fragrance is sweeter, whose blushes more bright—
The beautiful Maiden that blooms in the West.

Fair is the lily, beside the blue waters,
With its white lip of snow bending over the stream,
The beautiful emblem of earth's gentle daughters,
That shrinks from the gaze of the day's ardent beam:
But fairer and purer,—more spotless, I deem
My lily, with modesty's jewel imprest;
Like a strawberry, blushing from out the white cream—
The beautiful Maiden that blooms in the West.

Though mine were the gardens, full royally blooming,
The parks of Fontainbleau—the walks of Versailles;
Where the fragrance of beauty the air is perfuming,
From the lip of the flowers, kissed by wandering gales;
I would yield them with joy, for the pink that exhales
A fragrance more rich from a form fairer drest,
Whose charms, like the morn, grace her own native vales—
The beautiful Maiden that blooms in the West.

BELLEMONTE HOUSE.

INSCRIBED TO NICHOLAS LONGWORTH, ESQ.

I STAND upon a sea of waving green,
Intense, yet calmly to survey the scene,
If calm I may, where Beauty reigns supreme,
Herself the bright inspirer of my theme;
Whose rosy brow, laved by the balmy gales,
Smiles in the lustre of the Ausonian vales—
Or like that Oriental Garden fair,
At once the Peasant's and the Prince's care,
In Persia; mantling all the mountain o'er
With heavenly charms, and sweets unknown before;
That bloomed above the royal city, known
As Ispahan, where Abbas set his throne,
And young Abdallah, for the rural bliss
Which Nature offers in her kindliness;
With arbors, charming as the Paphian bowers,
Where Love might rest, fanned by the rosy hours—
Resigned his right to sway the sceptre there,
Exchanging, for a life of happy care,
The royal diadem and purple vest,
Content in Nature's palace to be blest:
Unmoved by glitter or ambition's glow,
But happy in the pleasures those bestow;
With his Balsora—charming as the morn,
Sweet as her flowers—the mountain to adorn
With Nature's jewels; such as meet my eyes
In this benign terrestrial Paradise,
Where Art combines with Nature's fairest birth,
Here to display the poetry of earth.

How beautiful the parterre blooms
  Beneath the guardianship of Spring;
How grateful are the rich perfumes,
  Unnumbered flowers and blossoms fling
Upon the viewless ambient air,

That, borne away on Zephyr's wing,
Impregn the floating ether, where
Hope smiles, on purple pinions borne,
Buoyant, and gaily pleasuring
Beneath the eyelids of the morn.

Here, budding shrubbery displays full gay,
In ruby tints, the blushing lip of May,
That when expanded in its joyous bloom,
Gives grace to Nature, to the skies perfume;
The honey bee each rosy cup explores,
And bears the nectar thence, its treasured stores;
While humming-birds, self-poised in air at will,
With music woo, and dip the slender bill.
Full branching trees, in glorious honors drest,
With their own beauty and perfume oppress,
Invite the winged habitants of air,
And crystal winds, away the sweets to bear;
While lowlier trees, whose hidden branches glow,
Feathered with virgin blooms of living snow,
In such pure radiance burst upon the sight,
The dazzled eye scarce bears the two-fold light.
The greensward, like an emerald carpet spread,
Seems e'en too delicate for Beauty's tread;
Itself so beautiful, one fears to spoil
The velvet texture that o'erspreads the soil.
Along the gravelled walks, on either hand,
A thousand flowers their colors bright expand,
And rare exotics, nursed by art, abound,
To enhance, with those, the beauty of the ground:
While sweet variety—an endless wreath,
Blossoms above, and gaily blooms beneath,
Smiles at each step, in many a rainbow dye,
And paints her tints on the delighted eye.
Nor wanting here fruit-bearing trees so fair—
Delicious fruit, the Master's happy care;
Whose well-trained eye,—the connoisseur of choice,
May mark the fairest, and the taste rejoice:
Or luscious berry, dark or ruby bright,
A various tribe reposing in the light.
Luxuriant, round the trellis doth entwine
Her fibrous arms, the ever cheering vine,

Where, pendant from a thousand stems below,
In purple robes a thousand clusters glow,
As Fancy visions the Autumnal growth,
Nursed by the warm ray of the ardent south.

Here might the Muse be wooed, nor wooed in vain,
Where Pan leads forth his ever smiling train,
While Flora bids her nymphs the grounds adorn,
And Beauty wakes to meet the kiss of Morn.
O happy I, were such a parterre mine,
Where Art and Nature happily combine,
To decorate the park; profusely tiled
With flowers transplanted from each native wild—
From Africa's sultry shores, from India's clime,
Or where the Andes lift their heads sublime,
Above the verdant hills and blushing vales,
Fanned by the soft Pacific's spicy gales;
Where ever blooming Spring arrays in smiles,
And wraps in beauty Polhynesia's isles.
Reclined upon the green and fragrant sward,
From noon's hot ray some favorite tree my guard;
The lyre to wake with magic art, should be,
O Muse! the joyful task assigned to me:
To call each flower and each fair tree by name,
Sing of their charms, and tell from whence they came;
Paint them as Nature's cherubs, whose bright bloom,
With rosy smile, cheats sorrow of its gloom;
While, as the fervid swelling notes prolong,
These peaceful bowers should echo to the song,
And in soft euphony send back again
The poet's rapture, and the sylvan strain;
While gliding zephyrs, blandly should fling
Celestial odors from ethereal wing.

Thrice happy man! Who, still as years mature,
Can solace age with pleasures sweet and pure:
Delighted still with what delighted, when
The golden hours unveiled to boyhood's ken;
And, in sweet contemplation seeking truth,
In age preserves the graceful taste of youth:—
Or rather, age, by long experience taught,
From Nature's page the happy charm has caught,

More justly than in youth, to appreciate
The heaven-embroidered mantle of her state;
Mingling the beautiful with the sublime,
Whose smile shall cheer the parting hours of time.
These are her ornaments—in whose fair bloom,
All varied colors, and all sweet perfume,
The King above, beneficent, displays
One glorious wonder of his secret ways.
Sure man could have existed void of flowers,
Or blooming trees, or fragrant breathing bowers;
Yet Heaven, well pleased its largess to extend,
With sober, bids the beautiful to blend,
And from the greensward, or on high, unfold
Their rosy petals, and their lips of gold:
Earth's living gems, exhaling all abroad
A savor sweet to the Creator, God;
That in their bright arrayal, man might trace
The hand of Him who formed the blooming race,
Clad in such brilliant robes—full surely given,
To fasten thought, and guide the view to Heaven:
For, while He thus his glory here displays,
From tree, and shrub, and flower, God will have praise!

—

SONG.

O garden fair, the poet's bride,
  I'll breathe a song to thee,
Within whose rosy bounds to hide
  Were bliss enough for me;
And there, inspirited by her, who came
  To teach the Art divine,
Do homage in a wreath of flame,
  And worship at thy shrine.

For Nature is my mistress sweet,
  Her blossoms and her flowers;
I live but when prone at her feet,
  I woo in her fair bowers,
The note of harmony so true,
  Struck from the lyre I prize,
Whose magic touch transports me to
  The gardens of the skies.

THE MOCKING BIRD.

INSCRIBED TO MISS MARY SUSAN SYMMES.

FAR o'er the blue Atlantic wave,
  That rolls its mighty train
From Europe's shore, the isles to lave—
  Tho Indies of the main;
And still flows on, nor turns again
  Till Freedom's shores he prest;
Thy bird, Apollo, holds his reign,
  The songster of the West.

Here, when the empurpled silver dawn
  Uncurtains Heaven and earth,
To kiss the dew-bespangled lawn,
  And wake the hours of mirth;
The rose does homage to his worth,
  In mantling blushes drest,
Whose melody adorns her birth—
  The songster of the West.

On pinions of delight upborne,
  That fan the vernal gale,
He breathes a solo to the morn,
  Then settles to the dale;
While fair Aurora's tints prevail,
  He gaily plumes his crest;
And then begins his joyous tale,
  The songster of the West.

Perched on a fragrant myrtle tree,
  He pours his notes sublime,
In ever-varying melody,
  And ever-changing time;
The flute, the horn, the bell's sweet chime,
  In mellow tones exprest,
Are all subservient to his rhyme—
  The songster of the West.

With arched neck, and half-spread wing,
  He rises and he falls,
And chants the beauties of the Spring,
  Her flowery meads extols;
Whose rainbow-colored coronals,
  Embroidered on her vest,
Breathe fragrance through his airy halls—
  The songster of the West.

The foliaged woods, the green-clad hills,
  The blooming valleys fair,
The glen, the dell, the murmuring rills,
  Drink in the music there;
The echoes back the cadence bear,
  On airy wing imprest,
And ravished Nature smiles, to hear
  Her songster of the West.

From dulcet strains that wake the grove,
  From many a warbler's throat;
In one melodious burst of love,
  He mingles each wild note:
So sweetly doth the music float,
  Above, around, at rest;
That Pan and Flora him denote
  The songster of the West.

Deceiver of the roving bird,
  Whose ear drinks in thy strain—
Oft as thy varied notes are heard,
  From forest, hill, or plain;
Each fancies 't is his mate's, again
  Recalling to her nest;
And flies upon an errand vain,—
  Wild songster of the West.

Europa's far-famed nightingale,
  Is but a type of thee;
Thy graceful notes o'er his prevail
  In sweetest harmony;

As if all Nature's melody
  Was swelling from thy breast;
In one prolonged, rich euphony,
  Sweet songster of the West.

The silent birds forsake the grove,
  When thou display'st thy powers;
They cannot wake a song of love,
  Like thine, to charm the hours:
They seek the forest's inmost bowers,
  All mortified, opprest;
And leave to thee the vales and flowers,
  Sweet songster of the West.

There is a Maid—a western maid,
  A gentle maid is she;
Fair as the rose in light and shade,
  Sweet as the flowering tree:
This Maiden claims a strain from thee;
  'Tis Beauty's bright behest—
Then wake for her thy minstrelsy,
  Loved songster of the West.

I've wandered many a region o'er,
  Mingled in many a throng,
Cross'd ocean's wave, to find once more
  That peace for which I long:
But here, thy native bowers among,
  I may not live unblest;
While she with beauty, thou with song,
  Shall charm the glowing West.

Cincinnati, Dec., 1840.

TO HOPE.

Return once more on wings of light,
As when the morn her mantle bright
Throws o'er the waking hills;
And make my falling tears, like those
Impearled upon the damask rose,
Dun night distils.

The burning drops that tremble there,
Flow from the fountains of despair,
Of darkness, pain and wo:
Thy presence can the shades dispel,
As morning lights the gloomy dell,
With her bright glow.

Offspring of love, I turn to thee;
O deign to hover over me,
In this benighted hour:
Illume my darkened brow again,
And re-assume thy blissful reign
O'er my heart's flower.

Return, return on purple wing,
And from thy heaven's all-blooming spring,
Restore my spirit's blight;
And make the briny tear that flows,
Like to the dew-drop on the rose,
Smiling in light.

THE ROSE OF THE WEST.

INSCRIBED TO MISS ELIZABETH SYMMES.

AURORA is peering above the blue mountains,
  In purple and gold the bright orient glows,
While the eye of the goddess lights up the pure fountains,
  And smiles in the dew-drop that sleeps on the rose:
Blythe Pan—tuneful Pan, leads the train of the morning,
  Fauns, satyrs, and sylvan boys, gaudily drest;
While the Graces, with Spring's vernal blooms are adorning
  The young queen of beauty—the Rose of the West.

O, fair is the landscape, when morn is unveiling
  The hills of green verdure, the stream and the grove;
The valleys, where thousand perfumes are exhaling,
  From trees smiling beauty, and flowers blushing love:
But fairer than verdure, gay flower, or sweet blossom,
  The grove, or the stream, with its silvery breast;
Are the charms that expand o'er the warm hallowed bosom
  Of the young queen of beauty—the Rose of the West.

O, sweet are the honeyed cups on the trees glowing,
  Where the tuneful-winged humming-bird poises, and sips
The dew-impregned nectar, or pendant, or flowing,
  From May's blooming clusters, or Flora's bright lips:
And sweet is the breath of the crystal-winged rover,
  Kissing all with perfume, or with beauty imprest;
But sweeter and fairer the shrine of the lover—
  The young queen of beauty—the Rose of the West.

Let me wake with the lark, when earth tenderly blooming,
  Is kissed by the light of the ruby-lipped morn;
When the verdure, the blossoms, and flowers, are purfuming
  The landscape, their beauty and blushes adorn:
Let me wake, while the nabob lies curtained with splendor,
  On the down of the cygnet, unconscious, unblest;
And speed on Love's pinions, my homage to render,
  The young queen of beauty—the Rose of the West.

HARRIET REDDING.

SPRING—dewy Spring, in beauty blooming,
  Descending from the skies above,
Thy violets are the morn perfuming,
  Beneath the woodbine's wreath of love:
Where sits again the turtle dove,
  And wooes his mate in notes so tender,
Whom Spring has taught no more to rove,
  But at her advent to attend her:
    A fairer than thy dove I see,
    Upon the open flowery lea,
    Who comes to grace the fairy scene,
    And wait upon the enchanting queen:
She flies across the dewy vale,
  So lightly o'er the greensward treading:
'Tis her—soft pæaned on the gale,
  The ever charming HARRIET REDDING.

She comes, attended by the Graces,
  So young, she knows not she is fair;
Care on her brow hath left no traces,
  She seems to dance upon the air:
The wood nymphs gaze upon her there,
  The sylvan boys and fauns surround her,
And Pan pipes up his sweetest air,
  To think the woods and vales have found her:
    Wreathe the sweet woodbine round her br
    Ye nymphs that gaze upon her now,
    And pluck the purple violet there,
    And weave it in her auburn hair:
Spring smiles upon her chosen Maid,
  Morn all around her sweets is shedding
For her, in innocence arrayed—
  The ever charming HARRIET REDDING.

Cincinnati, May, 1839.

DEAR FANNY.

SCRIBED TO MISS FANNY E. OLIVER, NOW MRS. COOPER.

DEAR FANNY, while stern Winter spreads
His frosty mantle o'er the meads,
  And withers tree and flower;
Enchains with icy bands the streams,
Arrays the morn in shivering beams,
  And chills the evening hour:

While others quit the warmth of home,
By Dian's frigid lamp to roam,
  And frolic in the cold;
Within the parlour we'll retire,
The sofa wheel before the fire,
  And drop the curtain's fold.

At either end reclining free,
We'll occupy the soft settee,
  Thy workstand placed between:
And pleased with our domain, though small,
The carpet bright, and papered wall,
  We'll ask no gayer scene.

While thou the embroidering needle ply,
And weave a wreath, that many an eye
  To Nature might impute;
Be mine the task to charm the hour,
And wake to music's tender power,
  The soft and mellow flute.

The notes, sweet floating on the air,
Shall touch the gentlest feelings there,
  That light the bosom's fire:
Illume the eye, the lip perfume,
Mantle the cheek in richer bloom,
  And rosy love inspire.

The coquette's arts were never thine,
Nor mine the baser libertine,
  Who wooes but to destroy:
The soft impression we will own,
Ingenuous both, and Heaven alone
  Be witness of our joy.

That hour—the happiest hour of life,
Shall win the lover for a wife,
  The maiden at his side;
And, in the morning of our youth,
We'll pledge to each our fondest truth—
  A bridegroom and a bride.

But haste shall not our prospects mar,
For courtship is the morning star
  That gilds life's early day;
And marriage, thoughtless hurried on,
Ere each to each be fully known,
  May prove a thorny way.

We'll spend our evenings as before,
And trust to tender friendship more,
  Than love's impassioned fires:
Freely to each our hearts unveil,
And weigh in candor's equal scale,
  Our hopes and our desires.

From books of sentiment refined,
That pleasure and improve the mind,
  Our knowledge we'll renew;
And from the hallowed page of Truth,
Inform our inexperienced youth,
  The path we should pursue.

Thus, a sweet hope we will secure,
That our young love may still endure,
  A joyful heritage:
On friendship based for happiness,
Be fruitful in all earthly bliss,
  And bloom from youth to age.

So when the wintry months are o'er,
And violet Spring arrays once more
  The form of nature fair;
We'll pluck from Time his brightest flower,
Transplant it to the nuptial bower,
  And seek contentment there.

LOVE.

Love is a passion, fierce—yet kind,
  Lit by the furnace of the eye;
To mental worth Love aye is blind,
  But Beauty calls him from the sky.

Love bends to Beauty's living Queen,
  Who doth all other queens eclipse:
And there, enraptured all I ween,
  Delights to revel on her lips.

But soon enjoyment fades away,
  Desire is vanquished in disgust;
Where Love from reason goes astray,
  Mere sensual pleasure ever must.

The joys of Hymen's silken chain,
  Are not those of the honey-moon:
But love, that through a life doth reign,
  Is wedlocks bliss—and Heaven's best boon.

TO THE BLUEBIRD.

INSCRIBED TO MISS ELIZA LONGWORTH.

SWEET harbinger of the fair blooming Spring,
Descending from the skies on balmy wing;
Moistened with April's soft inconstant showers,
Whose misty kiss impregns her budding bowers;
When blustering March retires with his bleak gales,
And milder airs glide o'er the teeming vales,
I hail thy presence with delight, sweet bird;
And when thy amorous descant first is heard,
Calling thy mate with tender notes of love,
Which she responsive, answers from the grove;
I feel the chilling blast of Winter frore,
Is past—is fled, and his rough empire o'er.

I love the foliaged woods, the green-clad hills,
The yellow cowslip, and the tumbling rills;
The violet, smiling from its mossy bed,
The thymy grass o'er the wide valleys spread;
The pale primrose fond zephyr stoops to kiss,
The honeysuckle of the wilderness;
The limpid stream that winds its glassy way,
Among the hills, and through the meadows gay;
The fragrant woodbine, tressilled o'er the rocks,
The piping songsters, and the bleating flocks;
The liquid dew-drop sparkling in the dawn,
Impearled on blushing flower and verdant lawn,
When rosy-tinted Morn, with balmy breath,
Recals pale Nature from the sleep of death.
I love them: and with rapture warm, rejoice
To speer thine azure wing, and hear thy voice,
More bland, more musical, than fabled note
From reed of Pan, or Siren's silver throat;
So soft, so sweet, poured on the tremulous air,
Bidding bright Hope light up the brow of care,
The genial Hours lead forth the sylvan train,
And Nature wake to jubilee again.

Soon will the forest trees their robes renew,
And shroud their naked honors from the view;
Shrubbery unfold its clustering blossoms fair,
To breathe their fragrance on the circling air;
The Orchard smile in May's delightful bloom,
Clad in gay honors, beauty, and perfume;
And, in the warmth the skies send down below,
Mountains and valleys, hills and forests, glow;
Joy, from unnumbered bowers, awake the song,
While glen and dell the echoing notes prolong.
My casement opens to the breezy west,
Where Phœbus sinks on golden clouds, to rest—
Whence Zephyr comes, gliding on crystal wing,
To kiss the blooming forehead of the Spring,
Fan the warm breath of Summer's sultry noon,
And cool the empire of the vestal moon.
Here, up the frame the Morning-glory creeps,
And o'er the arch in purple beauty sweeps,
Whose thirsty cups shrink from the ardent light,
And but unclose to drink the dews of night.
Above, the scarlet Trumpeter is seen,
Festooned 'mid drapery of smiling green,
That falling down in deep vermillion glow,
Shades the fair flowers that sweetly bloom below:—
The Pinks, on either side the gravelled walks,
Sweet-William, canopying its slender stalks;
The lowly Hyacinth, of purple hue,
The China-astor, with its flowers of blue;
The Fleur-de-lis, the gorgeous Peony,
The Holly-hock, the gay Mock-cherry tree;
Narcissus, waving in his golden fold,
The Lily, Tulip, and bright Mari-gold;
The fragrant Jessamine, with starry eyes,
And brilliant Iris, of a thousand dyes;
While over all, full royally repose,
White Oleanthus, and his blushing Rose.

Hither, sweet bird, where Nature smiles serene,
In her rich livery of flowers and green:—
Thy home shall be yon blooming apple tree,
Within whose trunk a mansion waits for thee,

Secure from storms, from cruel birds of prey,
The dews of night, and heat of burning day.
There take possession, with thy gentle mate,
And dress your domicil in fairy state;
Line it with pliant grass, the grass with moss,
And coat the interior with flaxen floss;
The thistle's silky down o'er that be spread,
And Luxury hath not a softer bed.
There shall thy mate her azure hoard dispose,
And o'er it brood in tender calm repose;
Till, warmed to life, and from the shell set free,
Ye may behold your little progeny;
With rapture tend the callow nestlings there,
And cheer with song each fond and happy care.

Plodding along the untried devious way,
Through woods and vales my path alternate lay;
Now, darkly winding underneath the shade,
And now emerging from the forest glade,
Where golden fields waved to the Summer breeze,
Flowers decked the hills, and fruit adorned the trees.
My wandering eye, intent on all the scene,—
The sky's deep blue, the landscape's vivid green;
The blushing fruit that from the branches hung,
And cheerful birds, that ever gaily sung,—
Rested upon a dark-leafed plant, hard by,
Armed with rough-bearded burs, prickly and dry:
And spyed I there, in that sequestered place,
A gentle songster of thy charming race,
Caught by the wing, and struggling, all in vain,
To free his pinions, and his flight regain.
Alas! poor bird! thy strength was failing fast,
And thy first Summer might have been thy last!
When the Omnicient One—who all surveys,
Whose is thy beauty, innocence, and praise;
Guided the eye, that could not brook to see
A hapless warbler in such jeopardy:—
Called each warm sympathy from my heart's spring,
And bade the wanderer unchain thy wing.
Released from pain, he drinks the liquid breeze,
And, settling in a grove of branching trees—
Beneath whose cooling shade, in groups disposed,
On the green sward, the flocks and herds reposed:—

From treble pipes, sweeter than dulcet lute,
The Orphean lyre, or the soft Lydian flute;
Poured all his joy; that blythely rose above,
In fervid strains of gratitude and love:
And I rejoiced, that Heaven bestowed on me,
The will and power to set the Bluebird free.

Furnished this garden is with fruitage rare,—
The mellow peach, the cherry, and the pear;
Plum, apple, nectarine, their sweets combine
With clustering grapes, depending from the vine;
And grateful berries, ripening all around,
Glow on light shrubs, or creep along the ground.
Here feed your young, and solace all the hours,
Secure from danger in these peaceful bowers,
Where Plenty spreads the board, thro' months that bloom
In radiant beauty, and all sweet perfume:
Till grown in strength, and like the parents drest,
The full-fledged offspring quit their downy nest;
Launch on the air, and up the ether borne,
On wings of hope salute the rising morn.

For me—when wakes the golden-mantled day,
Lights up the skies, and paints all nature gay,
With thousand blooms that blush upon the vale,
Glow on the hills, and sweetly scent the gale;—
Thy song, loved Bluebird, shall awaken me,
Poured from the topmost branch of some fair tree:
And, while the crystal and perfumed air,
Shall to my boudoir the sweet matins bear;
Mine ear shall drink in each delightful note,
So sweetly warbled from thy tuneful throat;
And peeping from my window, fondly view
Thine azure pinion; and thy neck's soft blue;
Pleased, mark thy bland and inoffensive ways,
And yield thee both my blessing and my praise.

Cincinnati, Dec., 1840.

SOME PEERLESS ROSE.

INSCRIBED TO MISS OLIVIA GROESBECK.

SWEET as the sylvan Satyr's horn,
On Zephyr's balmy pinions borne,
The lark awakes the slumbering Morn,
As up the heavens he goes:
Morn, from the empurpled orient sky,
Lists the wild strain of melody,
And flies, to greet with pearly eye,
This blooming Rose.

Ethereal strains, divinely fair,
Floating so rich in upper air,
Could ye not charm Aurora there,
Among the bright rainbows?
Ah, no! on emerald fields below,
Her peering eyes glance to and fro,
Where Flora paints with deeper glow,
This blushing Rose.

Gay, lovely flower, that charms the light,
Perfumes the landscape, breathes delight,
And blown upon the verge of night,
On Morning's bosom glows;
The chaste-eyed nymphs shall wake for thee,
Trip o'er the impearled flowery lea,
And pluck in damask brilliancy,
This fragrant Rose.

Sweet emblem of the Maiden's dower,
In modest beauty bends the flower,
As if to woo some guardian power
On whom it may repose:
So gentle Belles their Gallants charm,
The Youths present the willing arm,
Blest to sustain, in Beauty's form,
Some peerless Rose.

Cincinnati, May, 1836.

VERNAL HYMN.

INSCRIBED TO THE HON. BELLAMY STORER.

THE morning dawns—the orient beam
  Glides softly up the east,
And paints with many a lucid stream
  The curtains of the west;
Before the brilliant eye of day,
  Dun night recedes forlorn,
And Nature dons her bright array,
  To meet the rosy morn:
Soft music wakes from tangled brakes,
  From blooming vale and balmy grove,
And dulcet notes, from silver throats
  Of birds that through the ether rove,
Float on the air, whose pinions bear
  The offering to the King above.

Earth smiles in all her gay attire
  Of blossoms, shrubs and flowers;
The foliaged trees, in waving spire,
  The humble vine-clad bowers;
Her verdant-mantled bosom fair,
  Her bright enamelled vest,
The liquid pearls that wreathe her hair,
  And sparkle on her breast:
The skies bend down, as if to crown
  The soul of bliss that wakes below;
The vocal hymn, attuned to Him
  Who bids the hills and valleys glow,
Ten thousand blooms breathe sweet perfumes,
  And fountains gush, and rivers flow.

No notes of boisterous revelry
  Grate harshly on the ear;
But strains of softest melody,
  The listening spirits cheer;
For there is music in the air,
  Touched by the zephyr's wing,
The falling rills the cadence bear,
  The branching forests ring:
The lowing herds, insects and birds,
  In unison their voices raise:
Rocks, glens and dells, where echo dwells,
  Respond the rapturous hymn of praise,
From Nature breathed, with incense wreathed,
  To God on high, Ancient of Days.

Shall man, in drowsy thoughtlessness,
  Resign to dull repose,
When Heaven awakes, a world to bless,
  And earth in beauty glows?
What time the hallowed symphony,
  Ascending from the vale,
Is warbled over hill and lea,
  And echoed on the gale:
Awake, arise, child of the skies,
  And join the happy, smiling throng;
Thy voice should lead, from verdant mead,
  From blooming grove the strain prolong,
To Him, for whom the skies illume,
  And Nature pours her varied song.

Sure man, of all that tread the earth,
  Or skim the liquid air,
A joyful song should pæan forth,
  A smiling aspect wear;
For these were formed, and thus arrayed,
  The servants of his throne,
While he, in Heaven's bright image made,
  Was made for God alone:
His is the mind, with powers assigned,
  To scan creation's various page,

To win in youth, the lore of truth—
  The knowledge of his parentage,
And learn where lies, 'neath brighter skies,
  The soul's unfading heritage.

For him, the face of earth is drest
  In verdure, bloom and flowers;
For him, each rosy cup is prest
  With evening's dewy showers;
For him, the blushing morn unbars
  The silver gates of light;
And balmy gales from crystal cars,
  Wrap beauty in delight:
O blest to know, that all below,
  Was formed to soothe a life of care:
While hope beguiles with radiant smiles,
  The viewless hours that speed so fair,
He treads on blooms, he breathes perfumes,
  Looks upward, and forgets despair.

The roving eye, the listening ear,
  The senses all combined,
Each charm, each grace, serene and clear,
  Present unto the mind;
The contemplative spirit, there
  Expatiates with delight,
And gathers tribute large and rare,
  From all the fields of light:
As roves the bee, from tree to tree,
  From flower to flower, the valley o'er,
And honey sips from nectared lips,
  So thought divine extracts the lore
Of knowledge rare, from nature fair,
  Taught whom to love, praise and adore.

Teach me this wisdom here to know,
  The vanity of time;
That reason may progressive grow,
  From simple to sublime:
Not all-sublime, nor over-wise,
  But studious of Thy praise,

Fair virtue more than beauty prize,
  And pleasure less than grace:
Thus happily, the spirit free,
  May truth imbibe from day to day,
From morning's beam, hill, vale and stream,
  From tuneful birds, in plumage gay;
Earth's various bloom, tribute, perfume,
  And own her God in all her way.

So let me wake, when vestal dawn
  Calls Nature from repose,
And hill and valley, grove and lawn,
  In vernal beauty glows;
When earth is vocal with delight,
  And incense-breathing flowers
Expand to meet the embrace of light,
  And charm the waking hours:
Then wake, my lyre; and Thou inspire
  The hymn of praise I breathe to thee,
Who largely gives to all that lives
  The bliss of being, and to me,
The surety of a home above,
  When Time and Nature cease to be.

Cincinnati, May, 1840.

NEW YEAR ADDRESS.

INSCRIBED TO THE FAIR.

EN light first dawned upon Creation's Morn,
l from the Earth each breathing form was born;
en the long rolling hills the forests crowned,
ved to the winds, and showered their odors round,
verdant valleys of eternal green,
ere silver streams wound through each glowing scene,
l thousand flowers of never-fading hues,
led to the light through drops of pearly dews;
ng Time, descended from the realms above,
h white-robed Innocence, and rosy Love.

ir was he, as erst in Eden's bowers,
woke to light and life the empurpled hours,
it, winged with rapture, hovered round their king,
l crowned his temples with eternal Spring.
locks, luxuriant from his forehead flung,
aven curls upon his shoulders hung;
eyes that glowed upon the new-born day,
Beauty smile beneath the living ray:
ion owned the influence sublime,
l all the bliss of Being woke with Time.

re moved a form, all beauty and all grace,
ich, though of earth, did seem of heavenly race;
whom earth's Monarch bent, as time began,
l rendered homage in the shape of MAN.
ortal Virtue crowned the blooming Fair,
lushing Innocence arrayed her there;
ed she moved, in all the charm of youth,
l knew no shame in her unsullied truth:
ven's crowning work of all of Nature born,
WOMAN graced the world's first New-Year Morn.

was the fall of Loveliness, that gave
immortality to feed the grave:
e's raven locks fell from his youthful head,
d deep the furrows o'er his visage spread.

Faded the trees, the flowers, the verdant vale,
The heavens obscured, the face of earth grew pale,
Another Season joined the blooming year,
And withering Nature dropped the frigid tear:
The bowers of Eden vanished in the dearth,
And Winter triumphed o'er the fallen earth.

Fair Innocence returned to Heaven above,
And sent bright Hope to cheer the weeping Love;
Who smiled, as she descended from on high,
And hung her scarf of Promise in the sky.
The gelid frosts of Winter melt away,
The verdure springs, the zephyrs court the day;
The groves renew their blossoms and perfume,
Smile the green hills, with flowers the valleys bloom:
And from the cold embrace of Winter's reign,
Delighted Nature springs to life again.

Through WOMAN lost—through WOMAN all restored,
In time created, and through time adored;
Through her the promise hovers o'er the dead—
Her offspring triumphs o'er the serpent's head;
And all the rosy bliss that sweetens life,
She yields the living in the Bride and Wife.
Thanks to the Fall—that gave our hearts to know
The worth of happiness, from tasting wo:
Still soothed by her; who in herself bestows,
The fragrant antidote to all our woes.

This NEW YEAR MORN she graces, as of old,
When first the planets in their orbits rolled;
And though stern Boreas rules the faded year,
Her presence charms, and Winter is not drear.
So may she flourish—till that Morn awake,
When Heaven shall vanish and Creation quake!
When buried millions shall resume their breath,
And WOMAN's Offspring triumph over death!
Her robe of innocence her GOD restore,
And Youth and Beauty bloom to fade no more.

Cincinnati, Jan., 1840.

THE "SCARLET FEATHER."

INSCRIBED TO RICHARD F. L'HOMMEDIEU, ESQ.

THERE, where my native hills I own,
Far down the glen among the heather;
E rst bloomed—to other parts unknown,
A wild Flower, named the "Scarlet Feather."

OH! blissful hours! when romping childhood,
So ruddy and so gay;
With buoyant step, and laughing eye,
And spirit wrapt in play;
Frolicked the limpid rivulet by,—
Upon whose verdant banks, I ween,
The four-leafed rose blushed o'er the scene,
And blue-eyed violets breathed perfume,
Beneath the lily's vestal bloom:—
Moments of gladness, would ye might
Return again, with that delight,
As when I roved the chequered wildwood;
And from the dell and shadowy glen,
Did gather honeysuckles fair,
The blue-bell, and the yellow-hare;
And all along the marshy fen,
Blooming so bright amid the heather,
With thrilling transport—there and then,
I plucked the graceful "Scarlet Feather."

Ah, no! the days of youth have faded—
The golden hours of time:
When, with the smiling rosy dawn,
Awoke the vocal chime
Of Nature, o'er the dewy lawn;
From tuneful throat of rapturous bird,
The bleating flock, the lowing herd;
When Hope sat on the Morning's brow,
And Love with Pleasure knit, below,

Roved the fair vistas of delight,
Where winged the gale its fragrant flight,
And Pan sweet Echo serenaded:
And wooed me oft from home to stray,
Through tangled copse, by forest glade,
Up rocky height, o'er flowery mead,
Where wound the stream its mazy way,
The fairy blooms of Spring to gather;
And brightest of the bright array,
Waved the tall graceful "Scarlet Feather."

Thou charmer of the hours I number,
While Time is busy now,
Blanching my cheek, and ploughing there
Deep furrows on my brow:
Fond memory! wake the vision fair:
And bright as Eden's blissful bowers,
Recal sweet childhood's vernal hours;
When rosy lips, and sparkling eyes,
And blooming cheeks—health's ruddy prize,
Smiled on the boy, whose dream of play,
Dissolving at the dawn of day,
Awoke him from his peaceful slumber;
To drink the fresh elastic breeze,
Winged from the distant woody hills,
And cooled along the tumbling rills,
Soft sighing through the branching trees:
And, tripping down the vale together,
The TWINS erst sought those tiny seas,
Where bloomed the graceful "Scarlet Feather."

The Twins: I am the sole survivor
Of two fair cherub boys;
Who, hand in hand were wont to rove,
Pleased with each other's joys;
Or rest beneath the aspen grove—
As, wearied with delight, reclined
The budding form—the embryo mind;
Tired with the chase of butterfly,
And double-pinioned dragon-fly;
Content, with fern to wreathe their hair,
Mingling the purple violet fair;

And bending o'er the winding river,
  Survey beneath the limpid tide,
    Each smiling forehead crowned so gay;
    Still charmed to wend the rivulet's way,
  As from the grove the waters glide,
To add that flower, found in the nether
  Wild lands alone, where rills grew wide,
And bloomed the graceful "Scarlet Feather."

Thou gorgeous flower—in all my roving,
    I ne'er met mate to thee;
  Unless the Lady-slipper, and
      That one beyond the sea,
  That blooms on Quito's Table land:
  A sapphire flower, with golden head,
  Sweet waving o'er an emerald bed;
  Where erst the ardent Indian boy,
  Was wont to seek the plumed toy,
  To grace his helm of oziers twined,
  And gaily float upon the wind,
While smiled the warrior sire approving:
  But never did that flower of blue,
    Waving beneath the tropic sky,
    E'er fire the heart, or light the eye
  Of Indian boy—as did the view
Of that, my youth was wont to gather:
  In mimic pomp of knight so true,
To sport the graceful "Scarlet Feather."

The little Maid with golden tresses,
      In simple, artless grace;
  Delighted with her waxen doll,
      Forgot her own sweet face,
  To wander o'er the blooming knoll,
  And deck the unconscious little thing,
  With the first blossoms of the Spring;
  And o'er its cradle weave a bower,
  Of running vine, and fragrant flower;
  And change—as flew the hours away,
  Its cap, with lace and ribands gay,
And gaudy parti-colored dresses:

Yet—all unknown to chivalry,
Kindled her eye with new delight,
Her cheek warmed with a flush more bright,
And smiled she more enchantingly—
As, with his drum of gilded leather;
She marked her brother, gallantly
Plumed with the graceful "Scarlet Feather."

When fair Aurora woke the morning,
From light tin trump I ken—
A blast was blown upon the breeze,
Startling the little wren,
Sweet warbling in a clump of trees,
His pæans to the rising day,
Whose smile called up the youth to play;
The while, in boyish pomp, I ween,
To tap of drum we trode the green,
O'er hill and vale, where varied bloom,
And sparkling dew, and sweet perfume,
The smiling landscape were adorning;—
To wend the mazes of the stream,
That led our swift delighted feet,
Where each one's panoply complete,
Was made beneath the rosy beam
Of blooming May's delightful weather:—
Where, warriors in life's happy dream,
We donned the graceful "Scarlet Feather."

To manhood grown—I left the valleys,
Where life's young blossom first
Expanded to the cheerful day,
And childhood—nature nursed,
Basked in its being's purple ray:—
I left the peaceful valleys, where
Childhood erst bloomed so free from care;
For tented field—midnight alarms,
The combat's strife—the clash of arms:
Now, shouting victory amain,
And now, retreating o'er the plain,
Where not a broken squadron rallies:
Ah! wo was mine—hungered, athirst—

The white plume waved upon my crest,
My form clasped in embroidered vest—
But all the splendor was accurst!
For, though the field were won, I'd rather
Have been the red plain far away,
O'er the blue wave atween that rolled;
Where my young childhood, light and gay,
Roved peaceful, happy, uncontrolled;
And unambitious, or of gold,
Or glory; mimicked war's array,
Plumed with the graceful "Scarlet Feather."

Oh, blissful days! so bright and fleeting!
Fond memory turns again—
And, from the past's deep solitude,
Calls up the pageant train
That each returning morn renewed,
In childhood's vernal days, that were
So free from trouble, toil and care:
In middle life, I weary now,
To place upon my care-worn brow
The evergreen—the wreath of fame,
To win from Time an honored name,
Perchance, as transient as our meeting:
But, be my fortune what it may—
To cull a flower—to find a home,
Or still, in life's decline, to roam
Unblest along Time's weary way:
The memory of those days, shall be
A fragrant-breathing theme for me:
My native hills—my native glens,
The vale, the stream, the lowland fens,
Where childhood joyed Spring's blooms to gather:
And, fairest of the flowers of May,
Waved the tall graceful "Scarlet Feather."

Amid the changes Time is making,
How silently he flies!
He touches but the damask rose—
It droops, it fades, it dies!
And Nature withers in repose!

Companions of my early prime,
Where are ye, in the lapse of time?
Your beauty, gaiety, and youth—
Your innocence, and artless truth?
Some sleep supine, laid in the grave,
Some lie embalmed beneath the wave;
While some—it may be so—like mine,
Rudely repelled from Hope's bright shrine—
Their hearts, too warm, are slowly breaking!
Dream the pale dead, in their cold urns,
As dream the living in their sleep?
If so—entombed down in the deep,
In coral bowers of fretted red—
Or earth's cold, emerald-mantled bed;
Perchance the waking spirit burns—
As o'er the stilly senses gather
Dim recollections of those days,
Of childhood's pleasures, toys, and plays:
When we were wont to troop along,
With trump, and drum, and boyish song;
That silvery winding rivulet by,
Upon whose moss-clad banks, I spy
In dreams, oft as the Spring returns,
The well known graceful "Scarlet Feather."

Cincinnati, Jan., 1841.

STANZAS.

INSCRIBED TO MISS MARY ANN LAMERRE.

THE golden-mantled Day sinks down to rest,
Upon the rosy pillow of the west;
While pearl-clad Twilight hovers o'er the earth,
And wakes the blissful hours of love and mirth:
Bland zephyrs blow,
And to and fro
Rock the green branches of the grove;
While humid Night
Descends so light,
And bathes the flowers in dews of love.

It is the hour when vestal Beauty blooms,
Radiant in charms and fragrant in perfumes;
Smiles, as she sways the sceptre of delight,
And binds in silken chains the Gallant's might:
He lowly bows
To Parian brows,
Lit with the lustre of those eyes,
Whose evening glance
Doth hearts entrance,
Till Morn, with blushes, wake the skies.

ncinnati, Oct., 1841.

THE BEAUTY OF THE WEST.

TO ———.

THE lark awakes the purple dawn,
And carols blithe and gay;
The blue-bird sports upon the lawn,
The zephyrs kiss the May;
The sweet primrose with brilliants glows,
Impearled upon its breast;
And Nature woocs, with flowers and dews,
The BEAUTY OF THE WEST.

She wakes, or e'er Aurora lays
Her torch upon the sky,
And flies to meet the morning's gaze,
That shrinks from her bright eye:
Those eyes so bright, with living light
From Venus' own imprest,
That grace but one beneath the sun,—
The Beauty of the West.

The flowers unfolding, smile delight,
Pan leads the sylvan train,
And turns again retiring night
To list the thrilling strain:
The trees in bloom, shower rich perfume,
On wings that never rest,
While every sweet, ascends to meet
The Beauty of the West.

I marked her as she tripped along,
In rosy smiles arrayed,
While ling'ring swelled the matin song
In homage to the Maid:
Each peerless grace, that charms our race,
My heart at once confessed,
And owned her claim, to that fair name,—
The Beauty of the West.

Fair is the blushing rose, that blooms
  Upon the risen day;
Sweet is the violet that perfumes
  The damask lip of May:
But fairer thou, of Parian brow,
  Than is the rose full drest;
And sweeter far, than violets are,
  The beauty of the West.

Fond birds, that tune your silver throats
  As morn unveils the scene,
I wonder not that such sweet notes
  Should welcome Beauty's Queen;
She charms the hours, she cheers the flowers,
  Her look is love's behest;
And stamped with truth, her artless youth,—
  The Beauty of the West.

Full many a high-born dame, I ween,
  Would yield her brightest pearl,
For half the charms that grace Love's Queen—
  This lowly cottage girl:
No toilette's art can e'er impart
  What Nature ne'er exprest;
Peerless she roves, through vales and groves—
  The Beauty of the West.

I've wandered far—I've wandered near,
  Through earth's wide scenery,
Amid the bright—amid the drear,
  Beyond the rolling sea:
No virgin bands, in orient lands,
  The fairest and the best;
Present a Maid, like her arrayed—
  The Beauty of the West.

O could my youth return once more,
  With all its wonted fire,
I'd range with her the valleys o'er,
  And hallowed love inspire;

Far from the strife of busy life,
  With her supremely blest:
The gentle dove, of hope and love,—
  The Beauty of the West.

Young gallants long shall seek to know
  This charmer of the hours,
Who smiles in Beauty's living glow,
  Sweet as her native flowers:—
Nor wealth, nor pride, shall claim her bride,
  Whom Heaven's own charms invest;
But WORTH may dare, and win and wear
  The BEAUTY OF THE WEST.

Cincinnati, May, 1840.

STANZAS.

INSCRIBED TO MISS LAURA WIGGINS.

O FAIR and serene is the eye of the morning,
  That glitters impearled on the leaf and the flower,
When the warm breath of Spring is with beauty adorning,
  The hill and the valley, the grove and the bower:
The soft mellow light, in a gay prismed shower,
  Sprinkles roses and blossoms wide over the lea;
But for all the bright splendor investing the hour—
  The eye of the Maiden of Beauty for me.

The eye of the morning awakes on the mountains,
  And the green-mantled earth in the radiance glows,
That reflects from the dews and the clear limpid fountains,
  To kiss the fond tulip and dance on the rose:
But for all the gay charms so profusely she throws
  From her bright-beaming orbs, rising out of the sea;
On the robe of the Spring, or the Winter's pale snows—
  The eye of the Maiden of Beauty for me.

The eye of the morning, awaking in splendor,
  With silver and amethyst paints the blue sky,
And beams on the earth in a look soft and tender,
  That calls up a blush, and a tear, and a sigh—
The rose, and the dew, and the zephyrs that fly,
  Kissing roses and dews, and each sweet blooming tree;
But for all the delights that she showers from on high—
  The eye of the Maiden of Beauty for me.

The eye of the morning may charm the cold bosom,
  That never yet warmed to the glance of the Fair,
But rayless to love were the flower and the blossom,
  If the bright eye of Beauty were not waking there:
And wherever my fate or my fortune may bear,
  While the heart warms to woman, and fancy is free;
Though the eye of the morn please the cold sons of care—
  The eye of the Maiden of Beauty for me.

Cincinnati, Feb., 1839.

ODE,

READ AT THE FRANKLIN TYPOGRAPHICAL CELEBRATION, CINCINNATI, FEBRUARY, 1839.

I.

Ye charming Nine! that erst, in Tempe's Vale,
In mystic dance around Apollo flew;
With unbound tresses floating on the gale,
And sandaled feet that glittered in the dew,
As o'er the strings the god his fingers drew,
And breathed immortal song, wild and diverse:—
Sisters of thought!—the PRESS was made for you:
Mind to preserve and merit to rehearse,
In strains of eloquence—or the melodious verse.

II.

Smile on your votary, who fain would tell
Whence sprung the noblest Art, to bless mankind;
To wake the intellect—its force impel,
Enlighten, and invigorate the mind;
Reclaim earth's hordes—the wilderness unbind,
And robe the arid waste in mantling green:
Hath Heaven, or man, a savage world refined—
With beauty—nursed by art—decked the wild scene,
And moral truth unveiled, with every grace serene?

III.

From Heaven, some deem it was—when the MOST HIGH,
Revealed Himself, that mortals might aspire:
Wrapt in thick darkness, bowed the eternal sky,
And sat on Sinai's top in clouds and fire!
To the meek Prophet's hallowed desire,
Gave there the Decalogue—graved on the stone,
By God's own hand! whence Nations might inquire,
And learn the will of Him who reigns alone;
Whose wisdom is his power—whose knowledge guards his throne.

IV.

Egypt is held the land whence learning sprung:
The Shepherds—as they watched their flocks by night,
Transferred from earth their views, the stars among,
To contemplate the glittering orbs of light:
And, while they studied with increased delight,
Their motions, distance, and apparent size;
Science first dawned upon the mental sight,
Learning received its impulse from the skies,
By hieroglyphics marked, and men sought to be wise.

V.

Their mystic meaning is to us unknown—
Who read the characters, have passed away:
But, deep engraven on the enduring stone;
The first attempt at letters they display:
Perhaps, confirming to some future day—
When other men should bear the golden rod;
Some early Pharaoh's majestic sway,—
The memory of the Hebrew Boy, who trod
Her palaces a Prince, Prophet, and Demi-god.

VI.

Then, from the Theban City, Cadmus came
To Grecia's classic shores—destined to bear
In Art and Science an enduring fame;
Nor time, nor desolation might impair!
He taught the elements of language there,
Or ever Homer sang the Iliad strain:
The Muse inspired—genius, and talent rare
Awoke to light; and Athens rose amain,
Crowned with her Parthenon, where bent earth's classic train.

VII.

But deep as was the lore of former time,
When giant Intellect his strength displayed—
When Knowledge rode upon her car sublime,
And Art and Science were subservient made
To man's research; and lent their potent aid
To empire, usefulness, or ornament:
Few—very few, by Pallas were arrayed
In Wisdom's stole:—the mass, their being spent
In ignorance, unblest, beneath oppression bent.

VIII.

Time rolled along—his centuries passed away,
And with them passed the wise, the good, and great:
Rome, to barbaric nations fell a prey,
And Greece, despoiled of all her glorious state,
Sat, like a dying Vestal, bowed by Fate;
Disrobed, disheveled, and deflowered! Of all
Their Poets and Historians did relate—
Their monuments of Art: Lyceum and Hall—
Enough alone remains, to tell their mighty fall!

IX.

The Monks of old preserved from Vandal rage,
Some peerless monuments of ancient lore:
Revered by scholars in the classic page,
Which men admire, Philosophers explore,
Historians search, and Poets all adore:
Oh! had the PRESS been in existence then,
What precious piles of intellectual ore
Had been redeemed!—in vain the tardy pen,
Without its aid, essays to instruct the race of men.

X.

In Rome's bright morn, had the Press flourished there,
Or in the states of Greece—the iron sway
That manacled a world, which breathed the air
Of despotism, in its worst array;
Would not so long have forced mankind to obey
The terror-bound decrees of tyranny:
O'er the ETERNAL CITY, Freedom's ray
Had still shone bright—the hymn of Liberty
Pealed from the ACROPOLIS, and all the earth been free.

XI.

Hail, noble Art! the courier of high thought!
Whose silent characters, inanimate;
Yet with profoundest reasoning are fraught,
To scan the depths of knowledge, and relate
The secret wonders of her gifted state:—
Now flashing eloquence to win the soul,
And now the flowers of fancy to create:
Wisdom and truth painting upon a scroll,—
How mighty is thy power—how vast is thy control!

XII.

Thy pages to the inquiring mind display
The subtle forms of Science, bathed in light;
Lead contemplation in her high array,
To range the starry concave of the night,
Where orb encircles orb, and satellite,
Attendant on its planet, lights her way:
When down declining skies, their centre bright
Extinguishing in ocean his last ray,
Leaves to the spangled heavens the empire of the day.

XIII.

Ye sons of FAUST, pursue your glorious way,
Enlighten earth—the depths of knowledge scan:
Let the pure sheet the intellect display,
'Tis but the mind that makes the sterling man:
We labor, but with honor—nobler than
The superficial idiots, who shame
A richer birthright: Ours a Franklin's plan—
To win from Time integrity of name,
And that fair page present Posterity may claim.

THE GREEN, GREEN WOOD.

INSCRIBED TO PEYTON S. SYMMES, ESQ.

THROUGH the green, green wood I love to roam,
When Summer smiles on the blooming earth;
The green, green wood is oft my home,
Far from the revelry of mirth:
I love to see the green beech tree,
Waving to every passing breeze,
And lay my head on the mossy bed,
Beneath the lofty branching trees.

The green, green wood is tall and fair,
Fairer than vale in flowers arrayed;
Rustled by every breath of air,
Cooling the bland and welcome shade:
And here the mind, may always find
Relief from the sting of misery;
Fondly embrace a resting place,
And, freed from the world, itself be free.

The green, green wood is dark to view,
For the foliage drinks the radiance bright;
But the gleam the canopy pierces through,
And the forest is lit with pearly light:
And here is the dell where the Muses dwell—
Here tuneful Pan delights to play;
And while I rove through the leaf-clad grove,
The lyre of the winds responds his lay.

The green, green wood is Nature's pride,
In the forest she reigns supremely queen;
Her empire stretches far and wide,
Where the touch of refinement is not seen:

And the scenery—so wild and free,
  Can never be equalled by earthly power:
No array of Art, can e'er impart
  The beauty of her umbrageous bower.

In the green, green wood the vines ascend,
  Round the trunk of many a spacious tree,
And clusters of luscious grapes depend
  In purple and azure drapery:
'Tis Nature's feast, by Nature drest,
  Which she yields to me, as I recline
Beneath the shade, by their foliage made,
  And commune with her in rosy wine.

Through the green, green wood there flows along,
  A crystal stream of purity,
By whose flowery banks the son of song
  May breathe in secluded liberty:
Where Nature gives to all that lives,
  Freedom to taste her pleasures there;
Nor me alone, but all who own
  That Art can never with her compare.

In the green, green wood there flowers a tree,
  Filling the air with rich perfume;
The tall magnolia, branching free,
  And the noblest of all trees in bloom:
And the sweet primrose in beauty glows,
  And the bluebell wanders far and wide,
While violets play in the shade of day,
  On the moss-crowned bank where the rivulets glide.

Through the green, green wood the vestal Queen,
  With her band of nymphs delights to rove,
With quiver and bow, and stately mien,
  Pursues the stag through the winding grove:
All graceful she in modesty,
  The Huntress far from the world retires,
To the bowers where truth unveils to youth,
  And the bosom feels naught but chaste desires.

Let the rich rear the stately dome,
  In all the pomp and pride of wealth:
Where is the blessing of such a home,
  If there be wanting peace or health?
Or an open heart, free to impart
  Some genial blessing to those who need—
Some gentle balm, that soul to calm,
  Where peace once reigned, now lost indeed.

Through the green, green wood may I then stray,
  Where trees, and vines, and flowers are seen;
Where the rivulets glide, and the zephyrs play,
  And Nature herself is solely Queen:
There may I find that peace of mind,
  Which the venal world cannot destroy;
There woo the Nine in truth divine,
  While fancy furnishes rich employ.

Perchance, when my day of life is past,
  Some friend of the Muses here may tread;
Round the green, green wood his glances cast,
  To spy the lowly poet's bed:
Remove me not from the once loved spot,
  But grave on the green beech tree my name;
Nor judge me hard—a humble bard,
  Who sought not wealth, but sighed for fame.

Cincinnati Sep., 1837.

WHILE SAILING O'ER THE TROPIC SEA.

TO MARY ANN.

WHILE sailing o'er the tropic sea,
  When curtains night the ocean's bed,
My fondest memory waits on thee,
  With whose warm heart mine own is wed:
Peace to my love—peace be thy pillow:
  While I keep watch upon the deep,
My thoughts fly o'er the crested billow,
  And kiss thee in the hour of sleep.

Propitious gales the canvas swell,
  The ship ploughs on her homeward way,
As by some unseen magic spell,
  She tosses off the briny spray:
The blue bespangled skies are o'er me,
  Beneath, the faithless billows sweep;
But hope and love are both before me,
  And kiss thee in the hour of sleep.

The stars bend down their brows of light,
  To bathe their tresses in the sea;
And through the watches of the night,
  I gaze on one, and think of thee:
That polar star shall guide me to thee,
  Safe o'er the desert, boisterous deep;
While each fond thought still flies to woo thee,
  And kiss thee in the hour of sleep.

The favoring gale we drive before,
  With stu'nsails set, below aloft;
And cheerly near the wished-for shore,
  That shore beloved, and trod so oft:
One thought alone my breast encumbers—
  I send it flying o'er the deep,
To wait upon thy gentle slumbers,
  And kiss thee in the hour of sleep.

Land, O!—the fore-yard look-out hails—
  The joyous cry greets every ear;
Aloft, take in the lighter sails,
  And under courses slowly steer:
I breathe the fragrance of the blossom,
  The land's perfume is on the deep;
And my fond heart leaps from my bosom,
  To wake my love from balmy sleep.

Brace up the yards, and bear away,
  The light is on the weather bow:
We'll haul our wind at break of day,
  And gaily steer the Narrows through:
Then sweetly rest—peace be thy pillow,
  Till morning kiss the hoary deep;
When love shall pass the last rude billow,
  And snatch thee from the arms of sleep.

Cincinnati, Feb., 1841.

MAY MORNING.

INSCRIBED TO MISS AMELIA STEPHENSON.

MAY morning has dawned on the brow of the mountain,
  And shed her soft light over hill, over dale;
The flowers are reflecting within the clear fountain,
  The rose breathes its fragrance upon the bland gale:
In purple and gold all the east doth unveil,
  And sparkles the earth in the dews that adorn,
While the bluebird and robin awake from the vale,
  And warble their pæans to welcome the morn.

Calm is the landscape in mild beauty glowing,
  Like the Maiden just risen to see the May dawn:
Free is her white robe, her dark tresses flowing,
  As sylph-like, so buoyant, she glides o'er the lawn:
The curtain of night from the skies is withdrawn,
  And Venus in heaven her crescent displays,
While Dian, below, calls her gold-antlered fawn,
  And the nymphs, and the goddess, retire from her gaze.

How sweet are the zephyrs that herald May morning,
  Surcharged with the sweets they have kissed from the flowers;
From the rich carmine blossoms the fruit trees adorning,
  From the verdure of earth, and the freshness of showers:
And sweet is the dell where fond echo embowers,
  By cascade or grotto, in wilds of her own;
As whispers the thrush his wild notes to the hours,
  While the listening bird wists that he is not alone.

Aurora unfolds the bright portals of heaven,
And burning in splendor unveils to the sight,
While Nature revives from the gloom of the even,
Renewed in her beauty, and smiling delight;
And o'er the hill's summit, sublime in its height,
Where the ivy, the laurel, and myrtle are seen;
The soft eye of May flows in silvery light,
And smiles in the dews that bespangle the scene.

Like May is the waking of youth's purple morning,
When hope, on the brow sits in rapture so bright,
And smiles in the glow that the cheek is adorning,
And sparkles from eyes that are beaming delight:
The winter is past, and the cold dreary night,
And mildness, and beauty, and bloom, charm the hou
And so, from the grave may we wake to the light,
Where the Spring blooms immortal in verdure and flo

Cincinnati, May, 1837.

CYNTHIA.

Bright Cynthia, sovereign of the midnight world,
From silver eye, soft bending from the skies,
Smiles on the Father of the mountain streams,
And, in his azure bosom sweet reflects
Her fairy form: the Monarch of the abyss,
All softened by her touch—a grizzly smile
Creeps o'er his face—his billows cease to rage,
And, slowly rising from his hollow throne,
Owns—as he yields himself to beauty's sway,
The potent influence of the Queen of Night.

THIS CUP.

This cup, erst filled with liquid fire,
  Drawn from the reservoirs of hell;
Hath failed to light the funeral pyre,
  Or wake grim Death, to ring the knell
    Of one full long its slave:
This cup, that once inflamed the brain,
  Till reason tottered to and fro,
  And, maddened in the fiery glow,
Let loose the wild licentious rein—
Raging and foaming like the deep,
When black tornadoes ocean sweep,
And thunder-launched, red lightnings lave
Their barbed tongues in the hissing wave:—
    This cup I still retain,
    And with a sense of pain,
But more of pleasure, mark its circling rim,
That once was boiling o'er the crystal brim,
    With the volcanic beverage of hell!
Where, like a gloating basilisk, there lay
Delirium Tremens, and the mania
    That chains the spirit with a demon's spell:
Dishonor, crime, meanness that grew more mean,
Still tending toward a lower depth obscene;
    The sudden start, the wild, the fearful yell,
The maniac laugh, pale horror, red despair,
Medusa's horrid head of snaky hair,
    And blasphemies, such as the damned do tell!

    This cup I still retain,
    Wed to my lips again,
    But cleansed and purified:
Filled with the emblem pure of Truth,
    From yonder crystal tide,
    Whose cooling waters glide

From the rent rock, to lave the verdant shore,
The fainting spirits sweetly to restore,
And vivify the energies of youth.
This cup, replenished from the gelid spring,
Shall yield a grateful draught at noontide hour,
When Zephyr wakes, to fan with balmy wing,
The sleeping tendrils of the Summer bower:
Sweet emblem of the blossom, or the flower,
Expanding to receive the dews of night,
Where wings the humming-bird in morning bright,
His tuneful-pinioned flight,
To dip his slender bill, and from the dew
Cheer his light heart, his tender strength renew,
Then gaily plume his crest, and pipe his sweet delight.

Thanks to kind Providence, at whose command,
The crystal fountains flowed to cheer the land,
And bending clouds dissolved in falling rain,
To bless the parched hills and thirsty plain;
Smiling like Love, beneath the grateful shower,
In verdure, foliage, blossom and sweet flower;
While moisture-dropping night profusely strews
Nature's green bosom with her limpid dews;
And in the rosy morning's matin voice,
Earth and her offspring flourish and rejoice.
Thanks be to THEE, whose mercy hath restored
Reason, oft lost, and be THY name adored:
Who formed the antidote that heals the soul,
Vilely corrupted by the poisoned bowl;
The living stream, where breathing nature sips,
And bird, and beast, and insect bathe their lips;
Sweetly restoring all the flagging powers,
From life's pure Spring, where Hope renews the hours;
The fount of bliss—beneath whose crystal wave,
Her rosy features Health delights to lave,
And Pleasure wings from thence her smiling flight,
To kiss the morn and wait upon the night.

Away the maddening draught! no more for me
Shall demons fill the cup of revelry,
That clouds in darkness Reason's bright abode,
And sends the soul unshrived, before her GOD!

Nature's cool beverage henceforth be mine,
Emblem of truth and purity divine,
Mingled with whose sweet waters flows along,
Strength to the weak, and vigor to the strong;
The smile of cheerfulness, the glow of health,
Calmness, content, integrity, and wealth.
Then may this cup, o'erflowing from the spring,
Be henceforth offered pure to Nature's King,
And quaffed in gratitude to HIM, who gives,
Mid thousand blessings unto all that lives;
This sweetest, happiest draught, man's heritage—
Hope to his youth, and solace to his age.

Cincinnati, April, 1841.

HARVEST SONG.

The smiling Morn, in splendor clad,
  Arrays the orient sky
In rosy light, to cheer the sad,
  And Nature beautify:
She calls the yeoman from his couch,
  To tread the burthened sod,
Where Ceres waves her flaming torch,
  And yellow harvests nod.
    And a reaping we will go,
    And a reaping we will go,
  With hearts so gay and full of glee,
  Away to the field so cheerily,
    A reaping we will go.

And now we move a jovial band,
  Where health and strength disclose,
To reap from Nature's open hand
  The blessings she bestows:
Far as the horizon extends,
  Where'er we turn to view;
The varied landscape lowly bends,
  And crowned with plenty too.
    And a reaping we will go,
    And a reaping we will go,
  With hearts so gay and full of glee,
  Away to the field so cheerily,
    A reaping we will go.

The vigorous youths the toil begin,
  The sires bring up the rear;
Who gets first through a boon shall win
  From her he holds most dear.
With many a jest and many a song,
  The platoons start away—
Saturn ne'er led a braver throng
  Than treads the field to-day.
    And a reaping we will go,
    And a reaping we will go;
  With hearts so gay, and full of glee,
  We ply the sickle cheerily—
    A reaping we will go.

'T is noon: we seek the welcome glade,
  To take our mid-day rest;
Stetched on the sward, beneath the shade,
  Till nature is refreshed:
A rich repast full soon is spread,
  Our table is the ground,
And now and then to damp the bread,
  We pass the glass around.
    And a drinking we will go,
    And a drinking we will go;
  With hearts so gay and full of glee,
  We pass the glass so cheerily—
    A drinking we will go.

The hour is up—we haste away
  To range the field once more,
And cheer the after part of day
  As in the morn before:
Some rake the gavel clean and clear,
  Our work is done in brief;
While others follow in the rear,
  To bind the yellow sheaf.
    And a reaping we will go,
    And a reaping we will go;
  Wth hearts so gay and full of glee,
  We rake and bind so cheerily,
    A reaping we will go.

Bright Phœbus sinks in western skies,
The festal is begun;
We little care how swift time flies,
When our day's work is done.
The sportive horn sounds through the vale,
The supper hour is come;
With quickened step we cross the dale,
And gaily travel home.
And a feasting we will go,
And a feasting we will go;
With hearts so gay and full of glee,
Around the board so cheerily,
A feasting we will go.

NIGHT.

In silver beauty walks the vestal moon,
The sweet attractive empress of the night;
The humid night, that knows no burning noon,
But sleeps beneath soft Dian's pearly light;
Blandly the wandering zephyrs fan their flight,
In whispering tones—like distant hum of bee:
That on the waking ear vibrate delight,
Like Love's response, soft breathed in melody,
As kiss the courting winds, rose-leaf or foliaged tree.

DUM VIVIMUS VIVAMUS.

"Live while you live, the epicure would say,
And seize the pleasures of the present day:
Live while you live, the sacred preacher cries,
And give to God each moment as it flies."

While we live let us live—and
  In the morning of life pursue pleasure;
For Time hurries on as the sand
  That runs through the glass its last measure:
Futurity covers the morrow,
  The past is gone down to decay;
Then let us enjoy without sorrow
  The hopes and the bliss of to-day.
'T is bliss to bend the knee
  To Him who rules above,
By whom we live, and move, and see,
  And taste his boundless love:
Who formed the world so fair,
  His children's dwelling place,
And Hope from heaven transplanted there,
  The surety of his grace.

While we live let us live—who
  Can tell when this being shall sever?
Our days at the most are but few,
  Then lost in the unknown for ever:

With the present we still are united,
  Creation is blooming and gay,
And Time, when his favors are slighted,
  Frowns dark on the hopes of to-day.
Fleet as the shadows pass,
  The golden moments fly,
Time bears aloft the fated glass
  That marks our destiny:
'T is wisdom then to scan
  Life's evanescent worth,
And robe in virtue all the man,
  As Spring adorns the earth.

While we live let us live—how
  To enjoy the creation around us?
The landscape, in nature's rich glow,
  Where youth, hope, and fortune have found us:
'T is sweet when the morning is beaming,
  To wake with the lark's matin lay,
And drink the first rays that are streaming
  Beyond the bright portals of day.
The warblers of the grove,
  Taught by some latent power,
Renew their notes of praise and love
  In morning's cheerful hour:
So we may swell the strain
  Of blissful gratitude,
To him who spreads earth's flowery train,
  And yields us every good.

While we live let us live—sweet
  Is the breath and the incense of morning;
The trees in gay honors replete,
  Streams, valleys and mountains adorning:
The greensward that mantles earth's bosom,
  Where the violets wanton in play,
The dews that depend from the blossom,
  And drink the first glances of day.
What beauty decks the earth—
  What charms array the hours!

Heaven smiles when Innocence and Mirth
  Meet in fair Nature's bowers.
The ravished soul surveys
  The blooming scenery,
A type of that sweet resting place,
  Formed from Eternity.

While we live let us live—when
  Bright summer in fervor is glowing,
Retire to the green-bowered glen,
  Where the fountain in coolness is flowing:
Where the ripe purple clusters are falling,
  While the zephyrs of noon are at play,
And the thrush his fond mate is recalling,
  To repose in the coolness of day.
Stretched on the moss-crowned brink,
  Above the gushing rills,
Partake the luscious grape, and drink
  The beverage Heaven distils:
Unlike the poisoned bowl,
  That health and life destroys,
The draught invigorates the soul,
  And sweetens all our joys.

While we live let us live—hope
  Is the spice of this temporal being;
And though lost in error we grope,
  Still pursue while the phantom is fleeing:
For a shadow our years gather trouble,
  While youth withers under decay,
And we lose, in pursuit of a bubble,
  The happiness proffered to-day.
Truth beckons from on high,
  To avoid the fatal lure;
Presents her glass to every eye,
  Where falsehood can't endure;
And did we but reflect,
  And view our being right,
None would the enduring good reject,
  But grasp it with delight.

While we live let us live—health
  Can alone fit the soul for enjoyment;
Contentment and calmness her wealth,
  She covets no boon but employment:
For this she bestows on the peasant,
  What the idlers of fashion ne'er find,
Hours, days, months and years ever pleasant,
  And vigor of body and mind.
Go, tread the festal halls
  Of mirth and revely;
Go, join the bachanalian brawls,
  And drink to midnight glee:
Nerveless, and all forlorn,
  When Heaven relumes the sky,
Thou canst not taste the bliss of morn,—
  For Death is in thine eye!

Cincinnati, Oct., 1837.

O, GIVE ME BACK THE FIELDS OF BROOME.

Oh, give me back the fields of broome,
The moss-clad rocks, the crispy rills;
The honeysuckle's vernal bloom,
The birchen-wood, and pine-clad hills:—
The little meadow smiling there
In verdure, tipped with morning dew;
Where glows the golden lily fair,
And wakes the violet's eye of blue.

There is a charm—a brighter charm,
That calls the wearied spirit home,
Than ever did these valleys warm,
To tempt my careless feet to roam:
Their smoothness pains the eye to see—
Their very blooms my senses pall:
The rude, rough glen—the birchen tree,
The honeysuckle's worth them all.

Howe'er so fair the tulip tree,
All beautiful in vernal bloom;
The locust hath more charms for me,
Whose snowy blossoms breathe perfume
O'er the young rills, that rippling flow,
Soft as the sedge-crowned Naiad's song;
But when the hills stream down below,
They leap, they whirl, they foam along.

Oh, there is music in the deep
Toned melody of foaming rill,
High o'er whose breast the craggy steep
Nods its green plumes of hemlock still:
Beside whose banks the ivy grows,
And still creeps up the rocky wall;
While all around, the wild primrose
Smiles on each little grassy knoll.

Smoothly thy silver waters glide,
Ohio, through a verdant vale;
But I love not the sleeping tide,
That never wakes to meet the gale:
Thy banks are tame—fair fields now bloom
Where erst frowned the rude wilderness;
Our Housatonic's still in gloom,
And riots in his native dress.

Not such a gloom as darkly lowers,
When Night descends on ebon wing;
But such as lights the myrtle bowers,
At noon-tide, in the vernal Spring;
And there the scarlet juniper
The vine-wreathed precipice bends o'er;
With cedar, spruce, and pine, and fir,
To canopy the river's roar.

Adown yon dell, where the sweet fern
Perfumes the flying Summer breeze,
That, musical, at every turn,
Rustles among the aspen trees;
Oft was I wont to wend along,
And gather black-caps all the way;
Still humming some unmeaning song,
Till twilight kissed departing day.

Then give me back the fields of broome,
The moss-clad rocks, the crispy rills;
The honeysuckle's vernal bloom,
The birchen-wood, and pine-clad hills:—
The little meadow smiling there
In verdure, tipped with morning dew;
Where glows the golden lily fair,
And wakes the violet's eye of blue.

Cincinnati, April, 1841.

THE AGED OAK.

INSCRIBED TO THE HON. JACOB BURNET.

I.

NORTH STAMFORD! smooth thy rugged hills,
Thy stubborn glebes and foaming rills,
And list through all thy domicils,
While I the Muse invoke:
And thou, in gentler murmurs glide,
Rude stream; whose waters dash along,
Through glen, and dell, and forest wide,
Or wend the flowery meads among,
While I essay, in native pride,
To breathe a memory waking song
To that old Tree, whose branching head
Erst hovered o'er thy troubled bed,
And flourished, by thy waters fed—
The stately, reverend Oak.

II.

Time was, when in my early days
Of childhood's thoughtlessness, and plays;
The smiling boy was wont to gaze,
Where the rude waters broke
O'er rocky ledge, or, leaping, fell
In soft pellucid drapery,
That misted upward through the dell,
And hung with dew the birchen tree;
Where, bending o'er the turbid swell,
The locust threw its branches free:
And slender junipers out-spread
Their tops, thick hung with berries red,
While towered above thy barren head,
The stately, reverend Oak.

III

Here, when the Spring unfolded all
The beauties of her virginal,
And wreathed her with the coronal,
A troop of little folk—
Of gentle, rosy-smiling girls,
And boisterous laughter-loving boys;
Their necks all hung with glossy curls,
And foreheads lit with careless joys;
Were wont to wade the eddy's whirls,
And wake lone echo to their noise:
The girls, to gather flowers so fair,
The boys, to wring their whistles there,
And pipe rude music on the air,
Beneath the aged Oak.

IV.

Time flies so quick, he scarce doth leave
The recollection that might grieve,
When memory turns back to thieve
From dull oblivion's yoke,
The flowery past, Time's self cannot—
Though from his pinions roses fall—
From her warm, hallowing altar blot,
Delighted ever to recal
What cannot, will not be forgot;
And, to the better feelings all,
An offering make, as I do here,
And in life's waning, "yellow sear,"
Wake one bright smile—drop one warm tear,
To that lone aged Oak.

V.

Full many a year hath passed away,
With many a bright and gloomy day,
Since boyhood held its early play
Adown the glen's rude slope:
That glen of deep romantic shade,
Yet lit by day's meridian beam;
Where the brown thrush, with echo made
Vocal the rocks; and by the stream
The cat-bird woke his serenade,
To sooth his gentle mate's fond dream;

Sleeping upon her nest, that hung
The sumach's scarlet boughs among,
O'er which his foliaged branches flung,
The stately, reverend Oak.

VI.

Dear relic! ere my young boyhood,
For centuries thou must have stood,
In nature's gorgeous plenitude,
By time unscathed, unbroke:
Though shorn thy head, thy breast was green,
Thy trunk as vigorous as of yore;
Broad-spreading branches, well I ween,
Their shadows cast the torrent o'er,
And canopied the verdant scene
That bloomed upon the rocky shore;
Around thy stem's firm-rooted form,
That sappy, vigorous, and warm,
Defied the spirit of the storm—
Proud, lusty, aged Oak.

VII.

Upon thy withered frontlet there,
I saw alight the king of air;
His head was bald as thine was bare,
That hoary age bespoke:
Enthroned upon the forest king,
In regal state, the bird of Jove
Folds for a time his wearied wing;
While through the glen his glances rove,
Where the red-pinioned blackbirds sing,
And coos the gentle turtle dove:
Fit coronet for such as thee,
In solitary majesty,
Towering o'er each surrounding tree—
Thou royal, aged Oak.

VIII.

Amid the glen thou stood'st alone—
For, of thy species, there was none
Disputant of the forest throne,
Or with thy strength to cope:

Beneath, the black mulberry grew;
  The hemlock waved its verdant boughs,
The vine hung out her clusters blue,
  As round the dog-wood's trunk she throws
Her fibrous arms, or clasps the yew:
  While scattered thick, the briar-rose
Bloomed on a hundred knolls, where smiled
The violet, Spring's earliest child,
With many a honeysuckle wild—
    Thy train, old regal Oak.

IX.

What shook the honors from thy brow—
The foliage of each branching bough,
And withered all thy top's green glow—
    Was it the lightning's stroke?
When threatening clouds, with aspect drear,
  Their heavy volumes rolled on high,
And Terror drove the steeds of fear
  Along the sable-curtained sky—
And forked lightnings, downward sheer,
  Pierced the dense gloom with lurid eye!
While bellowing thunders shook the vast,
And bowed the forest to the blast—
A fiery bolt at thee was cast,
    And scathed the mighty Oak.

X.

When, to the Pilgrim's anxious eye—
From stern oppression fain to fly—
Upon the distant wintry sky,
    The western world awoke:
Thou flourished then a noble tree,
  High branching o'er the foaming flood,
With head arrayed full gorgeously,
  The stately monarch of the wood;—
I would I knew thy history,
  Or the trees' language understood:
Legends of old thou might'st unveil,
Of other men in peace or wail—
A thousand years are in the tale,
    Thou patriarchal Oak.

XI.

Perchance, beneath thy foliaged wing,
On the green sward his form to fling,
Reposed the tawny Sachem king,
Wrapped in the chieftain's cope:
While roved the Indian warrior free,
Aboon the glen or upland height;
Or stretched beneath some beechen tree,
Surveyed the countless pigeons' flight;
Or listened to the mingled glee
That nature woke for her delight:
The rushing torrent, foaming flung,—
The winds that played the trees among,
And birds, that ever gaily sung
Beneath the lofty Oak.

XII.

Here, erst the youthful Hunter drew
His untried bow of sinewy yew,
And swift the winged arrow flew
Through midnight's doubtful roke:
Where glared the panther's lurid eye,
High up the rocks, in crouched array;
To spring upon some passer by,
And lap the life-blood of his prey—
The shaft was bathed in purple dye,
And stretched in death the savage lay:
Alone, by night, he slew the beast,—
When smiling morn awoke the east,
The warriors held the young Brave's feast,
Beneath the stately Oak.

XIII.

Here, when the native tribes held sway,
Far as the eye could stretch away;
The Chiefs erst met in grand array,
The calumet to smoke:
And here, in sacerdotal dress,
The Prophet lit the council fire;
And the Great Spirit prayed, to bless
His children with their full desire;
While the plumed calumet they press
An offering to their Great Sire—

No more, the maid of sable hair
  Shall linger by the rushing stream,
To list her lover's footsteps there,
  Beneath the pale moon's silver beam:—
Cut down in early life, the pair
  Sleep where the heart foregoes its dream:
No more, the council fire shall blaze—
No more, the bands rehearse their praise—
Chiefs, warriors—all, tread death's dark maze,
    Beneath the aged Oak!

XVII.

In childhood, when a truant boy,
I strayed from home all wild with joy,
Toward the forbidden stream, t' enjoy
    The stolen hours of hope;
And bent me where thy stately height
  O'erlooked all other trees around,
I seemed, in May's warm vernal light,
  To tread upon enchanted ground;
For all the flowers, they were so bright,
  And e'en the rocks in bloom were bound:
Oh, it was then a fairy grot,
That never since hath been forgot,
And never will—that first loved spot,
    Where stood the aged Oak!

XVIII.

And there I culled full many a flower,
Oft whiled away a smiling hour,
As from some low witch-hazel bower,
    The thrush his music woke:
While echo, through the blooming dell,
  Responsive to the notes replied,
That rose in soft melodious swell,
  And in the distant vista died;
And screamed the blue-jay, fain to dwell
  In tree that waved above the tide:
Those days are past, as days will pass,
And left me naught but memory's glass—
Where now the hopes of youth—alas!
    Where now the aged Oak!

XIX.

Old monarch of a thousand trees,
Bear'st thou still proudly to the breeze,—
Or have thy firm and solid knees
Bent to the woodman's stroke?
Now Heaven forefend: I would not know
That such ignoble end was thine:
Held be the hand that strikes the blow,
Thine aged head to undermine,
And lay thy hoary honors low,
Time stamped, a monumental shrine:
Let no rude axe thy trunk deform—
But when thy shade shall cease to charm,
Fall thou beneath the wintry storm,
Old hoary-headed Oak.

XX.

Time-honored tree, I would I were
A pinioned courier of the air;
My rapid flight should linger where
The vernal morn first broke
To my young eyes, amid the rocks,
Where nature holds her stern array;
Yet lowing herds and bleating flocks
Upon those hills were wont to stray,
With plenty fed—where echo mocks
A hundred songsters ever gay:
And shrubs and flowers, and branching trees,
And purple-clustering canopies,
With sweets embalmed the flying breeze,
Around that aged Oak.

XXI.

Still dearly I remember well,
When all in pairs we trod the dell,
Bound in that sweet, delightful spell,
The May-day morn awoke:
And unforgotten still, the glance—
That timid glance with love embayed;
That wrapped my young heart in a trance,
As underneath thy spreading shade,
With hands across, in country dance,
I led the charming village maid:

Sweet Evelyn, those hours are flown,
And thou and I full wide are thrown;—
No more I clasp thy slender zone,
Beneath the aged Oak.

XXII.

Oh, vivid scenes! Oh, blissful hours!
My native hills—my infant bowers,
Rocks, glens, and dells—trees, shrubs, and flowers,
Rude nature's fairy cloak:
Here, while I solitary roam
With unblest feet, the weary way;
My heart turns back to boyhood's home,
And yearns upon life's early day;
Or where, beside that rivulet's foam,
The ashes of my fathers lay!
Though tropic beauties all combine,
With every bloom beneath the line;
Land of my sires—no charms like thine,
Around that aged Oak!

XXIII.

Oh, if kind Heaven should grant this boon,
Thee to revisit, ere the noon
Of life fades like the waning moon—
My youthful horoscope!
My clouded brow should bathe once more
Its care-worn front in hallowed light,
While smiled the morning as of yore,
Upon the orient hills so bright—
To roam the glens and valleys o'er,
Where childhood blossomed in delight:
And underneath my native sky—
Thankful to Him who rules on high,
Content, I'd lay me down, to die
Beneath that aged Oak.

XXIV.

A moral I may glean from thee,
Thou thrifty, hoary-headed tree—
My Grandsire taught a truth to me,
Of which thou wert the trope:

He bade me mark thy hoary head,—
  Thy sturdy branches, foliage drest:
"And thus, my son," the Patriarch said,
  "The temperate man in age is blest—
Though, on his brow the frosts be spread,
  A vigorous health sustains his breast:
Yon tree drank of the waters pure;
And temperate thou, if years endure,
A green old age thou mayest secure,
    And flourish like the Oak."

Cincinnati, Nov., 1840.

PARAPHRASE

ON THE SIXTY-FOURTH CHAPTER OF THE PROPHET ISAIAH.
INSCRIBED TO M. M. NOAH, ESQ.

Oh that thou wouldst the eternal heavens rend,
And to the earth in majesty descend!—
Oh that thou wouldst come down on wing sublime,
And ride triumphant through the bounds of time!
That the firm-rooted hills—the mountains high,
Should flow submissive to the Deity;
Earth, from her surface to her centre shake,
And shrinking nature at thy presence quake.
As when the fires, that rage beneath the deep,
In melting streams, arousing from their sleep,
Hurl from their burning base the solid isles,
And heaven is darkened, and the ocean boils!—
To make thy name known to thy foes, that dare
Against the Lord of Heaven wage impious war;
That nations might their blasphemies deplore,
And at thy presence tremble and adore.
When thou of old didst bow the molten sky,
And on the wing of cherubim didst fly;
Things that we looked not for did earth alarm,
When the Almighty bared his own right arm:
On sable clouds thy chariot wheels were driven,
From the thick darkness terrors startled heaven!
The mountains downward at thy presence flowed,
And Sinai shook while heaven's high King abode.
For since the earth was founded by thy hand—
The wide-spread ocean and the solid land;
The grove-clad hills, the flower-besprinkled vales,—
The silver morn, the balmy breathing gales;

Ear hath not heard, nor hath the eye perceived,
Nor inmost thought of human heart conceived;
O God, excepting Thee, the things prepared
For him—the man that waiteth on the Lord.
Thou metest him that humbly doth rejoice,
And worketh righteousness as his free choice—
Whose heart and memory occupy thy ways,
With ceaseless blessings and enduring praise.
Behold, our God is wroth: we have been vile,
For we have sinned, and clothed our hearts in guile;
Extend thy pardon, while repentance waits
In tears of sorrow at thy mercy's gates:
In those—renewed, no more by sin depraved,—
There is continuance, and we are saved.
But we are all as a polluted thing,
Our actions from no proper motives spring;
With shame and self-abasement we confess,
As filthy rags is all our righteousness:
And, as a faded leaf, fallen from the tree,
Driven by Autumnal winds wide o'er the lea;
So our iniquities, with wild dismay,
Have borne our withered virtue far astray.
There is not one that calleth on thy name,
So sunk in sin, so prone to follow shame;
None stirreth up his heart to turn to thee
With deep repentance and humility;
For thou hast hid thy face: and thy dread wrath
With hot displeasure burns upon our path,
And, like a fire that rages uncontrolled,
Consumes us all—the youthful and the old.
But now, O Lord, thou art our Father; we
Are but the clay—things of necessity,
Formed at thy will, and fashioned by thy hand,
Still prone to err, but never firm to stand.
But be not very wroth, O Lord, our God;
We bow submissive to thy chastening rod—
Our pride and our rebellion deep deplore,
Fain would return to thee, and sin no more;
And while we lowly at thy footstool lay,
Remember not iniquity for aye.
Behold from heaven—see, we beseech thee, Lord,
We are thy people, by the earth abhorred;

Redeemed by thee, to be thy chosen race,
And this good land bestowed our dwelling place:
But ah how changed! famine, and sword, and fire,
Have desolated all with triple ire!
Thy holy cities are a wilderness,—
Zion sits weeping in her deep distress;
Jerusalem is desolate—o'erthrown,
And all her graces and her honors gone!
Our holy House, so beautiful and fair,
Where erst our fathers bent the knee in prayer;
Whence rose the hymn of praise, as did arise
The evening and the morning sacrifice:—
Alas! the hallowed Temple of thy name
Is burned with fire—the heathen Chaldee's flame!
Our fields and vineyards all in ruin lie,—
No more the verdure springs—the streams are dry;
No more the land with milk and honey flows,
The lily fades, and withers Sharon's rose;
We stagger o'er the waste, and fainting, roam
Without a habitation or a home!
Look down from heaven, thy ever blest abode—
Look down and see, our Father and our God!
Wilt thou refrain thyself that such things are,
And not the remnant of thy people spare?
Wilt thou thy peace hold in this day of wo,
And not lay bare thine arm, and bend thy bow?
Avenge thy name! until the nation's own
Earth is thy footstool, and the heavens thy throne!

Cincinnati, Aug., 1840.

THE SEMINOLE.

INSCRIBED TO STEPHEN S. L'HOMMEDIEU, ESQ.

MUSE of the wild, unlettered birth of Time,
In native grace and purity arrayed;
Simple, yet powerful; artless, yet sublime—
Whose dwelling is the wilderness of shade,
Or deep romantic glen—or vale embayed
Between the green-bound hills, where Nature smiles
In her prolific joy, and sits displayed
The blooming Queen of continents and isles:
Low lies thy freeborn Son—victim of treacherous wiles.

II.

Inspire the heart, and guide the hand of him,
Who sings the requiem of the SEMINOLE!
Nerveless his arm—his eagle eye is dim,
And in the Land of Spirits wakes his soul:
There mourns the tempest he could not control—
That, like the whirlwind, oaks nor rocks withstand,
Launched from the Andes, or the stormy pole—
Hurled ruin on his tribe—scattered his band,
And drenched in their best blood the Indian Hunters' land!

III.

Quenched are their council fires! razed to the earth
The simple wigwams of a simple race;
And many a blighted spot that marked their birth,
No vestige of its former bloom may trace:
Where the young warriors urged the rapid race,
Or hurled the tomahawk in mimic fight—
Or barbed the arrow for the manly chase,
While veteran Chiefs grew joyous with delight,
As, in their sons renewed, they saw the fathers' might.

IV.

No more—when rising from the dusky east,
In full-orbed splendor rides Diana bright—
Or when she places in the blue-eyed west,
Her coronet upon the brow of night—
They spread the festive board by the moonlight,
And from their simple fare an offering make
To the Great Spirit, who bestows the light—
The verdant bower, the stream their thirst to slake,
And fills with rich supplies, the forest, vale, and lake.

V.

No more enchanting Spring, borne on the wings
Of zephyr, lights for them the eye of joy;
No more the dark-haired maiden blithely sings,
And soothes with wilder strains her wild employ:
Or, half averted from the tawny boy,
In sidelong glances lights the pyre of love,
That burns a double rapture to enjoy:
Through life with each to tread the balmy grove—
By stream, o'er verdant mead, or through the forest rove.

VI.

No more the Chiefs rejoice, when vernal morn
Tinges with rosy gold the azure sky;—
No more the maidens and the youths adorn
Their brows with myrtle, when the May is nigh:
The month of blossoms fades from every eye,
That paints no more to them the glowing scene—
The thousand flowers that woo the zephyrs' sigh,
The rich magnolia, the dark evergreen,
The gay-drest tulip-tree, and orange groves serene.

VII.

No more, when Summer's fervid rays mature
Each luscious berry, rich in varied hue;
And crimson plums, and purple figs, allure
From bending branches, tipped with pearly dew—
The month of fruits their pleasures may renew:
The palate and the soul both loathe the sight,
And turn, all sickened, from the mournful view!
The bounties Nature yields—their own birthright,
Are claimed by avarice, sustained by fraud and might!

VIII.

No more for them the month of corn displays
Autumnal beauty; and the ripened fields
Glow in their strength, that all their toil repays,
As the rich harvest to the sickle yields,
No more for them the vintage crowns the bields,
Or pendant fruits the bending trees attire:
A reckless foe his strength against them wields,
Mars the inheritance of each freeborn sire—
Their offspring dooms to death—their fairy land to fire.

IX.

No more—when Phœbus in the month of snow,
Lights up the northern sky with faded ray,
While ebon night controls the world below,
And to her empire adds a fourth of day:
Reclined on skins the Chiefs and Warriors lay
Around the blazing pile; and veterans old
Recount their deeds—their trophied spoils display;
While listening youths pant for adventure bold,
Eager their names should be among the braves enrolled.

X.

The Seasons charm no more—the circling year
Revolves unblest around a sterile land;
Stern Desolation sits triumphant here,
And sweeps earth's bosom with her blighting wand:
Like burning Hecla, terrible and grand,
She frowns above the vales erst blooming sweet,
Despair and Terror grasped in either hand,
And flaming ruin smoking at her feet:
Alas! for them! the vengeance is not yet complete!

XI.

Famine and war pursue the hapless race,
The unsheathed sword is gory with their blood—
In dismal swamps they seek a resting place,
And waste their feeble strength against the flood;
Or, driven far within the marshy wood,
Where scattered hammocks heave their heads in sight,
Like oases on Saharah's bosom strewed;
The hunted Warriors rally all their might,
And, side by side, renew the stern but hopeless fight.

XII.

Here hoary-headed age, and tender years,
And infancy, yield up their famished breath;—
Here childless matrons weep the last sad tears,
And sleep, with widowed brides, the sleep of death:
What horrors hover o'er the blasted heath,
Trod by the pale face in his lust for gain!
Wo, wo, above—and countless wo beneath,
Mark the advances of the bandit train,
Who crimson earth with blood, and banquet on the slain.

XIII.

Shout! Seminoles, once more your battle cry,
And grapple, throat to throat, the tyrant foe!
Call up your wrongs, rouse all your chivalry,
And deal a deadly wound with every blow!
Remember sires', and wives', and childrens' wo—
Remember with your blood your land is red,
And that your fathers' ashes sleep below:
Strike for revenge—palsy their souls with dread—
Hurl them all down to earth, and pile it with their dead!

XIV.

It may not be—their destiny is told—
The Master Spirit of his tribe is gone!
Wrapt in earth's bosom, rigid, wan, and cold,
The violated Warrior lies alone,
With none but strangers o'er his grave to moan:
No files of those he led to victory,
Surround the Chief whom Freedom calls her own—
Whose barbed shaft was winged for liberty—
Whose warwhoop rung the knell of pale-faced tyranny.

XV.

Allured by base and coward mockery,
That stamps dishonor on our country's fame—
That brands the principals with infamy,
And covers ever woman's cheek with shame;
The Hero was betrayed—in faith he came,
Preceded by that flag a world respects:
Its sanctity the craven dogs disclaim—
Its virgin drapery no more protects,
And honor guts the ranks where treachery directs.

XVI.

The noble Captive bears him unsubdued,
Albeit with manacles his limbs they bind:
His unquenched spirit towers in haughty mood,
And fiercer burns as feels its force confined—
They cannot chain the freedom of the mind,
Degrade him as they may: a Roman's part
The lofty Chief sustains, and bows resigned:
In silence, broods o'er his deep wrongs, apart,
Weeps for his country's woes, and sinks—a broken heart.

XVII.

O Muse, whom I invoke within the deep
Recesses of the wood, in numbers wild;
Shall retribution—shall red vengeance sleep,
When cries from earth the blood of Nature's child;
Whose green retreats the murderer hath defiled,
And poured life's purple stream in every grove?
Thy blooming vales, where innocence beguiled
The hours, and woke the melody of love—
Are silent, tenantless, save where the demons rove

XVIII.

I hear thy voice in tones of sad despair,
I mark thine eye, and vanished is its glow;
The notes of sorrow float upon the air,
The bitter tears of anguish overflow:
Hope sleeps in death on arid plains below,
Bleak as the fields that bind the Arctic wave:
And 'mid the broken arrow and the bow,
Bleach there the bones of Chief and Warrior brave,
The mist their winding sheet—a ruined land their grave.

XIX.

Thy harp, unstrung, hangs on the cypress tree,
Mute as the stilly depths of solitude:
No ear remains to list the minstrelsy,
Save the gaunt wolf's, that prowls the dreary wood,
Or panther's, scenting o'er the fields of blood:—
Its wreath of flowers has faded from the view,
And all the magic of its strains subdued:
Thy harp dissolves away in tears of dew,
As the dirge-moaning winds the listless chords sweep throug

XX.

So, the last remnant of a noble race
Dissolve in blood, or dimly pass away;
While a relentless foe usurps their place,
And triumphs rioting upon the prey:
Like as the pale-faced Georgians' curst array,
Bore desolation through a blooming land;
Plundered a race more civilized than they,
And drove the wretched, naked, famished band,
From their own heritage, by force of mightier hand.

XXI.

Peace, Warrior, to thy manes!—thy sun hath set,
Or e'er thy morn had reached the zenith's height;
But Glory crowns thee with her coronet,
And Fame inscribes thy name on tablets bright:
No thirst for conquest lured thee to the fight,—
No blood of innocence lies on thy soul:
But, battling singly for thy country's right,
Thou fell—when at thy back the tyrants stole,
Who quailed beneath thy glance—THE MURDERED SEMINOLE!

Cincinnati, Feb., 1838.

TO HELEN.

IN IMITATION OF SHAKSPEARE.

O THOU, whose beauty, angel-like, exceeds
All I have seen, maiden and flower excelling;
Albeit thy form is clad in mourning weeds,
For thee, and thee alone, my bosom's swelling:
Fair ladie, thou hast won my best opinion,
And love resigns the heart to thy dominion.

May I approach and render homage to thee,
So peerless in all excellence and grace?
On bended knee a spirit bows to woo thee,
As noble as the noblest of its race:
But what is gentle blood, or regal splendor,
To maiden beauty, and the feminine gender?

A glance from thy bright eye would chain a hero,
If it were barbed with tenderness and love;
A frown would freeze the spirit down to zero,
A smile restore to fever heat above:
O then, thou fairest, frown upon me never,
But bind the fetter, and then smile for ever.

Thy features are, I think, of porphiry,
And pressed on either cheek celestial roses;
Thy sylph-like form as polished ivory,
Perfumed with wreaths of fragrant-breathing posies:
Indeed, thou art the Queen of admiration,
All potentate to reign for love's salvation.

Thy lips outvie the ruby's tints so bright,
Locks fairer than chaste Dian's flowing tresses,
Eyes that eclipse the sparkling orbs of night,
A charm that ravishes while it distresses:
Thy bosom, swelling like the gentle billow,
Pure as the arctic snows, and love's soft pillow.

What shall I further say, or sing, fair Helen,
  To win the approval of so sweet a girl?
Thy memory my bosom e'er shall dwell in,
  As holds the casket the more precious pearl:
And as a point of love, as well as duty,
I 'll rear an altar there to female beauty.

And if, in time, we two should come together,
  And sail, in consort, matrimony's sea;
I 'll promise thee clear skies, and gentle weather,
  So thou wilt promise but the same to me:
And then, dear Helen, we may safely venture
That happy voyage, entitled to debenture.

Cincinnati, March, 1840.

URBS REGINA.

Awake, my harp, once more awaken
  The spirit of each trembling string;
I feared the world had both forsaken,
  And left to droop on deadened wing:
But fate still leaves us power to sing,
  Though weary, faded, and unblest;
Where Time shall earth's best offerings bring
  To the Queen City of the West.

O land of beauty, where the morning
  Wakes in a sky of azure blue,
Hills, vallies, groves, and streams adorning
  With colors dipped in heaven's hue;
How charming is the vivid view
  That opens on thy flowery breast;
Where sparkles, like a gem's imbue,
  The bright Queen City of the West.

Sprung from the forest, wild and dreary,
  Where Indian warriors erst did roam,
Thy founders came, all lone and weary,
  Like me, to seek another home:
And landing from the watery foam,
  The howling wilderness undrest;
And reared the spire and lofty dome
  Of the Queen City of the West.

Gaily she rose in pride of splendor,
  As flew the winged years away;
Onward she moved in silent grandeur,
  As upward rolls the king of day:
Refinement on her bosom lay,
  And smiled to find herself so blest,
While Science shed her lucid ray
  On the Queen City of the West.

The arts, in beauty all excelling,
  As Angelo or Raphael wrought;
Flew o'er the mountains to her dwelling,
  And wealth and honor with them brought:
Learning, with all her stores of thought,
  Upon her brow her light impressed,
And fiery genius ardent sought
  The fair Queen City of the West.

From Tempe's vale of inspiration,
  Apollo led, the Muses came,
And fired the soul of emulation,
  To climb the burning hill of fame:
Sweet poesy, of gentle name,
  Smiled as she saw the scenes in quest,
And lit her torch of heavenly flame,
  In the Queen City of the West.

Here many a gallant youth is glowing
  In manhood's bold and generous pride,
And many a gentle belle bestowing
  The smile her blushes fain would hide;
Or arm in arm in pairs they glide,
  Buoyant with all life's rosy zest,
While pleasures pure the hours betide,
  In the Queen City of the West.

And here, in varied beauty seated,
  Like some fair islet of the sea,
She flings her radiance thrice repeated,
  Through the broad vallies westwardly:
And from the East she beckoned me,
  As my own heart the wish expressed,
To view the gorgeous scenery,
  Round the Queen City of the West.

Here have I seen, without illusion,
  The city fair, whose charms combine,
To bind the spirit's warm effusion,
  In admiration at her shrine:

And willingly would all resign
  What Eastern sympathies invest,
Could I for aye my form recline
  In the Queen City of the West.

But, gentle harp, we will not sorrow,
  Though weary, faded, and forlorn;
A brighter day may beam to-morrow,
  And gladness cheer the coming morn:
Of smiling hope we are not shorn,
  Which life still leaves the wretch unblest,
And, more than that, this hope is born
  In the Queen City of the West.

Here many a balmy tree is blooming,
  The vine-clad bowers are budding fair,
The rosy-tinted May is coming,
  And western winds to fan the air:
Iris, all hues, with crocus rare,
  Tulip and pink don the gay vest,
And bright acanthus *joins them* there,
  In the Queen City of the West.

Then still our warmest strains be blending,
  Where Cincinnati cheers the sight,
From each surrounding hill descending,
  To charm the ear, and wake delight;
And when the flowery landscape bright,
  Shall fade beneath time's last behest,
We 'll bid the scenes we loved—good night,
  In the Queen City of the West.

Cincinnati, April, 1837.

LINES,

N WITNESSING THE FUNERAL OBSEQUIES OF COL. J. BARTLE,
WHO DIED DEC., 1839, AGED 95 YEARS.

THE muffled drum a mournful ruffle rolls,
To mellower notes the piercing fife is blown—
A solemn knell the distant belfry tolls,
And sadness marks the minutes for her own.

With arms reversed, and slow and measured tread,
In echelon the soldiery advance,
With warlike honors, to entomb the dead,
Supinely resting in the final trance.

The starred flag of Freedom wraps the bier,
That slowly bears toward the silent grave,
The time-worn remnant of the Pioneer,
Once animated by a spirit brave.

The pageant rests on consecrated ground,
And over many a spot their footsteps press,
Where sleep beneath, in apathy profound,
The early Fathers of the wilderness.

A last salute the vollied musk'try pours—
A last salute the lowering banners yield—
A last salute the hoarse-mouthed cannon roars,
And death and silence occupy the field.

An aged man, as the long line recedes,
  Pale, thin, and melancholy, lingers there:
His form was clad in tattered mourning weeds,
  Furrowed his cheek, and hoary was his hair.

As on his staff he leaned, and bent his eyes
  Upon the tomb where slept the Pioneer;
I marked his trembling limbs, that shook with sighs,
  While ever and anon he dropt a tear.

The frosts of many winters chilled his brow:
  Dim was his eye, and palsied was his frame;
Yet, meekly in his sorrow he did bow,
  As one whose life was hard, but free from blame.

My bosom warmed toward him with sympathy;
  For who can view with cold indifference,
The leafless. withered, solitary tree,
  That bends beneath the wintry violence!

And there, thought I, another Patriarch bends,
  Worn down with age, and suffering, and toil;
Whose spirit yearns toward the buried friends,
  With whom, in youth, he trod the red man's soil.

With buoyant step, and spirits light and gay,
  They left their early homes, with plenty blest;
And o'er the mountains took their weary way,
  To found an empire in the distant West.

Undaunted, naught their courage could repress,
  Though death and danger hovered round their path;
They faced the terrors of the wilderness,
  And braved the subtle tawny hunter's wrath.

In cabins rude, scarce sheltering from the storm,
  They passed the long and dreary months of snow,
Surrounded aye with suffering and alarm,
  And ever watchful of a savage foe.

Nor suffering nor danger e'er subdued,
  They roved the wilderness devoid of fear:
The shaggy bear and catamount pursued,
  The sluggish buffalo and bounding deer.

Oft as the savage thinned the little band,
  Compelled unequal battle to sustain,
Adventurous spirits sought the distant land,
  And joined the fortunes of th' heroic train.

Full many a gallant deed was there performed,
  Naught but the howling wilderness beheld;
Full many a heart with noblest feelings warmed,
  Bled where stern solitude her vigils held.

Years passed away in conflict fierce and dire,
  Some fell in ambuscade, some fell in fight;
Some perished in the torture of the fire,
  While yelled the hell-hounds with a red delight.

Hard pressed, they still maintained their vantage ground,
  And step by step the savage warriors yield;
Till broken, scattered, vanquished all around,
  The Pioneers are masters of the field.

When the Magnolias donned their glorious bloom,
  And Spring arrayed the wilderness in green;
They sought the vales of beauty and perfume,
  Where blushing Flora decked the sylvan scene.

Beneath their lusty strokes the forest fell,
  And by the stream their humble hamlets rose,
Where now the lofty domes of cities swell,
  And other men in luxury repose.

Large was the virtue, hospitality,
  That in each bosom found a hallowed place;
Unlike the hard-wrung, cheerless sympathy—
  The chilling charity of this new race.

The weary wanderer, at declining day,
  Found there the peaceful couch his strength restored,
Where smiling friendship bade his footsteps stay,
  Love called the feast, and plenty spread the board.

A few survivors of those early days,
  Still totter o'er the glebes so hardly won;
And ever and anon, with mournful gaze,
  Survey the valleys that were once their own.

The midnight wolf, low howling to the moon,
  To some lone cave for shelter may repair;
The savage panther seek the dark lagoon,
  And crouch his form within the silent lair.

But these are roofless—where shall they repose,
  Stripped of their manors by each pampered knave!
The stranger riots where their cabins rose,
  And not a spot is left them, but the grave!

Then welcome thy last bed, old Pioneer!
  Whose years have well nigh to a century ran:
Peace wait on thy descent—sleep with thee here,
  And Heaven be found more merciful than man!